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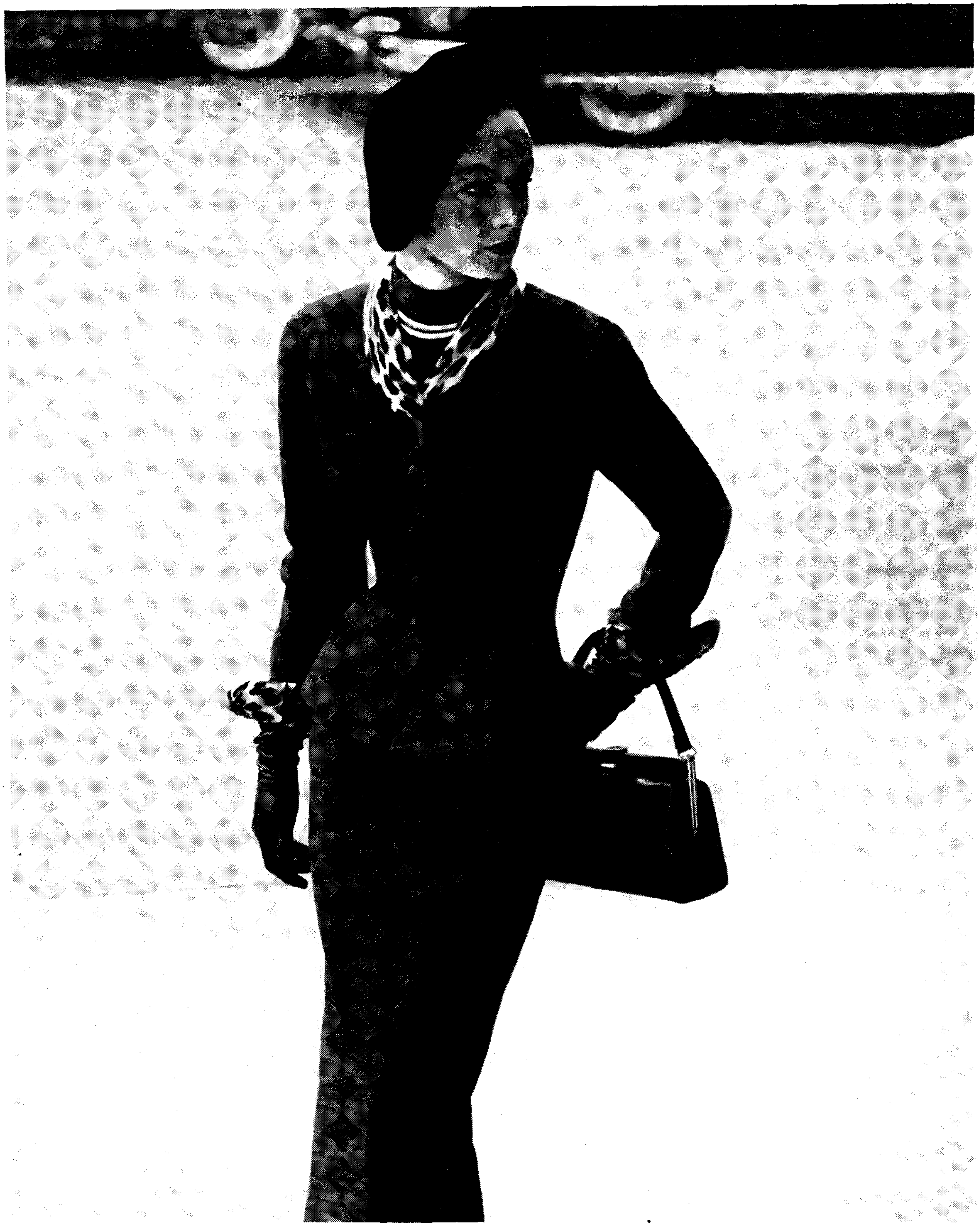

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Rex Harrison, as Henry VIII, and Joyce Redman, as Anne Boleyn, make Maxwell Anderson's play seem considerably more exciting and poetic than it actually is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the excellent cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message about totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not terribly profound, play. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Giraudoux's play dealing with a demented old lady who kills off a bunch of rich and wicked people has been intelligently adapted by Maurice Valency. With Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—On Wednesday, Sept. 14, Bobby Clark will again take up his duties as the husband of our first woman President. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Me, Kate—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lend an Ear—A collection of sharp, witty sketches by Charles Gaynor, who also did the music and lyrics, makes this revue one of the most cheerful things in town. Among the talented young people in the cast are Dorothy Babbs, William Eythe, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Miss Liberty—A big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is largely the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Opening performances—Friday evening, Sept. 16: "Swan Lake," "The Mute Wife," "Pas de Deux," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 17: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "The Mute Wife," and "Gaité Parisienne." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15.)

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MISCELLANY

Blackouts—A musical revue, until recently a fixture on the West Coast, imported to these parts by its producers, Ken Murray and David W. Siegel. With Jack Mulhall, Nick Lucas, and Mr. Murray. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Màtinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Night in Spain—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean but well-appointed Garden, which is down among the New York Central's tracks, Jules Lande's dance orchestra is ensconced. No music Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Dancing indoors to the music of Xavier Cugat's excited orchestra, which is spelled now and then by Bill McCune's band. Outdoors, an informal garden with an interesting view of Broadway. The Roof closes for the season Saturday, Sept. 10.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's orchestras provide dance music in the Cascades roof garden at dinner and supper. Everything moves downstairs Saturday, Sept. 17.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Coleman Hawkins' band, whipping up a fine tempest. On Thursday, Sept. 15, the wind subsides, and a new show, with humor by Jack Prince and dance music by Johnny Bothwell's band, moves in. Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose, still convinced that violin music hath charms for the tired businessman but hedging his bet with some delectable ballet girls. Dancing to Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—In this carefully patrolled game preserve, ornithologists may inspect the most impressive of Manhattan's varieties of bird life—the regal, or crested, night owl. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—On Wednesday, Sept. 14, this Yale and Princeton *pied-à-terre* will reopen. Larry Siry's and Bernie Dolen's bands will produce the appropriate sound effects.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, luxurious and picturesque as can be, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a handsome and breezy place, has dinner and supper dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 29, Sept 10, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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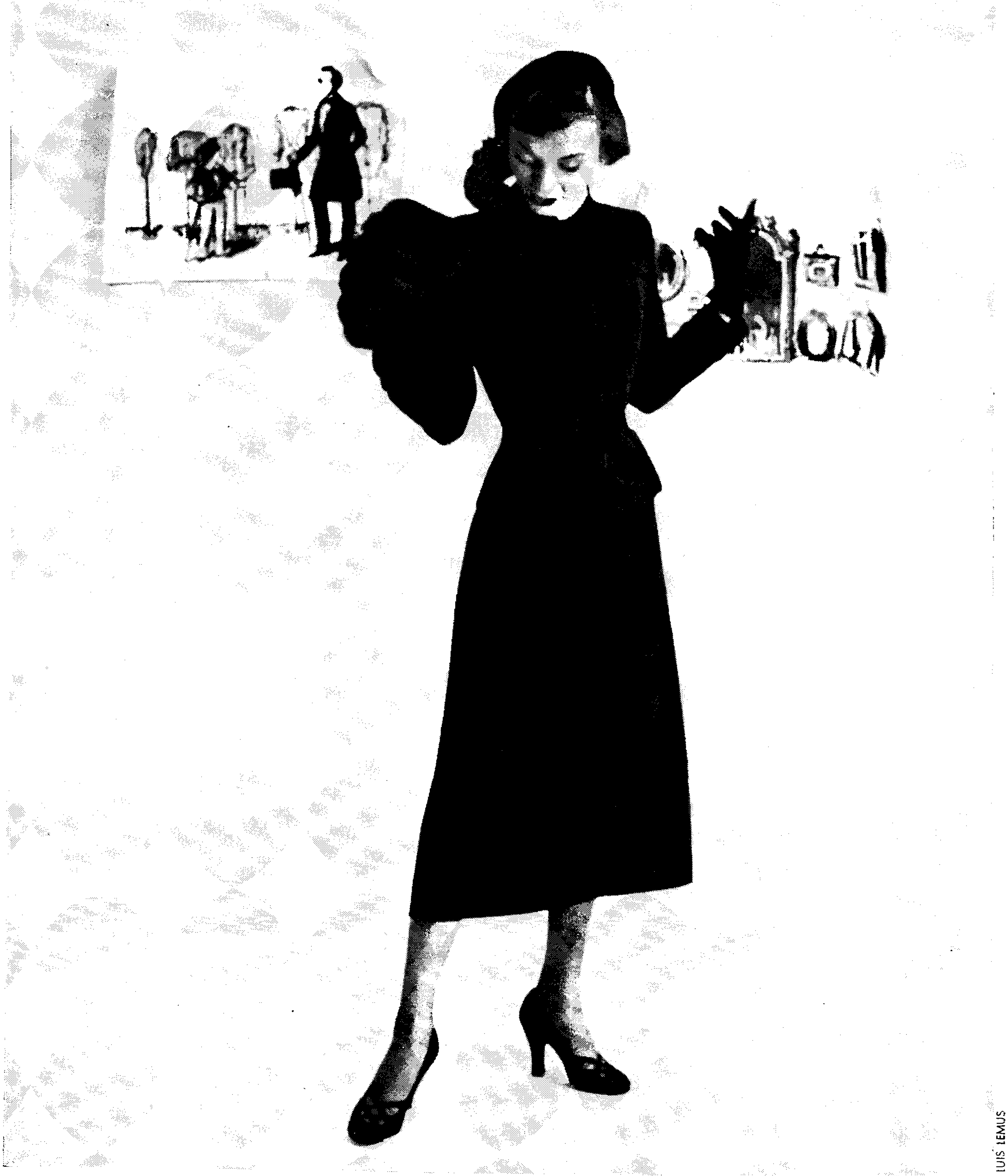

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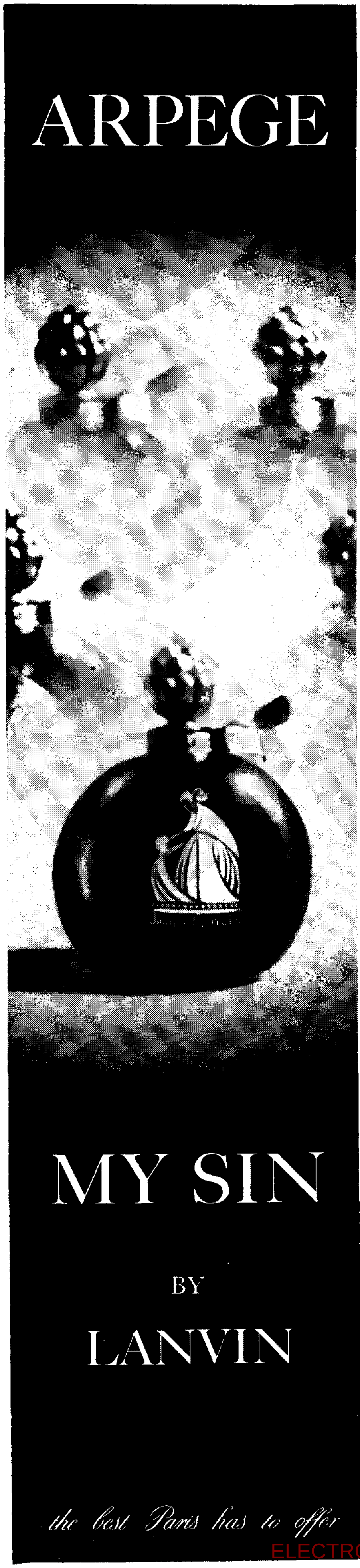

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to every afternoon and evening.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Young playboy meets young playgirl. An orchestra and a rumba band.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700)—The countryside hereabouts is rather floodlighted, but it's easy to get to. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—After nine, Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing, and Jon and Sondra Steele sing. On Wednesday, Sept. 14, the Versailles will really get its fall season under way, with Edith Piaf.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, dancing all evening, except Sundays, to Jack Fina's orchestra, aided after the dinner hour by Mischa Borr's energetic band. Mr. Borr is in charge on Sundays, when the room closes at ten. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross unveils some of his pet sleight-of-hand trickery. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner), and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano we mortals play only in our dreams. Closed Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis's light-hearted dance music after eight-thirty; Ernie Warren plays interlude piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-0234): A useful ivory tower, where Mary McNally plays cocktail piano and Harry Taylor plays after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible reminder of upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Easygoing piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): William Tabbert, one of "South Pacific's" bright young men, sings at suppertime every evening but Sunday. Starting Monday, Sept. 12, Gigi Durston will add a few notes of song to the proceedings. Kurt Maier is at the piano. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard's caustic examination of the mannerisms of ladies who sing for their supper. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano. Sunday is old-silent-movie night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-0014): In the sumptuous bar, a Joseph's-coat example of interior decorating, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Cy Coleman's fretwork on the piano in the café bar every evening but Sunday. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's piano music Mondays through Fridays and Bernie Dolen's band Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, reigning supreme in his own little underground kingdom. Kay Starr and a lot of Copa showgirls are around, too. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, who may not be everyone's meat but are far from being everyone's poison. In moments of quiet Joan Merrill puts in a song or two.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Starting Friday, Sept. 9, Mme. Claude Alphand, who has been home in France much too long, in addition to Irene Williams' stirring blues, Phil Gordon's nonsense songs, and other specialties of the house. Music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio, and in the very late evening (except Mondays) the piano duets of Eadie and Rack. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Good, noisy fun by Paula Drake and Bibi Osterwald, plus part-singing by the King Odom Quartet and the escapist songs of Michael Brown. In the background, the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, raising bebop piano to a new level, with the occasional aid of the J. C. Heard Trio, which also plays for dancing. Mary Osborne and guitar rustle up some fetching torch songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are awfully bad citizens but awfully good company; Mabel Mercer, singing beautifully the songs Alec Wilder and allied spirits write especially for her. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (GR 7-0753): Jimmy Daniels and his confreres—Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes—sowing wild oats in a brand-new environment. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his hold-on-to-your-hat trumpet style, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other such Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a vigorous collection of roman candles. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0600): Hot Lips Page and a group of his assistants, huffing and puffing and trying to blow out the front wall. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-0663): A neat bandbox, in which, after ten every night except Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, equipped with an ancient cigar and an ancient Steinway, turns out rough, tough music and Chippie Hill slips the leash on a couple of rowdy blues songs. Art Hodes plays piano Mondays through Fridays, and such useful citizens as Tony Parenti, Herb Ward, and Frank Orchard help out now and then. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Great deeds are being done at night by Louis Armstrong and his fellow-firemen, among them Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, and Cozy Cole. Starting Thursday, Sept. 15, a new collection of noisemakers. Closed Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, engulfed in a 52nd Street smoke screen, playing just the sort of piano you'd fondly expect of him.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Henry Busse's orches-

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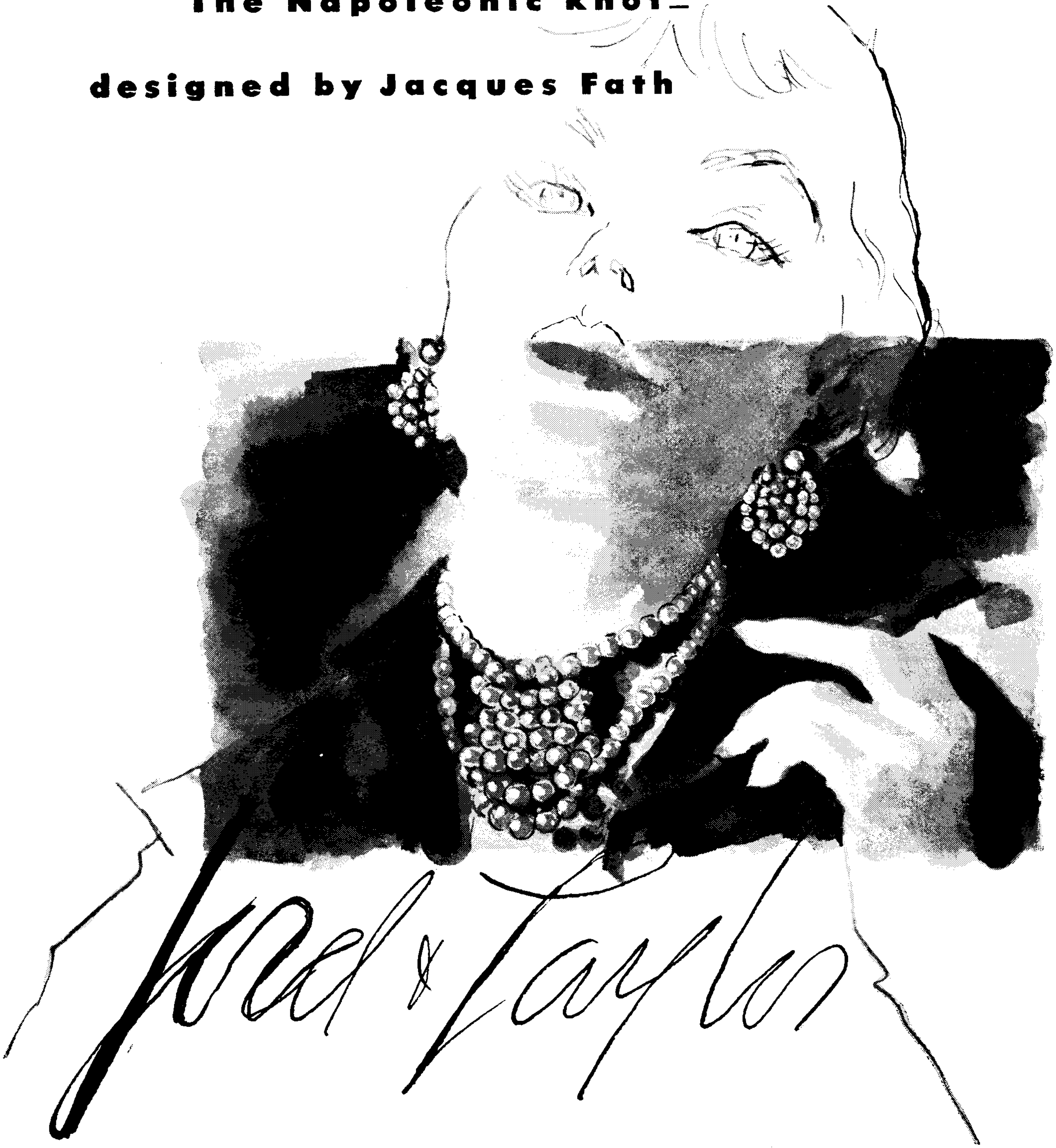
MOVING

The Napoleonic knot—

designed by Jacques Fath



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tra. On Tuesday, Sept. 13, Jimmy Dorsey takes over. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays its customary handsomely orchestrated music. Closed Sundays.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra, except Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio, every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342). . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **MAMARONECK, N.Y.:** Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 9-5048); closed Mondays. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3071). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

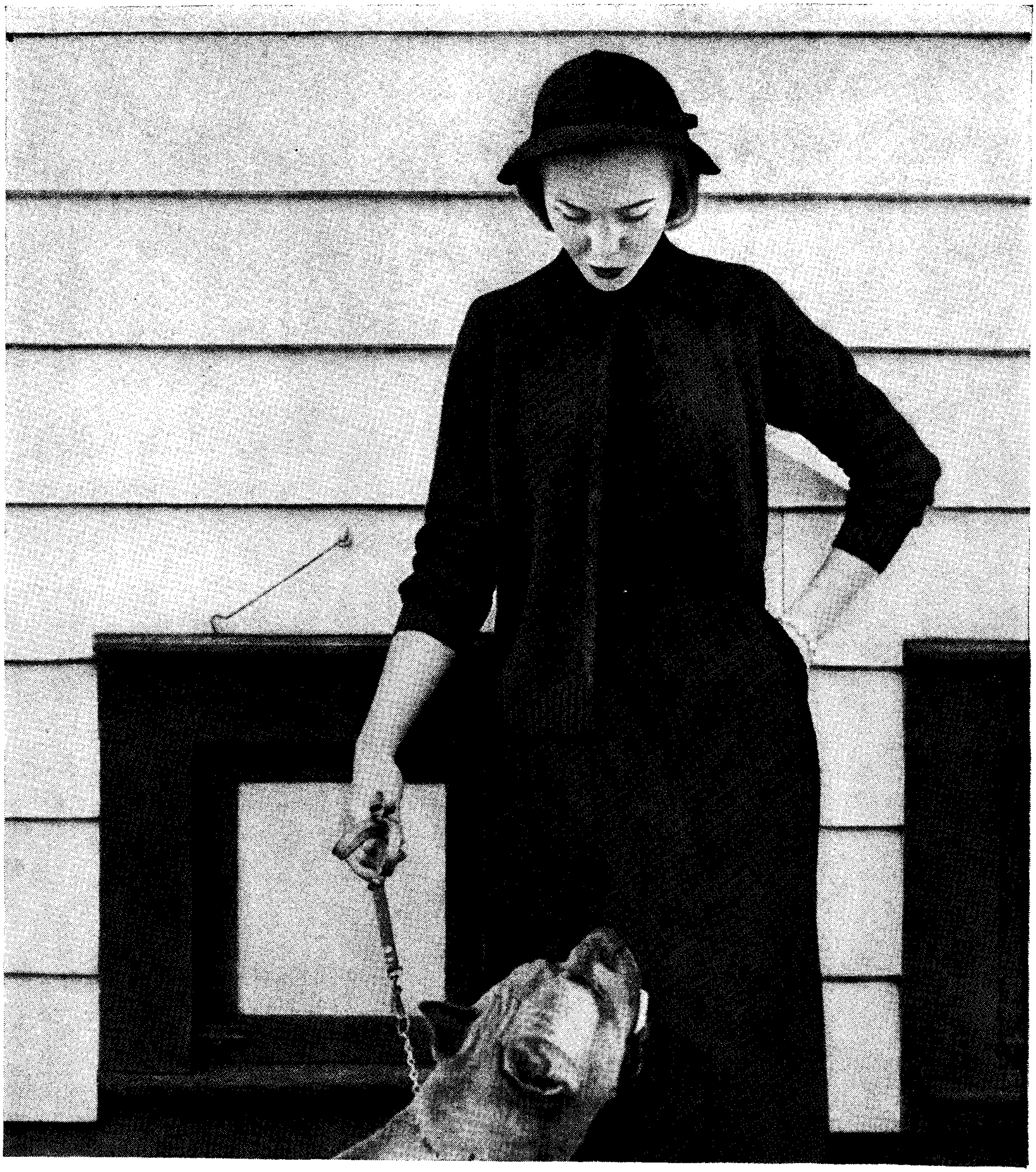
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **SERIGRAPH,** 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by the gallery's artists. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 24.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave at 82nd St—



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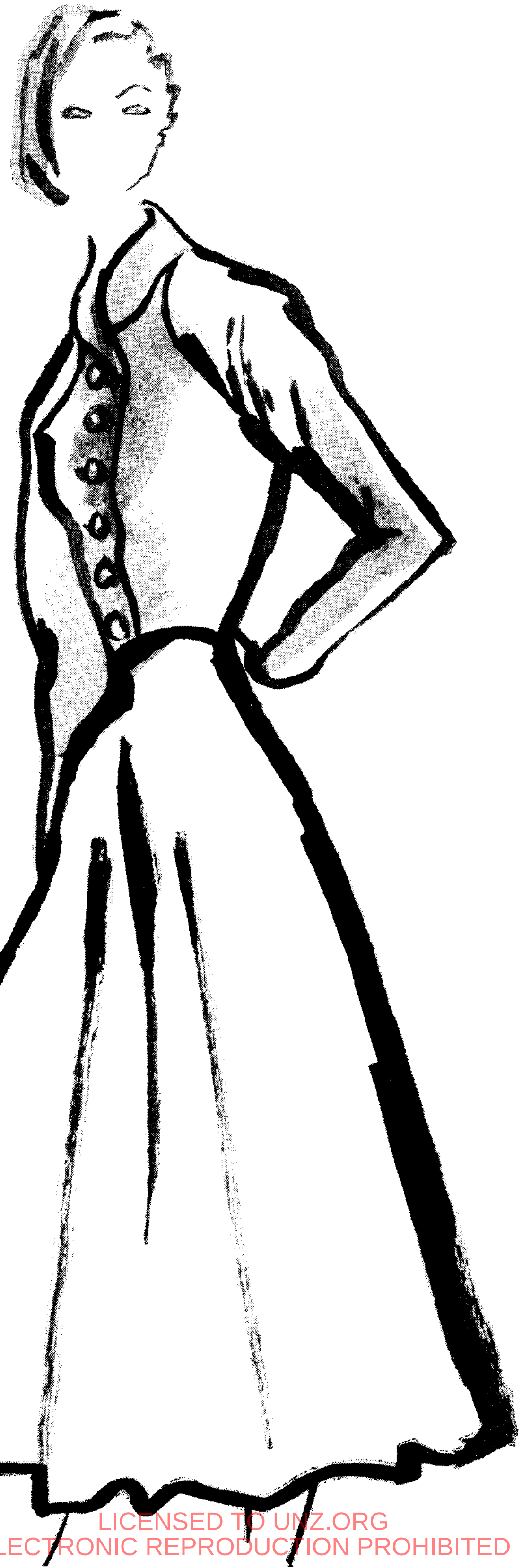


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ A large and practically definitive show of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present day. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

Lemonade Opera—Mendelssohn's "The Stranger," along with Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-0360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jazz Concert—Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Flip Phillips, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

In the Country—Final performance in a series of chamber-music concerts—The Berkshire Quartet, with Albert Spalding, violin. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 11, at 4.)

SPORTS

Automobile Road-Racing—A cross-country course for the Seneca Cup and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix—and what *prix* could be grander? (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 17.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 8-9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2:05 (doubleheaders). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Sept. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 16, at 2:30, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2:05.

Boxing—Rocky Castellani vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Rocky Graziano vs. Charley Fusari, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Polo Grounds. Wednesday, Sept. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Shows—Somerset Hills Kennel Club. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sunday, Sept. 11.)

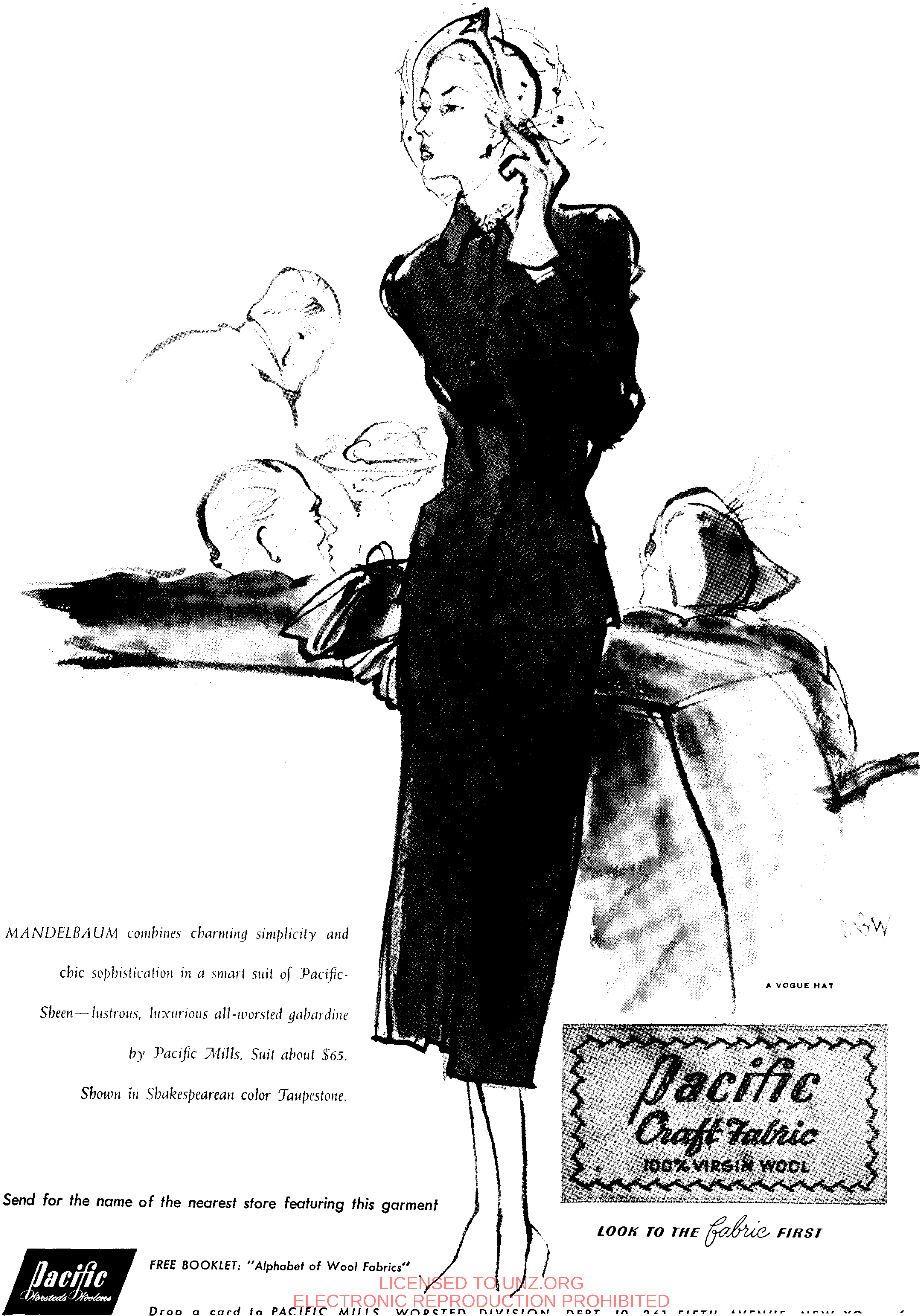
Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 8-10.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 11.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17.) . . . ¶ Wilmington Horse Show. (Wilmington, Del. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 17.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Power Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18.)

Polo—Semifinals of the National Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 11, at 3:30.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 17. The Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 10; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 14; and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)



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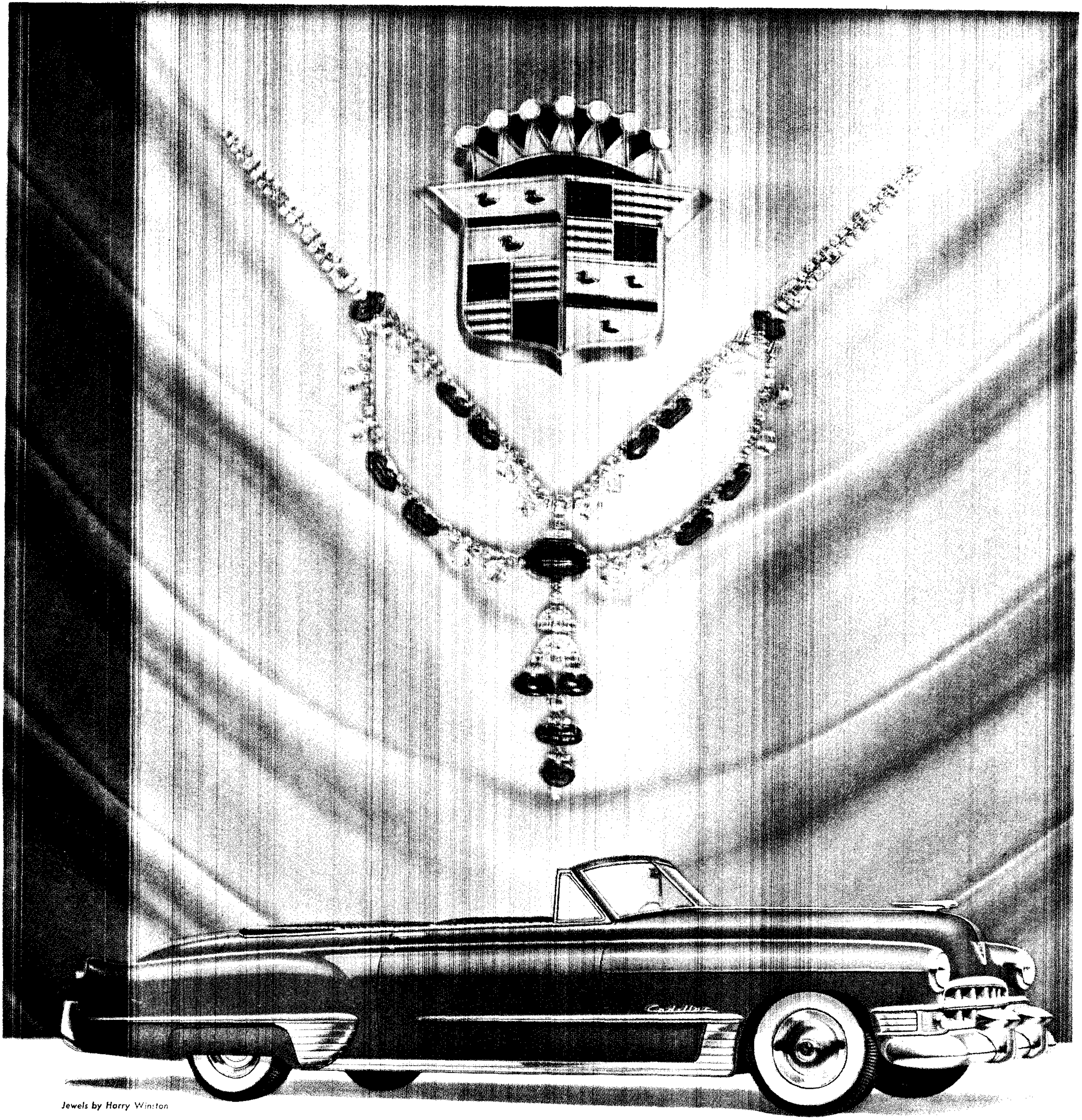

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ison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:30.)

TENNIS—Wightman Cup Matches. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:40 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Weekdays at 8:15, starting Monday, Sept. 12.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Sept. 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

MINEOLA FAIR—Six hundred carrier pigeons, together with golden hamsters, a men's knitting exhibit, feats of ox strength, a band concert, dancing, fireworks, and such usual county fair activities. (Fair Grounds, Mineola. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 13-17, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Britannic: Sails Thursday, Sept. 8, at 10:30 A.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Sails Thursday, Sept. 8, at 4:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 10; sails Friday, Sept. 16, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Monday, Sept. 12; sails Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ De-Grasse: Arrives Wednesday, Sept. 14; sails Saturday, Sept. 17, at noon. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday, Sept. 16.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Walter Ducloux conducting, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Sept. 11, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Christopher Lynch, tenor, Monday, Sept. 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Mickey Rooney in Saroyan's "The Human Comedy," Friday, Sept. 9, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ John Lund and Betty Field in "Dream Girl," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Sept. 11, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Boxing: Rocky Castellani vs. Kid Gavilan, Friday, Sept. 9, at 10 P.M., WJZ. Rocky Graziano vs. Charley Fusari, Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Racing: At Aqueduct; the Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 4:15 P.M., WNBC, WCBS.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

MUSIC—Christopher Lynch, tenor, Monday, Sept. 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Anthony Quinn in "Pride's Castle," Sunday, Sept. 11, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Richard Hart in "Kyra Zelas," Monday, Sept. 12, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV.

SPORTS—Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, and of the Dodgers on WCBS-TV. (Dodgers' night games are also shown on WOR-TV.) . . . ¶ Racing: At Aqueduct; the Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 3:30 P.M., WNBT.

MISCELLANY—The nineteenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Sept. 8, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon, with Joe Bushkin, Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko, Jack Lesberg, and others, Saturday, Sept. 10, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT.

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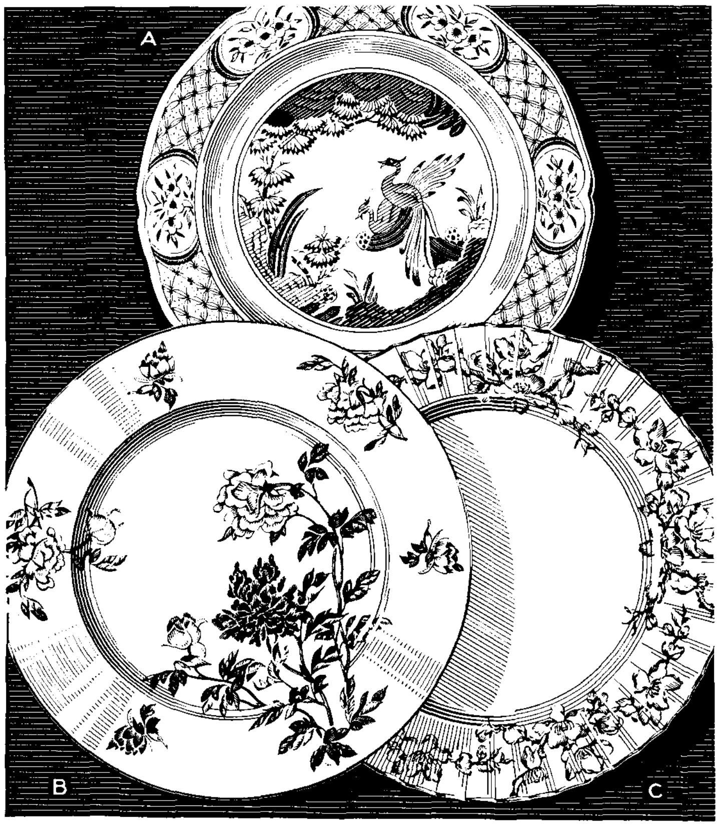

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Barkleys of Broadway—Astaire and Rogers. When the script dives into plot and heavy thought, there is a temptation to walk out, but still—Astaire and Rogers. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 8.)

Devil in the Flesh—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film based on the Raymond Radiguet novel. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dolwyn—Some gripping moments in the Welsh village of Dolwyn, chiefly distinguished by the magnificent performance of Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams wrote and directed this one, and acts in it, too. A British film. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. An English picture. Winner of the 1949 Oscar Award. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Home of the Brave—A picture about a Negro G.I. who breaks down under the pressure of race prejudice in the Army. Worth while and exciting, despite a rather Pollyanna conclusion. James Edwards heads a competent cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Sept. 14.)

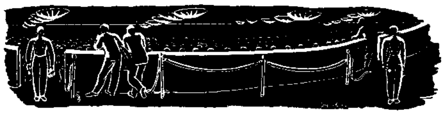
Quartet—An English film consisting of screen versions of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Some of the Best—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." The idea is to mark some kind of anniversary. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Sept. 11-14. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 14.)

Sorrowful Jones—Bob Hope in a comic movie about a bookie who accepts a small girl as security against a bet and finds himself stuck with her. A remake of a 1934 film called "Little Miss Marker." (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 12-13.)

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—All about the Devil and Daniel Webster, according to Benét. Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 12-14.)

Belle of the Nineties (1934)—Mae West outwitting the censors. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu, naturally. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 13.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 11-12.)

Goin' to Town (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Sept. 10.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sept. 10-14.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 11-12.)

Marriage in the Shadows (1948)—A German film dealing with the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Sept. 12.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; Sept. 11-13.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Sept. 13.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 10.)

Prison Without Bars (1939)—A Korda piece about French lady convicts. With Edna Best. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Sept. 13-14.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Sept. 14.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 14.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 12.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 11-12.)

Tragic Hunt (1948)—An Italian film about a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 8.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 11-14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 11: "The Fight for Life" (1941), a documentary. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 12: "To the Shores of Iwo Jima" (1945), "The Battle of San Pietro" (1945), and "Le Retour" (1945), documentary films of World War II. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Madame Bovary," Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Crooked Way," John Payne, Sonny Tufts.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Kid from Cleveland," George Brent, the Cleveland Indians.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Under Capricorn," Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 14: "Blondie Hits the Jackpot," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Top o' the Morning," Bing Crosby, Barry

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Was a Male War Bride," Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"White Heat," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
belle of the nineties, revival; and **goin' to town**, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
the red shoes.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Sept. 10: **i know where i'm going**, revival.
Sept. 11-13: **the mikado**, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
crime without passion, revival; and **the scoundrel**, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
crime without passion, revival; and **the scoundrel**, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Sept. 9: "The Girl in the Painting," Mai Zetterling, Robert Beatty.
From Sept. 10: "Saints and Sinners," Kieron Moore, the Abbey Theatre Players.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Sept. 14: "The King's Jester" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon; and "When Love Calls" (in Italian), revival, Gino Bechi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
devil in the flesh; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
hamlet.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
quartet.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
the adventuress, revival.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)

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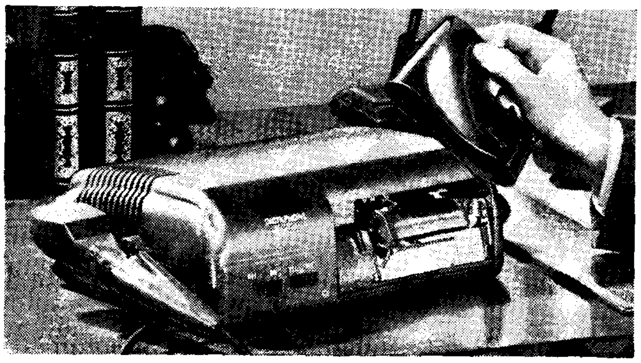

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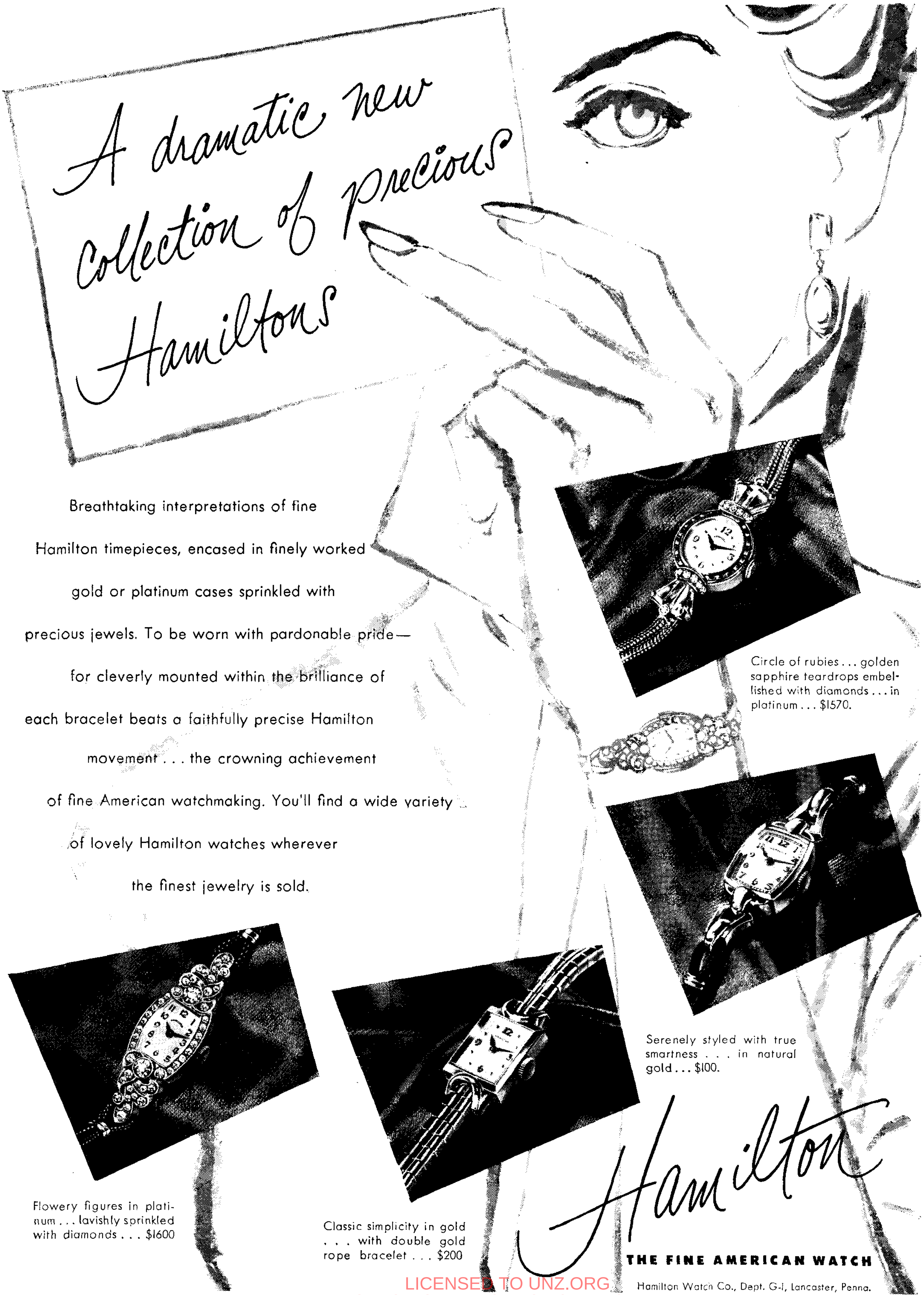

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Here are three of Warner's 3-Way-Sized lovelies that come in wedding white nylon taffetas, baby-blue hug-u-close satin elastics, wicked black lacy nylons and just about everything you'd ask for. Prices? From $1.00 up.

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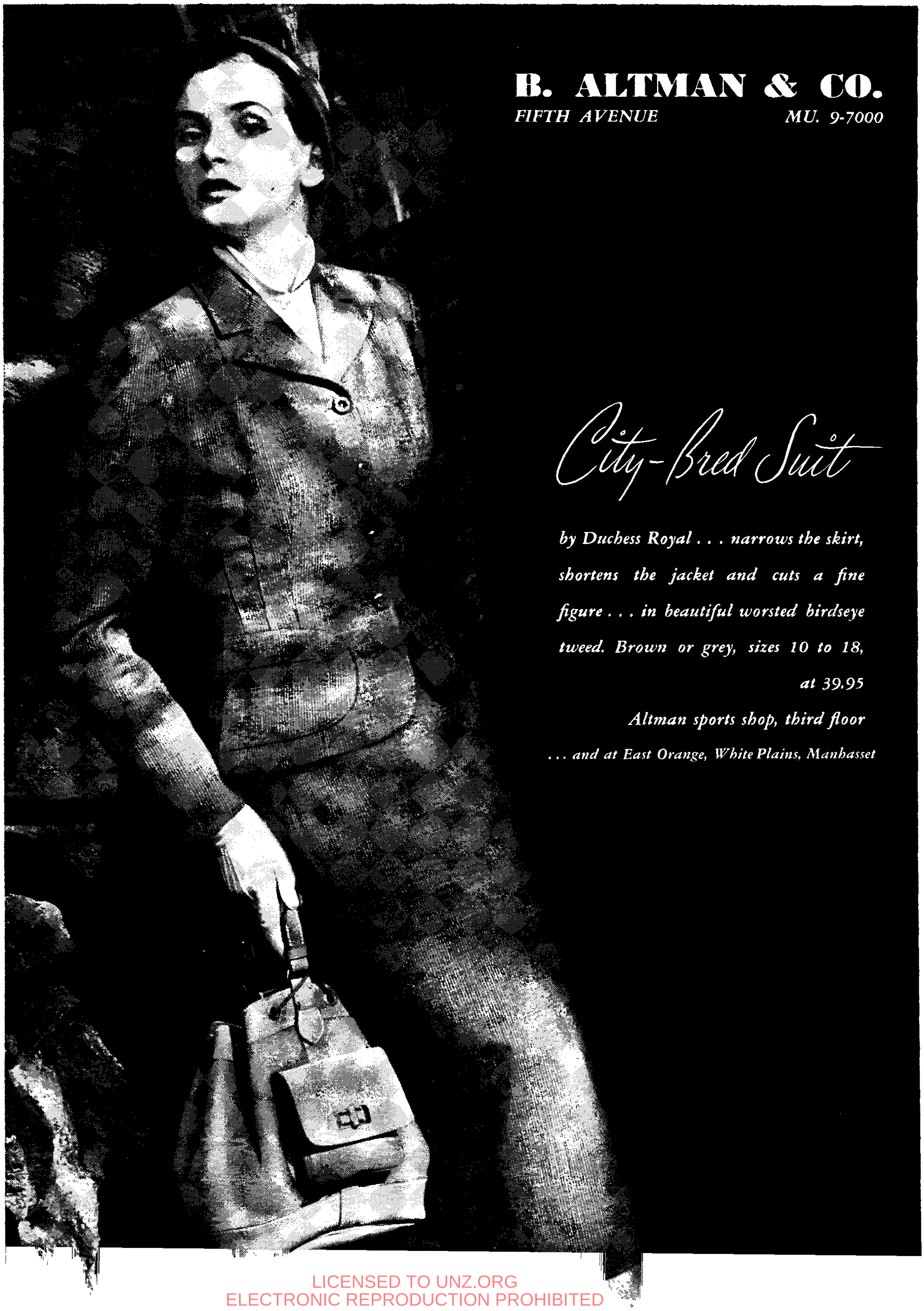

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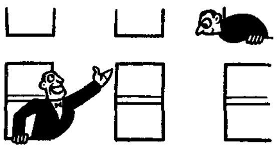
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

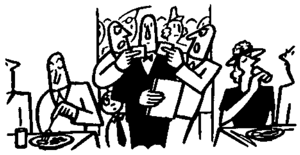
Notes and Comment

WE have been studying a recent public exchange of telegrams between Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson. The wires were reproduced in *Variety*, each wire occupying a full page. The first was from Cantor and was addressed to Mr. Al Jolson, Hotel St. Regis, New York City. It started, "DEAR AL: JUST SAW 'JOLSON SINGS AGAIN' AND I CAN'T RECALL WHEN I'VE HAD SUCH AN ENJOYABLE—SUCH A THRILLING TWO HOURS. IF ANYTHING YOUR VOICE IS BIGGER—RICHER THAN EVER." It ended, "LOVE AND KISSES. YOUR OLD FRIEND EDDIE CANTOR." The second telegram was from Jolson and was addressed to Eddie Cantor, Hotel St. Regis, New York City. It started, "DEAR EDDIE: MANY THANKS FOR YOUR WARM WIRE ON 'JOLSON SINGS AGAIN.' AM DELIGHTED YOU LIKED THE SEQUEL. AND SPEAKING OF FILM BIOGRAPHICALS, I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SOME STUDIO DOESN'T MAKE YOUR LIFE STORY." It ended, "LOVE AND KISSES. AL JOLSON."

The student is struck immediately by the fact that both senders appear to be residing in the Hotel St. Regis, and that, although under the same roof, they turned to Western Union in order to get in touch with each other. If Jolson's voice is, in truth, bigger, richer than ever, he could, of course, have opened his window and shouted, "Many thanks, Eddie, for your warm wire on 'Jolson Sings Again.'" Another curious aspect of the matter is that both men should have instinctively handed their wires over to *Variety*—a coincidence that seems little short of miraculous. Miraculous, and expensive, too. Those must have been some of the costliest kisses ever blown.



AMONG the features of a Railroad Fair currently being held in Chicago is a Chesapeake & Ohio exhibit called, shamelessly, the Chessie Club. A friend of ours who owns fifty shares of C. & O. stock got a card the other day granting him membership privileges in the club and "prior preference for reservations at Luncheon or Dinner." He was pleased to learn of the management's concern for the stockholders' comfort, but he has expressed to us his fear that, in view of the C. & O.'s notorious trail-blazing propensities, his railroad may be making a trial run at Chicago preparatory to putting a similar system of priorities in effect on the company's dining cars. "What would happen in a crowded diner," our friend has asked us, "if, just as I'm waving my stockholder's preference card in the steward's face and demanding the next vacant seat, another stockholder shows up, with *his* card? Who gets the seat—the man with the most shares? And how about the women and children waiting in line? If we stockholders push ahead, aren't they apt to get sore at our railroad and ride on another railroad? Then what happens to the value of our stock?"



These are profound questions, involving basic policy decisions on a high corporate level, and, as such, they are far beyond our scope, but it's helpful to know that railroad stockholders sometimes think about riding on trains. As a non-stockholder, we thought about it for four sweltering hours a couple of weeks ago, while travelling to Washington in a Pullman car with its air-conditioning on the blink, its windows sealed, and the men in charge of it displaying a customer-be-damned attitude we hadn't seen since we accompanied our wife to a butcher shop one day in 1944. The Pullman conductor was asked by one of our fellow-passengers if he couldn't do something about the air-conditioning. "When did it stop working?" asked the man. "It hasn't worked all summer," said the conductor, and skipped out of our car. Maybe it's just our bad luck, but we always seem to be getting on trains that are supposed to be air-conditioned and aren't. Well, we have finally thought of a scheme that may put an end to this trying state of affairs. Our idea is that in summertime railroads should be required to operate as many motion-picture houses do—with a sign on each car (or, better still, a notation on each ticket) indicating whether there is air-conditioning inside or there isn't. And when there isn't, all itinerant stockholders of the railroad concerned should be required to ride in the cars without air-conditioning. A little of that kind of prior preference and the situation ought to change quicker than you can say United Air Lines.

AN amateur but zealous scholar in the field of metropolitan folkways, a gentleman in whose ear and memory we have great confidence, has handed us a record of the remarks of a cabdriver he took up with after leaving his dentist's the other morning. The gambit was offered by our man, who remarked that the cabby must be doing pretty well to be smoking so early in the day as big a cigar as he was smoking. The cabby focussed one eye on the passenger's reflection in the rear-view mirror and gave the following explanation of the circumstance, which our man put into writing the moment he got to his office:

"Now't you mention it, I'm nuts

about cigars. No sooner I get up, I start thinking about cigars. Nuts about cigars, but they can run into dough, the way I like to smoke them. Now't you mention it, I just been patting myself on the back what a nice little racket I got worked out for myself on cigars. I'll tell you how I got it figured out. In this town a man has to figure out little ways and means for himself, else he'll never get by. Know what I mean? Well, like I tell you, I figure a nice big cigar in the morning's a great thing. So along about ten o'clock, over I go, give a certain place a little play with the hack here. You're asking yourself where. Well, I'll tell you where. I go over to Seventieth and York Avenue and give the Lying-In Hospital a play. Get the idea? I figure this little racket out all for myself, and it works fine. I got so I can spot those new fathers come prancing out of the Lying-In like they had badges in their hats. So I wheel up the hack, give a new father a big smile, and when they get in, I make some kind of crack like 'Hope you got some good news in there, Mac.' Get the idea? Nine out of ten, I get myself a big cigar from the guy, sometimes two or three, on account the guy just had a baby. This here cigar I got an hour ago with my little racket that don't harm anybody, makes the new father feel good, I get a cigar out of it, everything's fine and dandy all along the line. This one's a fifteen-cent number. They could run into dough if it wasn't for the Lying-In."

Under the Floor

ONE rather warm day last week, we asked our man Stanley to inspect the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, which is now in an advanced stage of construction and is expected to be opened to traffic sometime next summer. He has reported back to us that he enjoyed the trip immensely, among other reasons because the temperature down there under the floor of the Harbor proved to be a pleasing sixty-five degrees. Stanley walked the 9,117-foot length of the tunnel in the company of George Pentreath, an engineer for the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which is building the tunnel and will operate it after it opens. Pentreath explained that, like our other local vehicular tunnels, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel is really two separate tubes; these run parallel at a distance of fourteen feet and are connected at intervals by cross passages. Stanley hiked through the west

as its twin to the east. When finished, each tube will provide a two-lane, brick-surfaced highway twenty-one feet four inches wide, with an overhead clearance of thirteen feet six inches; traffic in each tube will be, if all goes well, one-way. And why are there two tubes rather than a single big tunnel? Two tubes are a cheaper and sounder engineering proposition. A tunnel large enough to provide room for a four-lane highway would have an enormous circumference, with an uneconomical amount of waste space above and below the actual highway area.

Work on the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel was begun in 1940, the digging getting under way simultaneously at both ends of both tubes. It was stopped at the end of 1942, on account of the war. By then, the Manhattan ends of the tubes had reached a point twenty-eight hundred feet offshore. They had been cut through solid rock, and when work was halted, the tubes were allowed to fill with water, which seeped in through the rock. At the Brooklyn end, the tubes had been dug through soft earth, one to a distance of six hundred feet, the other twelve hundred feet. Steel shields had been installed to bore out the tube and they couldn't be taken out, so to avoid risking damage to the shields and other equipment, the Brooklyn ends of the tubes were bulkheaded with concrete and the tubes were kept pumped out until 1946, when work on the project began again, with the pumping out of the Manhattan ends of the tubes. Sand-hog crews, working from both ends, finally holed through the east tube last September; the west tube was holed through in October. The holing-through could have been accomplished sooner, but it was decided not to tackle a fifteen-foot-thick barrier of rock in the middle until work had been completed at that point on a ventilating shaft, which appears above the surface of the Harbor as a stone tower, neatly situated on its own little artificial island a couple of hundred feet off the shore of Governors Island.

There's a ventilating building at each end of the tunnel as well, but neither one was working the day Stanley paid his call. As he and Pentreath marched downhill through the tunnel, Pentreath called attention to the fact that the tiled walls and ceiling were beaded with moisture. "Like a glass of beer on a hot day," Pentreath said. "Once we get the ventilating system going, the tunnel will dry out and the temperature will be the same here as aboveground." Twenty-seven blower fans will force air into a duct between the bottom of the tubes and the roadways, from which it will rise through slots to be sucked out of a duct above the ceilings by twenty-six exhaust fans. All the air in the tunnel will be changed about once every minute and a half. The tunnel will have fluorescent lights, and enough tile is being used on its walls and ceilings to supply sixty-five hundred bathrooms. The outer lining of the tubes is formed of narrow cast-iron rings, thirty-one feet in diameter and two feet eight inches wide. Most of the interior construction is of concrete. Over twelve million man-hours will have gone into the tunnel by the time it's finished, and the cost is expected to run to eighty million dollars, which is about what the George Washington Bridge and the Lincoln Tunnel each cost. Traffic engineers estimate that sixteen million vehicles will use the tunnel every year when it is operating at capacity.

Pentreath stopped by a muddy pool in the roadbed and informed Stanley that they were at the halfway point. "This is also the lowest point," Pentreath said. "We're just off Governors Island, a hundred and fifteen feet under the surface of the water and seventy feet under the Harbor floor. From now on, the roadbed rises, with a grade never steeper than 3.6 per cent. This is the deepest vehicular tunnel ever dug in this area, and two-thirds of it is under solid rock." "What about that water?" Stanley asked. "Oh, that's just a little seepage," Pentreath said. "Nothing to worry about. We're calking all leaks with lead and Portland cement." Stanley waded through the puddle and started briskly uphill toward the Brooklyn exit.

Fan

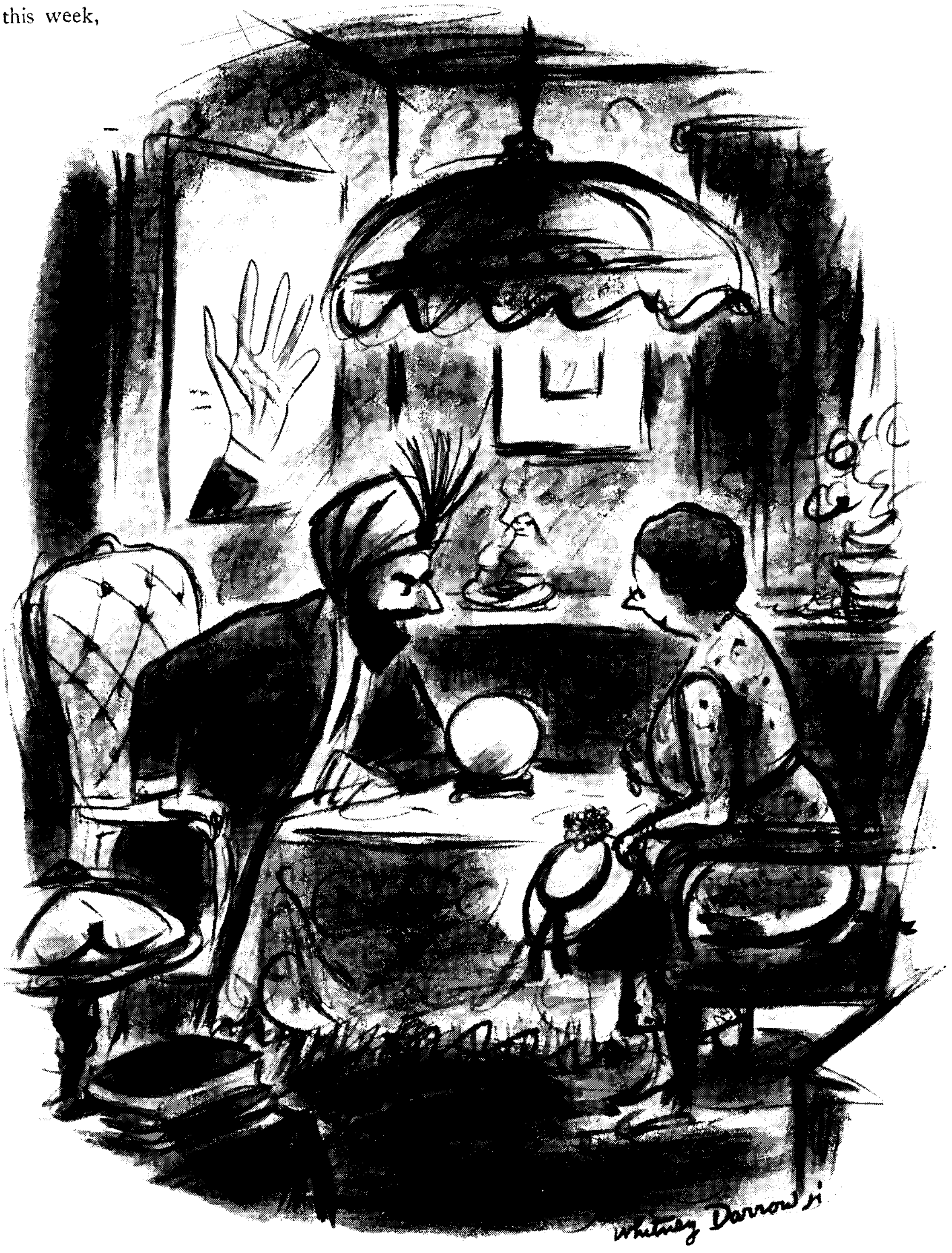
ONE of our female operatives, on duty in Stern's last Friday after-two ladies who were making their way from bath mats to cutlery. One of them was telling the other about a radio station she admired. “They have the loveliest musical programs!” she said. “They interrupt them every hour for news. And *good* news, too!”

Seaweed

AS a delegate to the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources, which wound up its manifold deliberations at Lake Success early this week, Dr. F. Neville Woodward, director of the Scottish Seaweed Research Association, made a speech in which he pointed out that if the population of the world continues to increase at its present exuberant rate, man will be forced to depend more and more for his survival on non-land food sources. In addition to the laboratory vats in which the chemists are even now prepared to whip up a lot to eat, these sources include the fresh-water lakes and the sea. Notable among the foods from the water is seaweed, on which Dr. Woodward is probably the foremost authority, and for more light on this beguiling stuff we arranged to have a talk with him in his quarters at a midtown hotel. We found the Doctor to be a handsome man in his late thirties, reclining in shirtsleeves on his bed and gravely contemplating the ceiling. “Most of our scientific knowledge of seaweed has been acquired in the past twenty years,” he informed us at once, breaking from the barrier with commendable speed. “It's important because it has a large amount of carbohydrates, a small amount of proteins, and a good bit of minerals. It has no fats, I'm sorry to say. Pity about the fats, but of course they can be readily obtained from fresh-water algae. Most kinds of seaweed are

their carbohydrates and proteins can't be assimilated, but yeast can be grown on them, and yeast is an extremely rich source of carbohydrates, proteins, *and* fats. That gives us one very substantial source of food that requires no land whatever.”

Dr. Woodward noted that certain species of seaweed not only are edible but are regarded as delicacies. The Japanese like an occasional helping of kelp, while the Scotch, the Irish, and the Nova Scotians are partial to dulse, a dried form of any one of several varieties of coarse red seaweed. Dulse is sold in New York in small amounts, generally for use as a condiment in Irish stews and the like. In Philadelphia, it is considered a vegetable. Dulse used to be chewed but gave way before the superior quid-forming capacity of tobacco. Irish moss is a seaweed widely used throughout Europe in puddings and jellies and used in this country

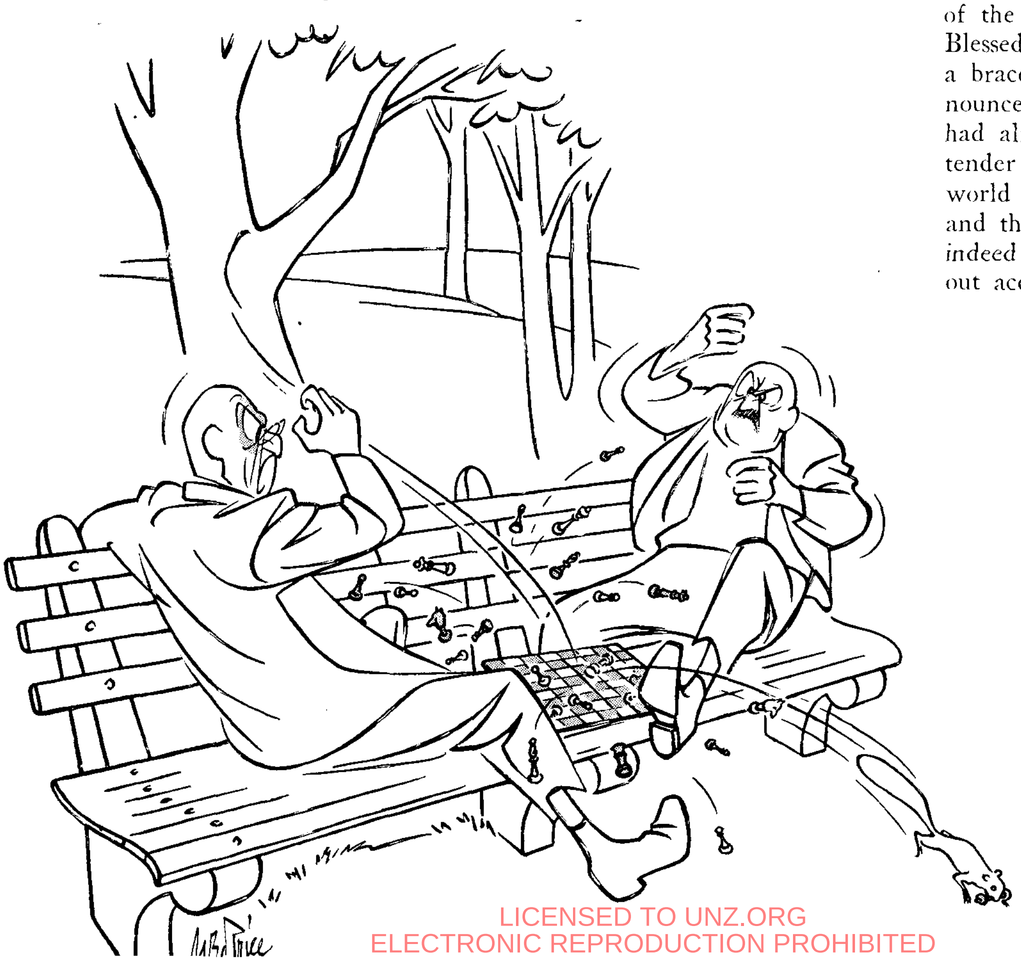


“I see a distinguished-looking, well-to-do middle-aged

chiefly in the bleaching and dyeing of cloth. "So far, indeed, the greatest use of seaweed has been industrial rather than culinary," Dr. Woodward told us. "Kelps and rockweeds were formerly a major source of potassium and iodine, until it proved cheaper to work mineral deposits. Agar-agar, which is used as a solidifying agent in laboratory cultures and for clarifying liquids and stiffening food products, is an extract from a Japanese seaweed." The most important chemical to come from seaweed is alginic acid, in the study of which Great Britain has been a pioneer. The recent war cut off that country's regular supplies of jute, needed to make burlap for camouflage, from India and Burma; the Scottish Seaweed Research Association was promptly founded to work out the best means of extracting alginic acid from seaweed, turning it into yarn, as cellulose is turned into yarn, and, finally, weaving it into an acceptable substitute for burlap.

Great Britain, France, Norway, and the United States all have alginic-acid plants. Most of the alginic acid produced by the three plants in this country goes into ice cream, to help make it smooth. "We don't make much ice cream in my country," Dr. Woodward said. "The bulk of our alginic acid is used in dentists' moldings, in varnishes for cheeses, in hand lotions, and in brewing, to give body and clarity to beer."

As soon as the war ended, the Association undertook to make an estimate of its seaweed reserves. It concluded that there were at least ten million tons of it growing off the west coast of Scotland alone. In the old days, the seaweed industry was entirely dependent on cast weed—seaweed ripped off the rocky sea bottom by storms and washed ashore—and it is difficult to reap mechanically, because it sinks when cut. The Association has got around that problem with a sort of marine lawn-mower-vacuum-cleaner combination, which first cuts the weed, then sucks it aboard ship. Off the west coast of Scotland, seaweed is generally found at a depth of sixty feet. The only seaweed that doesn't grow in coastal waters is the small amount that grows in the Sargasso Sea, northeast of the West Indies. The depth at which coastal seaweed grows varies with the locality. Like any plant, seaweed must have sunlight, and in tropical waters, where the sun penetrates farthest, it may be found at as great a depth as six hundred feet. Off our Pacific coast, there's a giant kelp that is sometimes longer than a redwood tree is high. Dr. Woodward hopes to wind up his work as director of the Association within two or three years, then start investigating other natural resources that seem to be insufficiently exploited. He already has his eye on peat, for one. Meanwhile, he would like to find a dozen more uses for seaweed. "The big question is how to feed a tripled world population," he said. "We'll never answer it as long as the chief demand for seaweed extract comes from the makers of ice cream."



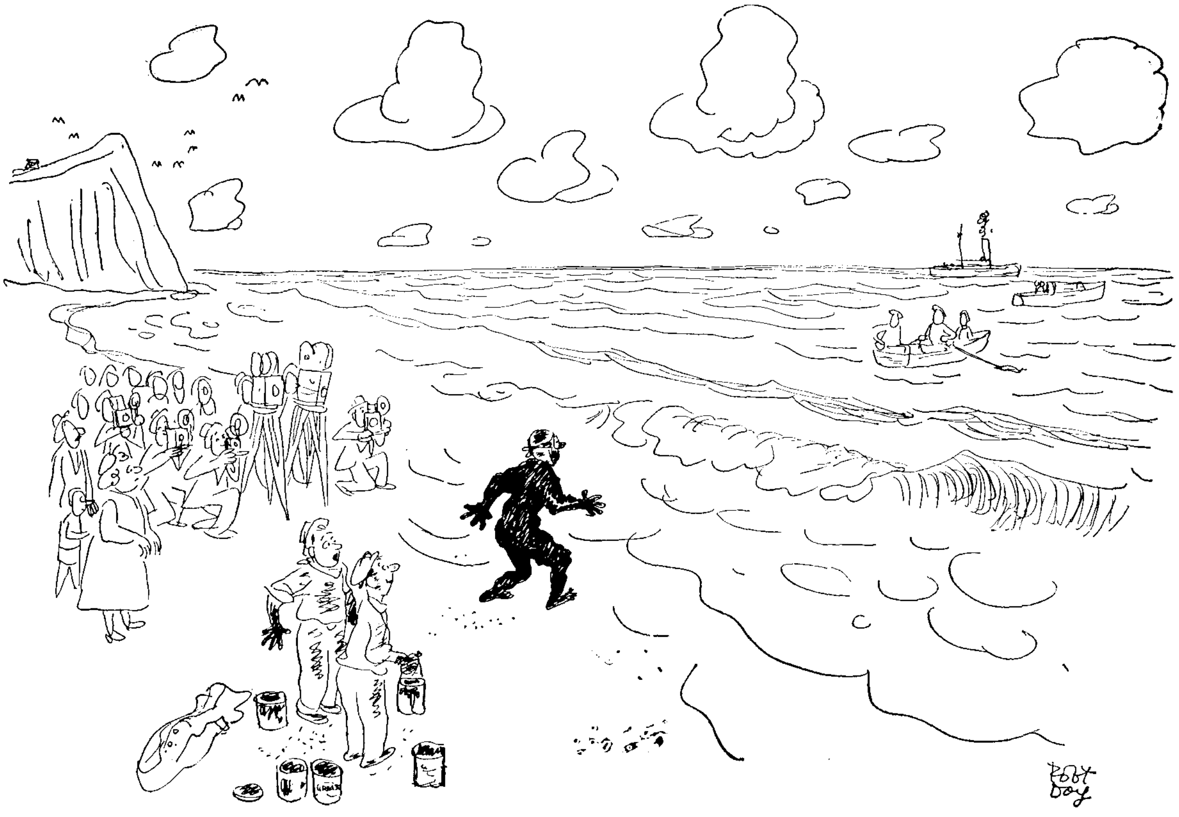
Hazard of Travel

THE passengers on a plane that landed at LaGuardia Field one fine morning last week descended the gangplank with rather bemused expressions. Turned out that some time earlier the pilot had sent back to them the following message, which was passed along from hand to hand:

A perfect day for our delight.
At half past eleven we shall alight.

Take a Number

OUR confusion about the housing situation became absolute last week when we were invited to the Stork Club by a Mr. R. H. Bailey to witness the preview of what he calls the New Michel Park Economy Home. In one of the Club nurseries, known as the Blessed Events Room, we were met by a brace of publicity beaters, who announced tempestuously that Mr. Bailey had already sold a house to the bartender on duty, that no salesman in the world could compare with Mr. Bailey, and that we'd be lacking in foresight indeed if we left the gathering without acquiring an Economy Home for ourself. We suggested that they cut out the guff and lead us to the master builder. Mr. Bailey turned out to be a medium-sized man wearing a blue serge suit, a walrus mustache, and a look of determined cordiality. "This isn't exactly my show," he told us. "I'm setting up the development for my son Bob." "Bob!" shouted one of the beaters. A good-looking young man appeared immediately, wrung our hand, and vanished. "Look like me?" inquired Mr. Bailey. "No," we said. "As a matter of fact, he does," said Mr. Bailey. "But let me give you a bit of the background of the Economy Home. Under Title Six, Section 611, of the Nagram, F.H.A. loans are—well, let us put it this way: The government, under Section 611, will back any builder to the full price of his investment up to six thousand dollars per house in groups of twenty-five units. Now, what we are doing is to change from 611 to 203 as soon as the sales of the Economy Homes have been effected. This is similar in the financing to 608." "What is 203?" we asked. "Well," said Mr. Bailey, "under 203 we have a twenty-five-year loan amortized in the fashion of an individual mortgage. I can't make some of this clear, because I'm not entirely clear on it myself. But here's Ernest, the president of the Farmingdale First National, the finest little bank on Long Island, of which I'm a director. Ernest," he said, throwing his arm around a small, gray-haired man who had joined us, "how long has the Farmingdale First National been operating?" "Forty-two years," said Ernest. "And how long have you been with the Farmingdale First National?" said Mr. Bailey. "Forty-two years," said Ernest. "That's the kind of people we are," Mr. Bailey advised us. "Michel Park is in East Farmingdale. Now, about this 611—well, for heaven's sake, right over here is Paul, our treasurer, who can tell you all about it." Mr. Bailey drifted off, and Paul, a thin young man, approached us gingerly. "Are you a layman?" he said. We said we were. "Then I'll speak in layman's terms," he said. "Let us begin with 608, the apartment or multiple-dwelling section of the act. Under this, the F.H.A. advances ready cash from the time dirt is cut until the dwelling is completed. Now, 611 is supposed to do the same thing for single-family units, but the F.H.A. has always thought in terms of twenty-five units. As for 203, that simply means a different kind of F.H.A. loan. Clear?" We were peering into space, trying to figure this out, when an old gentleman, clashing his false teeth desperately, confronted us. "Met you in Utica, didn't I, son?" he said. "There's a fine town," he went on, before we had a chance to reply. "Next to Corpus Christi, in Texas, I never saw a better one. Guess I'm interested in Corpus Christi because of the airplanes there. Got a three-year-old grandchild can tell airplanes the way you'd tell a Ford or Packard." We managed to get in the remark that we'd never been in Utica. "Utica, Rochester, one of them places. I seen you, anyhow," he said. "Are you in housing?" we asked. "Housing!" he said with a sneer. "Lean-tos! Got a son in one of these developments just busting to break out. Can't tell one house from another. Like having kids and not knowing whether they're yours or the neighbors'." Paul interrupted the conversation to introduce us to Mr. Lawrence Epter, who energetically informed us that he is president of the Mortgage Bankers Association of New York. "I'm surprised at the price Mr. Bailey has put on these houses," he told us. "The F.H.A. evaluation is a good six hundred dollars more than the sixty-nine hundred and ninety he's asking. That means, of course, that with a four-hundred-and-ninety-dollar down payment—or none, if the client is a veteran—mortgage charges can be carried for forty-five dollars and forty-five cents a month. I've been turning down people right along that didn't make over fifty a week, but with this development I'll just



"*Well, we've done everything* _we_ *can do.*"

• •

give them credit. I hope Bailey hasn't cut it too fine." "What's all this about 611, 608, and 203?" we asked. "In a nutshell—" Mr. Epter began. A tall blonde broke in at this point, carolling, "My name is Mary-Elizabeth Anders, and what's yours?" We told her. "There's a hyphen between 'Mary' and 'Elizabeth,' " she said, "but I don't pay any attention to that, because most of my friends just call me Boo." "You in the housing game, Boo?" we asked. "Good heavens, no!" said Boo. "I'm in the theatre. But Mr. Bailey, who's a friend of mine, asked me to arrange for the opening of a development of his in Seat Pleasant, Maryland. My, it's been fun! Organizing choirs, parades, visits from the Governor, and all that—I tell you, I'd like to start a little town for myself."

Old Style

A FRIEND of ours, sojourning last week near Newport, caught a dim but precise echo of the days of Edith Wharton while attending an afternoon tea at which was served nothing stronger than that. "I must ask Charles whether he can drive the station wagon in tennis shoes," the hostess remarked. "I'm having him wear them for the pic-

THE CASE OF THE LAUGHING LADY

I GET all kinds of interesting letters. In a recent mail, for multiple example, there were three. The first, from a gentleman in Germany, asserted a simple but provocative fact: "I am exclaiming perfection of English wisdom for translation to your book in Germany." The second, apparently meant for another Thurber, or perhaps a Trumbull or a Tucker, enjoined me to see to it that Georgia had her teeth fixed before she sailed for Europe. The third letter, signed by two sets of initials, "K.L.M. (Mrs. J.B.M.)," contained a single interrogation: "Why haven't you been to a psychiatrist?"

The first two letters were simple enough to answer. I wrote the gentleman in Germany exclaiming that perfection of English wisdom had already been arranged by contractual agent to me for Germany. Then I advised Georgia's mother, or aunt, or whoever it was, that I did not know Georgia but that I was sorry about her neglect of her teeth. I added—a little gratuitously, I suppose—that it would not be easy to get a girl who is planning a trip to Europe to go to the dentist. The third letter was the tough one. Its bald query had the ominous effect of "It's later than you think" or "The game is up," set cold and alone in the center of a sheet of paper. I decided, finally, to reply to K.L.M. (Mrs. J.B.M.) through the generous columns of this journal of clarification and reassurance. Let us get on with it, then.

THERE comes to every man, usually in middle age, or on the shadow line that separates his active and his sedentary years, a profoundly shattering Moment, smaller than a second in temporal measurement but larger than a year in its content of shock, or fear, or terror. This Moment may hit you when you are washing your hands, lighting your pipe, winking at a girl, calling your dog, or, as in my own case, idly glancing at an unseparated copy of the New York Sunday *Times*, lying on the floor. This happened to me twelve years ago in Ludlow, Connecticut, and the townspeople, especially the tradesmen—and in particular, Mr. Badgett, who runs the grocery and filling station—still talk about it, I am told. I moved away from Ludlow a long time ago, but my friends there keep me informed.

"Well, sir," Badgett will say as he fills up a customer's 1940 Buick, or reaches for his 1950 Rinso, "strangest lovely Ludlow Sundays, and everybody was takin' their comfort on their front porch, quiet-like, even trankle of spirit, y'might say, when—bang!—out of the front door of the ol' Matthews place come this writin' fella, like a bulldog out of a beehive, his eyes wide an' his mouth open, like a rock bass, an' he skun down the street a-hollerin' 'No! No!,' like the Devil an' all his imps was after 'im."

At this point, Mr. Badgett pauses in his recital to scrutinize the Lincoln on his customer's five-dollar bill, or to bounce his silver money on the counter. "Well, sir," he'll go on, "ain't nobody ever found out exactly what happened that Sunday when he come tearin' out of the ol' Matthews place, like a deaconess out of a pool parlor she's gone inta thinkin' it was the post office, but they tell me he give as queer a reason for disturbin' the peace that day—a-scarin' the horses an' the womenfolks—as you'd hear in a month of tall-tale tellin'. Says he was just a-sittin' in his sittin' room when the Moment got him. Don't look at me—I'm quotin' him. Says all of a sudden the New York *Times*, layin' there on the floor, didn't mean nothin' to him. Says neither did his breathin' or his breeches, or the books on his shelfs, or the birds twitterin' in the trees. Everything was the same thing, only there wasn't Nothin'. Loss of the power of comparison, Bill Wheeler says, but he's a Cornell man. Loss of his mind, says I."

At this point in Mr. Badgett's chronicle (my agents tell me), women auditors cry, "His poor wife!," and the men ask simply, "What happened?"

"Well, sir," says Badgett, "don't rightly know. Like's not, nobody'll ever find out what really happened. If y'ask me, he seen his wife drawin' a bead on him from summers or other. He was a-runnin' like a target, come to think of it, a-ziggin' and a-zaggin' down the road as far as the Congregational Church, where Doc Beardsley was passin' the time of day with Mrs. Brewster and took 'im in hand. All Doc'll say about it is 'There have been moments in my own life when everything seemed to be the same thing.' A lot of Doc's patients is writin' fellas, an' painters, an' the like, an' he's used to queer goin's on."

Badgett's history of that Sunday afternoon has taken on both color and legend in the telling. I did not come *within* three hundred yards of the Congregational Church. Dr. Beardsley was standing in front of Sadler's jewelry store, talking to Mrs. Warner. I did not shout "No! No!," since I was unable to make any sound. By dinnertime that night, I had dismissed the whole incident, after convincing myself that my admittedly florid reaction to the New York Sunday *Times* was the result of an unconscious realization of the terrible news, both national and international, that the issue probably contained. My family and my friends, however, were disturbed, and someone frightened me by suggesting that every copy of the newspaper, both daily and Sunday, from then on might inspire a recurrence of the fugue. Since I was forty-two at the time, it was felt that my heart might not sustain long and arduous scamperings every day of the month, and I was persuaded to see a psychiatrist. The following January, Mrs. J.B.M., I got up my nerve to make an appointment with Dr. Munsell Plegley.

THE conversation on the occasion of my first four visits to Dr. Plegley might best be described as sparring for an opening. I did not see any reason to discuss any experiences of mine earlier than, say, 1933, but he wanted to go as far back as 1892, or two years before I was born. He put a much higher importance on the Ludlow Incident than I did, and seemed inclined to trace the roots of this strange Sunday flowering to forgotten escapades with women, which had taken place at or about the time of the sinking of the Maine. Being, above all things—I like to believe—a gentleman, I was reluctant to mention any ladies in the presence of a man I scarcely knew.

"This is neither a men's club nor officers' mess," Dr. Plegley complained tartly at one point. Then at another point, some three days later, he commented with restrained hauteur, "We are precisely getting nowhere. Your voluminous description of this man Badgett is sharp and even eloquent, in spite of a natural inclination to exaggerate his all too human faults. If you believe that he shortchanged you and did not actually give you full gallons of gasoline, it is a matter for the police but not for these particular precincts." Upon this, he allowed himself his faint and rather annoying smile, to underline an intended pun.

Now, I am a man who sincerely believes in the seriousness of psychiatry

the validity of its practice in competent hands, and the importance of its achievements, but Dr. Munsell Plegley was one of those individuals who rub my furtiveness the wrong way. As a personality, he had the unfortunate effect of arousing in me a high and even holy desire to lead him along the pathways of my life without benefit of flashlight, or even of matches. I freely and fully admit that I was at fault, but, like Badgett, I am all too human. Since Dr. Plegley insisted on a bold and tasteless mention of specific persons, preferably female, in my early background, I took a desperate, rather than facetious, way out of my embarrassment. I invented a girl named Valentine Evans, and he brightened and made an entry in a notebook.

I had discovered on my first visit that Dr. Plegley had two notebooks and I had figured out what he was up to. In Notebook No. 1, he set down pertinent facts or statements relating to his patients, and in the other he wrote phrases or sentences of theirs intended for use in the various magazine articles for which he is so well known. Since I also, in my own work, sometimes borrow unusual or unique things my friends have said, I couldn't very well reprove Dr. Plegley for his small thefts, but I tried to avoid saying anything that I had set down in my notes to put in one or another of my own future pieces. This was not easy, since, as one of my friends has put it, I customarily blab everything.

"Now," said Dr. Plegley genially, on my fifth visit, "I trust that we are going to open up a little. Your Declarative Area is as tight as that of anyone in my recent experience, but now that you have finished with Badgett, I am optimistic enough to believe that these sessions may be productive. It is extremely congenial to me that you are willing to talk about this"—he reached for Notebook No. 1 and studied its first page—"this Valentine Evans. You left off yesterday at an intensely provocative point."

I remembered where I had left off, but it didn't seem provocative to me. I had merely made up an empty piece of fiction about a small red wagon I had owned in 1903. I didn't know where to go from there, so I plunged into the description of a dream I had had the night before.

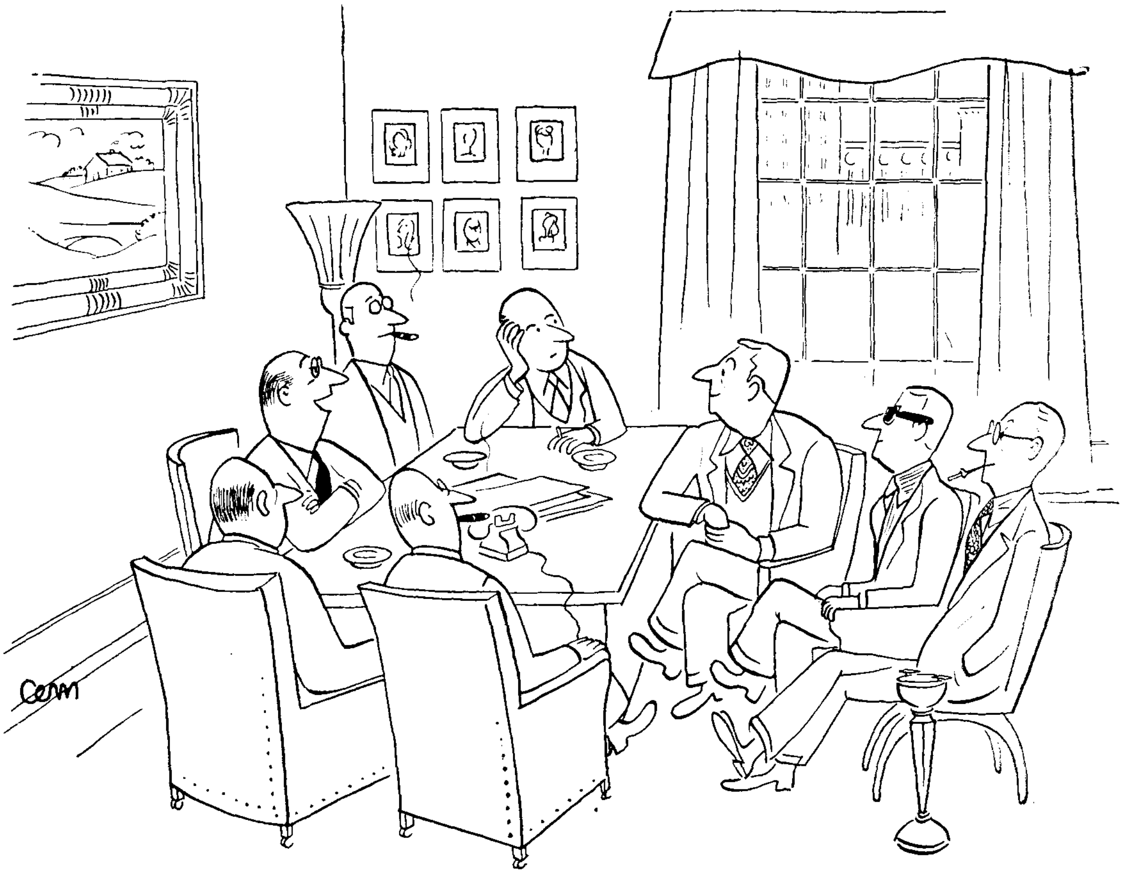
Dr. Plegley stopped me. "I want you to exhaust Valentine Evans," he said sternly.

I sat up on the couch and snapped my fingers. "I didn't care *that* for Valentine Evans," I said. "Put me down as having been indifferent to her guts."

Dr. Plegley's eyebrows rose like hunting falcons. He creaked forward in his chair and made an entry in Notebook No. 2 with his gold pencil.

"You can't use 'indifferent to her guts,'" I told him sharply. "I'm going to use it myself."

He shrugged one shoulder, sighed, and erased the entry from the notebook. I plunged into last night's dream again. "I thought that Clara Gadd was the proprietor of this place," I said. "She looked like Rosemary Theby, perched on the high stool, and the bird on one of the boxes suddenly began to sing, although it was a painted bird. You know—the way a dog in your dreams will suddenly become pressed between the pages of a book, like a flower. Then I thought we were in the



"Mr. Shipley, we've called you and the writers in to explore the possibilities of kidding the product."

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and I was complaining that the hot pot she served was not as good as the original French hot pot. 'That's absurd,' she said. 'The French put too much saccharine in it.' I turned to my sister for support. She was a nun. 'I am all beads,' she said. Then there was this enormous—this mile-high shaft of gleaming marble, and the butcher we had when we lived on Madison Avenue, in 1922, said, 'We are putting on the names of everyone associated with the firm who has killed himself.' I told him this was a terrible memorial. 'There are seven hundred and fifty,' he said proudly, and the names began to appear on the marble like stars. Then we were back in the restaurant, and I took two skis and said, 'I will be a spring zephyr.' Just then—"

"Please!" interrupted Dr. Plegley. "Please!" He exhaled a deep, slow breath. "I want to go back to Valentine Evans," he said plaintively. "You told me yesterday, I believe"—he flipped through the pages of Notebook No. 1—"that she had 'fixed your wagon.'"

I stared at him. "Oh, but literally, Doctor!" I cried. "If you think she fixed my wagon in the current col-

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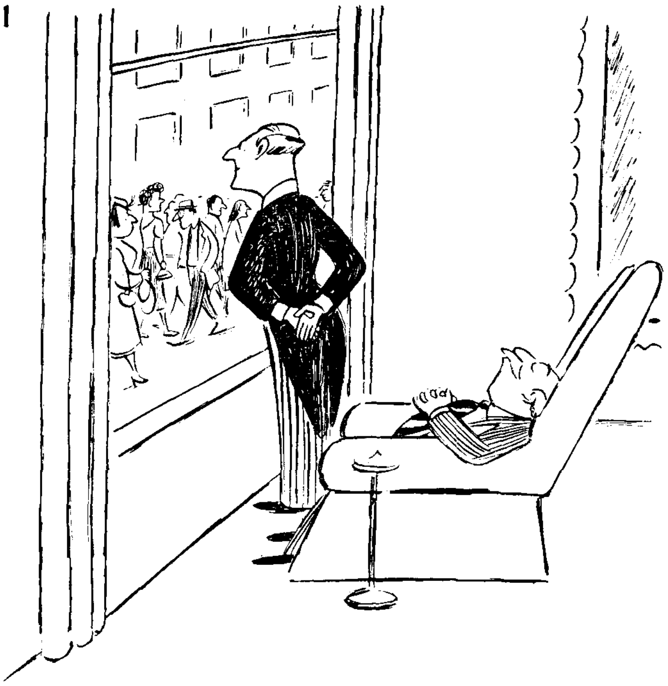

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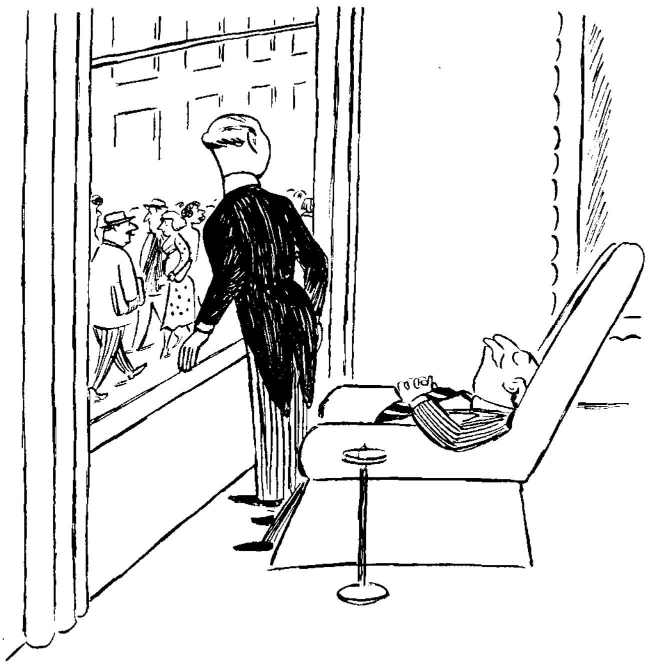


bing your hands with glee in a psychiatrist's paradise. She actually fixed a toy wagon I owned that had broken down."

Dr. Plegley creaked back in his chair, the spring gave a tense "*spong*," and he started slightly. "I did *not* say that I thought she had fixed your wagon in the vulgar sense of the term," he said, with an obvious effort at self-control.

"Maybe you didn't say it, but you thought it," I said. "Ever since I was four, people have jumped to the conclusion that my wagon would be easy to fix. You may be familiar with Meredith's line 'His heart is not made of the stuff that breaks.' Well, my wagon is not made of the stuff that can be fixed."

Dr. Plegley sighed. "Our idiom has become so complex and contradictory as to be meaningless," he said, "and it is you writers who are to blame. What is to become of common sense and the simple processes of communication if 'to break' and 'to fix' come to mean one and the same thing?"

"I don't know," I said.

Dr. Plegley coughed. "Am I to assume, then," he asked skeptically, "that your wagon, in the modern connotation of the expression, has *never* been fixed?"

I lighted a cigarette slowly. "To be utterly honest about it," I admitted, "my wagon *was* fixed, in the winter of 1928."

"Oh?" said Dr. Plegley, leaning forward.

I BLEW a gibbous smoke ring and began the story. "She was born with the gift of laughter, in magnolia country," I said. "I met her at the corner everybody was singing 'Ramona.' I was trying to reassure a woman whose Saint Bernard had been taken with a running fit, a condition superficially resembling true madness. I would pick the dog up, to demonstrate how harmless he was, and then, because the street was icy, we would both fall. I finally quieted the dog and its owner, and turned to see who was laughing. It was the Girl, as I have always thought of her since. 'God, but you were funny!' she said. I offered to buy her a drink. We became friends. She asked me over to her house the next Sunday, and introduced me to her friends. She made me black up, put on women's clothes, and sing in colored dialect, at which she had found out I happen to be good. We had a thousand laughs together that winter, and then I conceived a sultry admiration for her, in the dark, smoldering fashion of my mother's people. It was too late, though. If she had first seen me bowling, playing ping-pong, or shooting dice, it might have been different, but she had seen me trying, it must have seemed to her, to throw a strange woman's Saint Bernard. She would laugh every time she saw me, *before I could say anything*. She wanted me to black up all the time, and put on that silly green dress, and sing 'That Light and Shining Garment,' a song I had written that dealt with a Harlem lady's low personal regard for the virtue of chastity. But I had begun to think of myself as a Northern spy, and of her as a Confederate belle, dressed in—in—what is that stuff?"

"Crinoline?" asked Dr. Plegley.

to think of myself standing, sword in hand, shirt open at the throat, a bloody bandage about my forehead, and holding off the entire Seventy-fifth Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, single, of course, handed. This was a pure example of overcompensation."

"Where is this leading?" asked Dr. Plegley crisply.

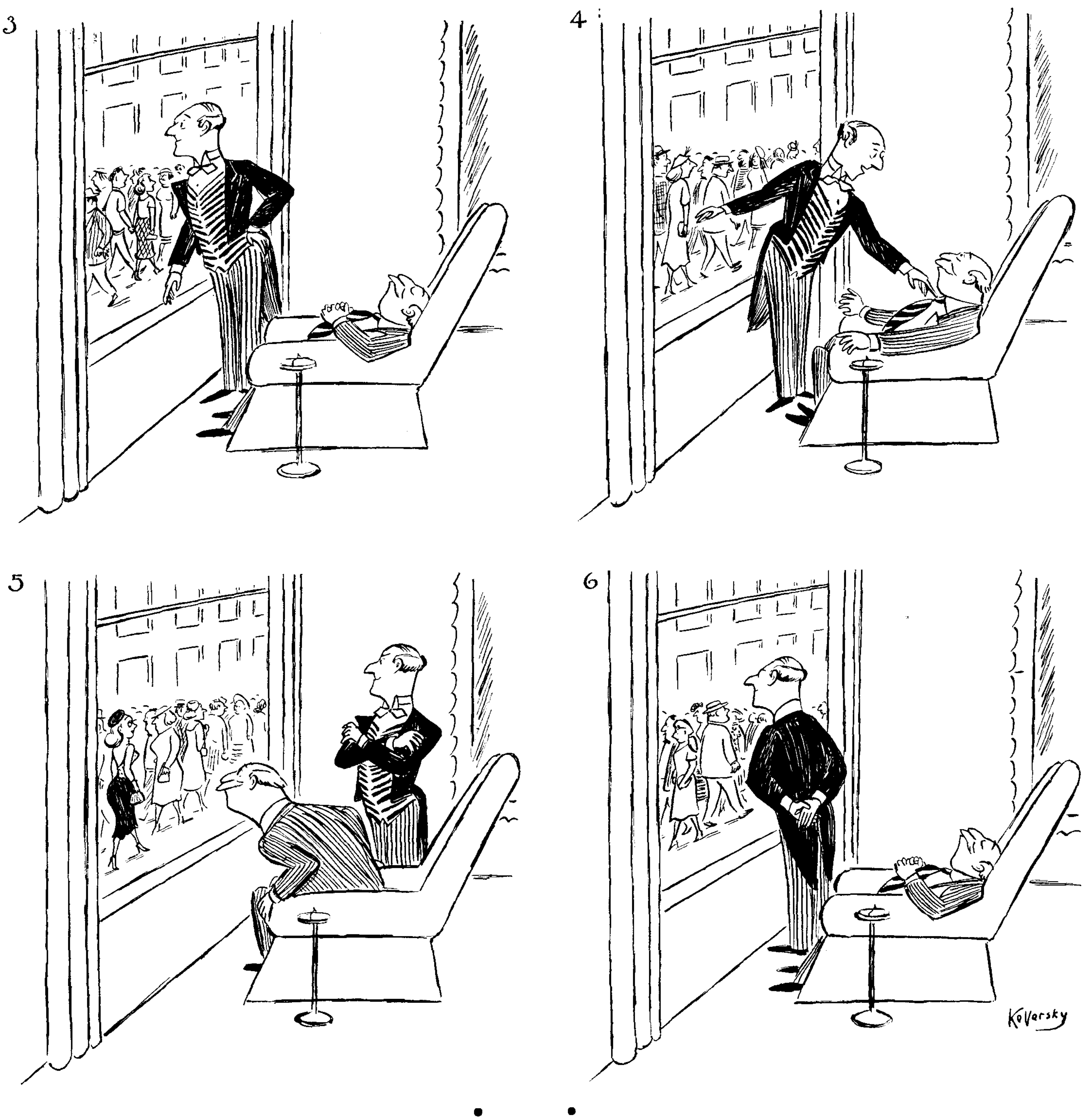
"She could never keep a straight face," I continued, "even when I had my hair cut and wore my hundred-dollar suit. I was too shy to ask for her hand, but I decided to give an applejack party, for her friends and mine, and announce our engagement—a sort of cutting of the Gordian knot, a dynamiting of the mountain, you might say."

"Bad," said Dr. Plegley.

"I began testing the applejack," I recalled, "about a quarter after four, and when the guests arrived, at five-thirty, I had passed out on the bed. I remember that her laughter brought me to. I felt fine—not hung-over but still high. Sleep, however, had refreshed me. I leaped to my feet and announced to her friends and mine that we were going to be married. You never heard *such laughter in your life*. They laughed till they cried. They rolled on the floor. They hugged each other. You see, unbeknownst to me, while I slept, she had got the men guests to black me up and put me in that goddam dress again."

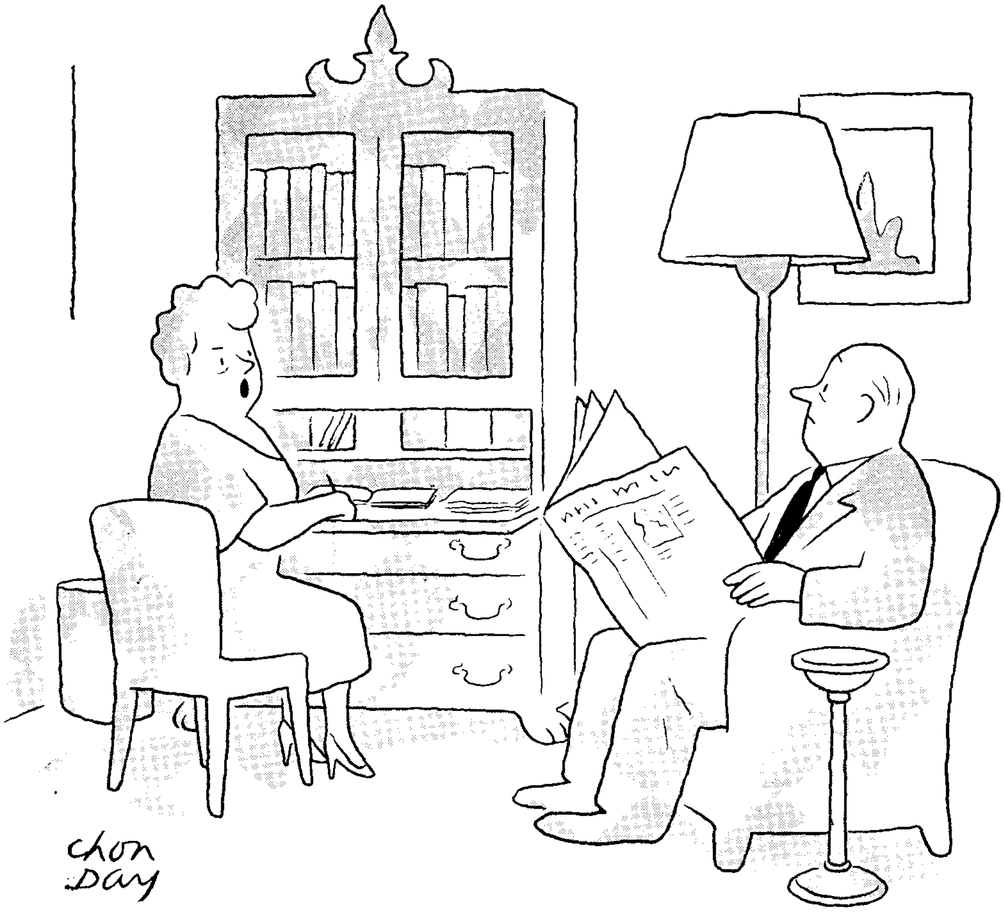
"Gee," said Dr. Plegley.

I had his attention now and I didn't intend to let go of it. "The tragic shattering of a man's world is bearable," I said. "It leaves him postures and speech in the romantic tradition of mag-



tering of his world is insupportable and leaves him nothing. Weeping and cursing, my makeup streaked with tears, I drove them all away, and they went chattering and sniggering down the three flights of stairs to the front door of the apartment building—I lived in Greenwich Village at the time. Then I went into the living room and sat down. An hour went by. It got dark, but I couldn't turn on the lights, because I hadn't paid my bill and the company had turned off the electricity. I found that I had a string of cheap green beads about my neck and I tried to get them off, but I couldn't unfasten the clasp. Suddenly, the buzzer buzzed, and I pushed the button that clicked open the front door on the street level. I was sure it was the Girl. She was coming back to apologize—to beg my pardon for her cruelty. I thought of a hundred searing things to say to her. There was a knock on my apartment door, and I flung it open. 'Hello, Horrible,' I said coldly—and blanched under the burnt cork. It was Joan and Whitney Barringdon, arriving late for the party.

"I had met the Barringdons half a dozen times, at formal and quiet evenings in Park Avenue homes, and our acquaintance was based on a subdued intellectual relationship. I shouldn't have asked them to the party. They weren't of the Village, like most of my friends. (The Girl's friends were largely neurotics from the old Chelsea district.) The Barringdons backed away. They were in evening clothes, obviously going on to dinner somewhere later. I stepped out into the lighted hall and said, 'For God's sake, don't leave me like this!' Joan screamed against the back of her hand. Whitney, who was extremely nearsighted, made out only that I was somehow monstrously gowned and darker than usual. I



"There you go again—always taking the bank's part."

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seized his arm. 'Let's go, Whitney!' Joan gasped, standing behind her husband. 'Listen to me!' I begged. 'I can explain this.' The doors of other apartments began to open, and the dignified Barringdons, preferring the unknown menace of my dark living room to the humiliation of being seen with me there in the lighted hallway, hurried in. I closed the door behind them, but they stayed near it.

"'What is the matter with you?' demanded Whitney shakily. His wife moaned, 'Please, please turn on the lights!' Then she found the switch and began to click it frantically. 'He's cut the wires, Whitney!' she cried. 'I'll light the candles,' I said quickly, but Barringdon beat me to the mantel and grabbed one of the candlesticks. 'I warn you, sir,' he said, breathing heavily, 'not to molest us.' 'Help!' cried Joan suddenly, at the top of her voice. I dropped to my knees and clasped my hands. I could make out in the darkness that one of them was black and the other white. I must have waked before they could get around to the white one. 'Please, for the love of heaven,' I said, 'don't call the police. There is a law against this sort of thing!' [illegible] the light from the hall caught my grotesque supplication. 'There *aren't* things like this,' Barringdon said, as if to himself. 'I'm going to scream,' said Joan. 'I'm going to faint.' Instead, she began to laugh, wildly, hysterically. I hadn't pulled up my skirt when I knelt, and the taut bodice caused the high neck of the dress to choke me. I wanted to run, but I couldn't even get up. Barringdon saw that I was in no position to be violent. 'Shut the door, Jo,' he said. She did, and he lighted the candles. His hand trembled. 'Well, sir,' he said thinly, holding one of the candlesticks high and peering at me. 'Perhaps you will be good enough to offer some explanation for this shocking scene.'

"I managed to get to my feet. 'I have nothing to say,' I said with preposterous dignity. 'Be good enough to leave me.' 'Well!' exhaled Barringdon indignantly. 'Come on, Joan.' He stalked to the door, opened it, and went out into the hall. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Thurber,' said Joan quietly. 'Good night.' She had regained her composure. 'Good night,' I said miserably. Barringdon had absently carried the lighted candle out into the hall, and he now brought it back, set it on the mantel, took his wife's arm, and led her away. I never saw them again. He was one of the chief executives of the New York *Times*, but my chances to move in that social set were lost forever. Fate had consigned me to Bleeck's and to the companionship of the *Herald Tribune* set."

WHEN I had concluded the tale, Dr. Munsell Plegley regarded me with a sad smile. "We have traced the beast to its lair," he said brightly. "You are beginning to look better already, or at least more relaxed. The solution to your problem resided in the necessity for you to face its cause. You could not run, that day, from the New York *Times*, represented for you in the person of one of its chief figures, Mr. Whitney Barringdon. You repressed an acute desire to escape from his presence—"

"It was physically impossible to run," I reminded him.

He gave his impatient cough. "Let me proceed, please," he said. "This acute desire to vanish from the scene of your extremity, unhappily repressed by the circumstances of your—uh—costume, asserted itself that Sunday afternoon in Ludlow, Connecticut. Whereas Mr. Barringdon had represented the New York *Times*, the New York *Times*, in its turn, represented Mr. Barringdon."

He stood up and offered me his hand. "I think we need have no further worry about you," he said, smiling, "at least in this so special regard." I shook hands with him, and he accompanied me out of his office to the elevator. "By the way," he said suddenly, as we heard the elevator whining upward, "you are, I presume, going to make some literary use of this material?"

I lighted a cigarette to gain time. The elevator reached our floor, and the door clanked open. "I have to," I explained. "I'm a free-lance writer, you know, and ideas like that don't occur to a man every day." I stepped into the elevator. "My *average* invention," I said, in parting, "is as dull as Valentine Evans." I smiled at him and waved my hand. The elevator door clanked shut, obliterating forever the now red and angry face of Dr. Munsell Plegley. It was nice to know that I wouldn't have to see him again. I got out of the elevator at the ground floor and had almost reached the front door of the building and the freedom that lay beyond when I stopped short. It was snowing outside. I had left my hat and overcoat on Dr. Plegley's couch.

Does that answer your question, Mrs. M.?

—JAMES THURBER

ADAM'S DEATH

THE village the American car stopped in, one late summer afternoon, was off the highroad, in that part of Germany designated as Land Hesse. There could not have been more than fifty or sixty houses in the village, and a square-towered church, which seemed, in its austerity, vowed to relinquish nothing either to the grace of the rolling wooded country or to the homage of erring man. The young woman who drove the car had brought it to a tentative stop near the church, on a cobbled square at the edge of a grassy common. From opposite sides of the square, the village road wound off among blocks of strong farmhouses, a road so still that wisps of hay from wagons that had passed lay unstirring—untrodden, even—on it, as if on the broad boards of a quiet loft. From where she sat in the car, the young woman could discern no sign of the living on the village thoroughfare, except for a line of geese that moved along it, proceeding, as if through alternating shallow and deep water, through the areas of sun and shade. The birds were tall, and their bodies, their throats, their wings were a clear, unsullied white. But beauty such as swans possess they had none of, thought the woman, and she watched them pass from sun to shadow, shadow to sun, in stiff-necked bigotry.

Beside her in the car there sat a boy of four or five, with hair as black as her hair, and eyes set deeply, as her eyes were set, beneath dark, delicate brows. For a moment after they stopped, he did not speak, but sat looking out through the lowered glass of the car door at the green of the common, on which school children played. "There're children here, too," he said then, in his high, eager voice.

"Yes," said his mother quickly. "But if we stayed here, you'd simply have to not play with the children."

"But I like to play with children," he said, not turning his head from the sight of them on the grass.

"I know," said his mother, and she looked down at her hands as she spoke. "We've talked about this before." There was no way to say to him that every morning on waking, in the city they had left, the fear with which one had gone to sleep at night was present still, still unallayed, dissolving the mind with panic. "If you got ill, then perhaps you would never be able to play again," she said. A red suède bag lay in her lap, and in it, with her monogrammed cigarette case, her tasselled lipstick, her expensive compact, was a typed report card from his American nursery school. It was headed "Darmfurt, Germany," and it covered July and a portion of August, and beneath the information dealing with place and time and the boy's identity was noted: "Satisfactory progress, although he is still shy, quiet, and has little to say. He seems to enjoy all our activities in his own way, and is most coöperative." "You see . . ." his mother began to say, but she did not go on with it. Even a first-grade primer had no words simple enough to say to him that in the hospitals of the ruined city they had left children lay stricken, stricken and dying, paralysis turning their arms and their legs and their lungs to stone. She sat looking down at her hands, thinking, You see, if you die, you can't enjoy activities. Death isn't coöperative. It isn't coöperative at all.

For two weeks, she had thought of flight, had talked of it with the boy's father—of flight from the city, leaving the fear, the menace, to other mothers, other children, giving them, as a parting gift to keep forever, the hospital beds, the tortured limbs, the strangling breath; believing, in instants of savagery, that she loved or feared more hopelessly than other mothers loved or feared. And here they were now—out of the city, and away from the river valley and from whatever threat the river water bore. Beyond, farther down the road, a bracketed iron *Gasthaus* sign hung above one of the cobbled-courtyard gates, the single word of refuge done in Gothic script and the harplike strokes of it painted black and gold. The houses were bound by heavy, oil-stained beams, and within this framework strong transverse timbers slashed right and left across the massive whitewashed walls.

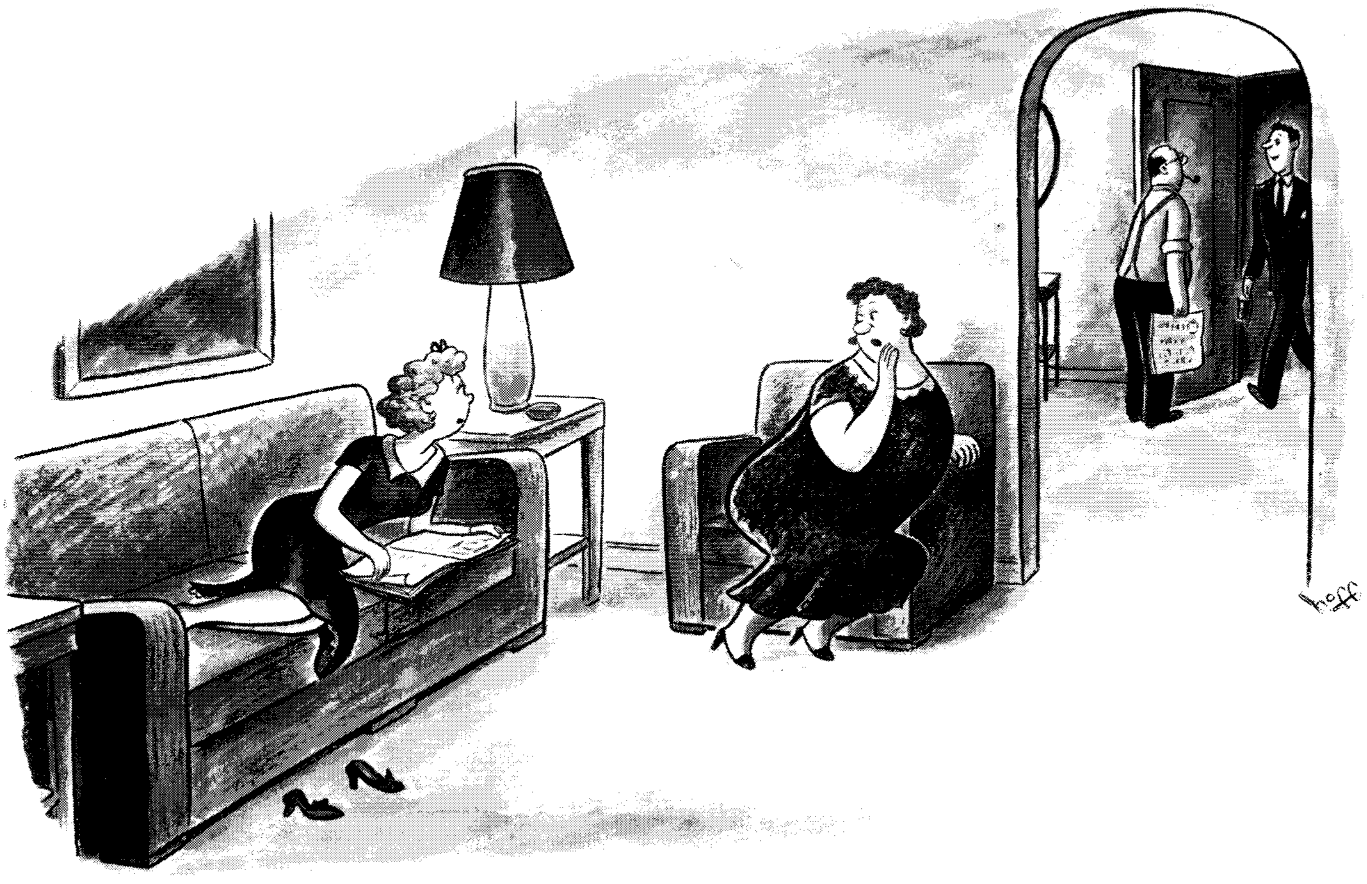
"These Germans must have been good Germans. They didn't smash their houses all up, the way the Germans in the city did," the boy said.

"Maybe it will be better here," said the mother. "Maybe it won't be like Germany any more."

She opened the door of the car and pushed aside the books that lay on the big, soft cushions of the seat before she stepped down upon the stones. There were four books. Three of them, in new glazed-paper jackets—"Mrs. Dalloway," with a special introduction by the author; "The Portable James Joyce;" and "The Portable Faulkner"—could be found on Post Exchange book counters, and usually were left lying there. The fourth book was a child's book, shaped like a Greyhound bus, and the faces of passengers were visible at the painted windows of it, and the wheels were cardboard and actually turned.

AT the craftily curtained windows of the village houses, there were no faces to be seen—only potted geraniums, red and pink and white, lending the miniature panes a look of innocence. But still the eyes of the old and of other women must have watched from behind them as the young American woman came down the street, slender, small-featured, alert, with varnish as red as blood on her fingernails, and lipstick brilliant on her mouth. The eyes must have censured the bizarre print dress, the red suède shoes, seeing in peasant outrage or uproarious peasant mirth her tanned, naked legs and her arms bare from the shoulder, and the pagan silver bracelets moving at her wrists—and seen, but with pity for him, because of their abomination of her, the boy in faded corduroys who walked beside her, holding the nameless creature's thin, restless hand. But there was no stir behind the windows; there was no whisper of this other life. The air was still, the doors were closed, and from the lofts that stood open beneath the overhanging eaves came the smell of the new hay.

The woman who opened the door of the *Gasthaus* to them wore the Hessian dress, with the heavy skirt of it reaching below her ankles, and her hair, in the local peasant manner, was wrenched up sharply from her swollen brow. The American woman could speak a little German, and she told the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife that she wanted a room with two beds in it, where she and her little boy could stay for a while. As the woman mounted the dark wood stairs before them, there was a wariness in the set of her narrow shoulders, and when they stood in the big, clean room together, it was there in the side of her face, in the small, close, cautious ear, the guarded eye. The ceiling was white and low, and the posts of the painted bedsteads seemed tall enough for the ceiling to rest upon them. The bedposts were a primal blue in color, with flowers stencilled on them in clear yellow, red, and green. Between the posts billowed the soft, deep feather beds, buttoned into starched envelopes, bloated



"Forty-eight fifty a week is here."

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with plumage, and immaculately white.

"Let's live here," the boy said, but the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife was not at all sure that they would be worth the trouble they would give. She moved across the wide boards of the floor to the doll-sized window, where the midget curtain hung, and with the side of her hand she brushed the crisp little bodies of dead wasps from the window sill.

The American woman laid her handbag down on the white-clothed table, as if accepting this now as the place where they would stay. She said that twice in the week she would drive back to the city for food, for American food bought at the commissary—for coffee and rice and sugar and fat, for meat and flour and cereals—and the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife took this for the terms of an agreement proffered, and she slowly shook her head.

"The payment would have to be in Deutschmarks," she said, the wary eye averted. "We have these other things."

"But for us to eat—for the boy and me to eat—so that we wouldn't take your food from you," the mother said quickly.

"Deutschmarks," said the woman, in her simple Hessian dress. She said that fields, the American woman would have to talk with him. It was not for her, who was herself merely woman, to tell them whether to go or stay.

"Would you rather be rich or would you rather be hot?" the little boy asked his mother as they followed her down the *Gasthaus* stairs.

"Well, perhaps rich—rich rather than hot," said his mother, with her mind not on it.

"But if you were rich, then you might be hot, too. If you got into a place where there was fire, then you'd have to be hot," the little boy said, and now that they had followed the woman into the *Gasthaus* kitchen, it might have been the room he was speaking of.

The air was tart to smell there, and the little windowpanes were misted, because of the pots of blue plums cooking on the stove. There were other women there, women older than the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife, sitting working at the table, their skirts as heavy as winter coats, and coarse white kerchiefs tied across their heads. They picked the plums out of the baskets held on their knees, and they split the fruit lengthwise with their knives and cut the flat, brown, pointed stones away. The mother saw that their the flesh of the plums they touched, and she saw, as well, that their wrinkled cheeks were sucked inward, drawn tight as silk across their empty gums, as they looked at the half-clothed stranger who had sat down apart from them on a wooden bench and put her arm around the boy. And then in her uncertain German she put the question to them.

"Perhaps you could tell me," she said, "if there are any children ill here—here in the village?" She looked from one to the other of their faces, asking it of them in fear.

"Ill?" said the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife, glancing up from the vessel of plums she was stirring on the stove. "Any children ill?" she said. Near her, on the kitchen dresser, stood a wide-throated pitcher brimming with milk, and three great wheels of country bread, and butter in a crockery dish. Just behind the pitcher of milk could be seen a carton of Camel cigarettes, and four brightly lettered little tins of G. Washington instant coffee, but the mother was not thinking of these things. She was looking at the women's faces, asking this urgent question of their impervious eyes. "Any children ill here in the village?" the *Gasthaus* keeper's en had shaken their heads, she said "Nay" to the mother, across the vapor of the cooking plums.

BUT even after the *Gasthaus* keeper had come and talked to the American woman, on the wood steps in the sun, there was still no satisfactory explanation of why she had come to the village with the boy. She said that her husband was stationed in Darmfurt, but to them, whom the Occupation had scarcely touched, this was almost without meaning. Darmfurt, they had been told, was no more than an agglomeration of ruins now, but whatever it was, it lay two hundred kilometres outside the confines of their curiosity. And currency was what he wanted, currency he had to have, so the mother paid the Deutschmarks to him for the first week they would stay. Like his wife, he set aside the talk of bringing food to them; the potato crop was good this year, he said, standing there squinting into the courtyard's warm summer light, a swarthy, thick-shouldered, straight-backed man, savoring the prosperous flavor of the things he said. A neighbor who had bought a cow from him had paid him partly in cocoa, partly in sugar.

"Jack Frost, granulated," he specified. While the village baker, who owed him for the rent of pasture land, had paid his debt to him in flour. "Gold Medal, much finer grained than German flour," the *Gasthaus* keeper said. "Every week, they'll come past your door with soap and rice and coffee to sell," he went on. "I'll buy when the rice is Carolina glazed and the coffee is in tins, not bags. My wife wants the soap that comes in paper wrappers. Octagon, when they have that," he said.

He said they would kill a pig next week, in a private way, not bringing the government regulations into it, and he said there would be plenty of poppy oil to see them through the winter, and as he talked of it, he reached a bouquet of dried poppyheads down from where they hung, their parched stems knotted with raffia, from the beam above the open door. Then he stooped, and with his blunt, earth-bitten fingers he made a cup of the boy's hand, and, still stooping, he tapped the indigo poppy seeds into the hollow of it out of the split, papery pod.

"But where do they come from—the rice, the soap, the coffee?" the mother said.

"Well, the Amis over here have so much they have to get rid of it. Overproduction in America," the *Gasthaus* keeper said. "If they don't keep it moving around the world, then the selling price will drop below the cost of producing, and then they'll have inflation. That's how it is." He stood up, and he brushed the rest of the poppy seeds from his work-worn hands. "They're full of oil. They'll fatten him up," said the *Gasthaus* keeper, and the boy looked up at his mother before he tried them on his tongue.

THE first evening they were there, the mother and boy followed along a deeply rutted wagon road together, leaving the houses of the village and the unrelenting tower of the church behind. The road led away through fields and pastures toward the dark regions of the forest, drawing them onward under the pure, unbroken arch of sky or evening, through the clarity and stillness, toward the equivocal forest, as the lingering afternoon itself had drawn them hour after hour toward the night.

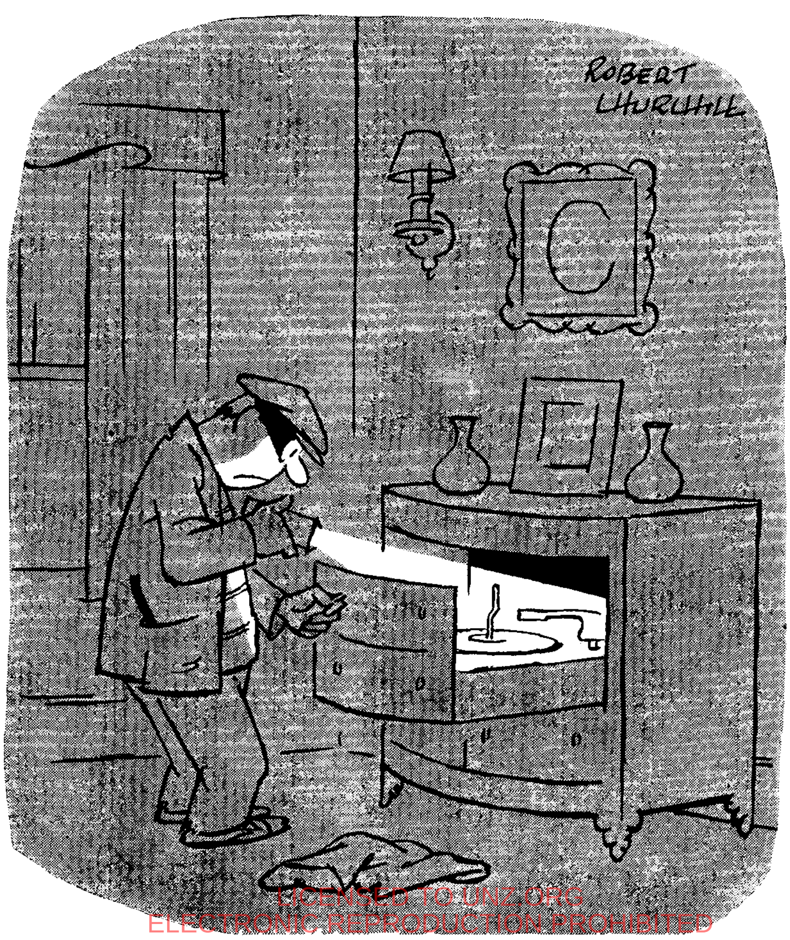
"Why is the sky all around? When will the stars come?" the boy asked, his voice as fragile as glass on the clear, still evening air. But the mother and boy spoke little as they walked, perhaps hushed in trepidation of the myriad life of the woods that lay in mystery before them. "Maybe there'll be wild pigs there," the boy said, remembering that once in the spring his father had left the city to hunt them by moonlight in the hills. "Maybe there'll be elephants," he said.

On one side of the road, a stream ran, its passage muted by the long, fresh grasses that flowed within its bed. And on the other side lay the fields planted with winter turnips, their leaves, thought the mother, like Rousseau's strong, lacquered jungle leaves. Beneath this lustrous emerald foliage, the wax-white turnips shouldered their way out of the soil.

"We may see deer come out of the woods," said the mother, and then she glanced to the side of the road on which the stream ran, and she saw the other, the unexpected, thing that stood there just beyond the wagon ruts, in the beginning of the grass. It was nothing more than a stone—a smooth stone shaped like the headboard of a bed—but there could be no mistaking the meaning of it. It was a gravestone, its presence stating that life had ended here.

The boy had picked up a spray of leaves from the foot of a tree they had passed, and now he struck at the weeds with it as he walked ahead. But the mother had halted, and she stepped nearer in the deepening light to read the letters and numbers inscribed on the stone. "*Adam's Tod, 1944*," it said, and below it the curved delicate blade of a scythe had been engraved.

"Adam's death," the mother said under her breath, and it seemed to her suddenly then that all they had fled from might come this far to reach them, might



LONG TIME NO SEE, 'BYE NOW

Let us all point an accusing finger at Mr. Latour.
Mr. Latour is an illiterate boor.
He watches horse racing, instead of the sport of kings, when at the track,
And to him first base is simply first base, instead of the initial sack.
He eats alligator pear, instead of avocado;
He says fan, or enthusiast, instead of aficionado.
He has none of the feeling for words that Ouida and Spinoza felt.
Instead of Eleanor, he says Mrs. Roosevelt.
Sometimes he speaks even more bluntly and rashly,
And says the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Senior, instead of Sylvia, Lady Ashley.
He drinks his drinks in a saloon, instead of a tavern or grill,
And pronounces "know-how" "skill."
He calls poor people poor, instead of underprivileged,
Claiming that the English language is becoming overdriveleged.
He says the English language ought to get out of the nursery and leave the toys room,
So he goes to the bathroom, instead of the little boys' room.
I will offer the hand of my daughter and half my income tax to he who will bring me the head of Mr. Latour on a saucer
Before he has everybody else talking as illiterate as Defoe and Chaucer.

—Ogden Nash

• •

strip them here. "Adam's death," she repeated, scarcely aloud, and she shivered as if the cold had touched her. "Darling, come back!" she called out in panic to the boy. "It's getting late! Tomorrow we'll go as far as the forest. We'll start out earlier," she said, and, switching the weeds and flower heads as he came, the boy turned back to her from the engulfing tide of dark.

BUT the next day it rained, and they did not go out, and the day after that the accident took place. A peasant passed by the *Gasthaus* riding a bicycle slowly, bringing along behind him a strong gray mare on a halter as he rode. And behind the mare, or beside her, or else cavorting ahead, came a slim black colt, the fruit of her loins, without bridle or rope, making a show of freedom but tethered to her by love. He was so shy that when pigeons winged up from a courtyard, his supple neck arched like a hunter's bow and his unshod hoofs stamped on the cobbles, but he had a certain kind of giddy humor in his eyes as he skidded from one side of the village road to the other. From the *Gasthaus* doorway, the boy and the mother saw the colt, with his nostrils lipping the shimmering, rain-washed air and his muscles running swift as water within his hide, and the boy went leaping out the *Gasthaus* gate and followed the colt in speechless pleasure, lowering his head and moving as the young horse moved, thin and awkward and somehow brother to the colt, with one eye on his mother, as the colt's eye was on the mare. And then, just before the turn in the road, the boy fell and struck his mouth upon the stones. The peasant wheeling slowly on the bicycle, the mare, the colt, did not pause, not merely not spectators to it but as if they were not on the same unfolding length of film on which this had occurred. Their own complete procession, in perfected Technicolor, flickered a little longer, until they made the turn, on the screen of alternating sun and shade.

Two of the village women brought the mother a towel to hold to the boy's split mouth, and she held it against the blood, the mud, the dung, the violent screams, in her wild, trembling hands.

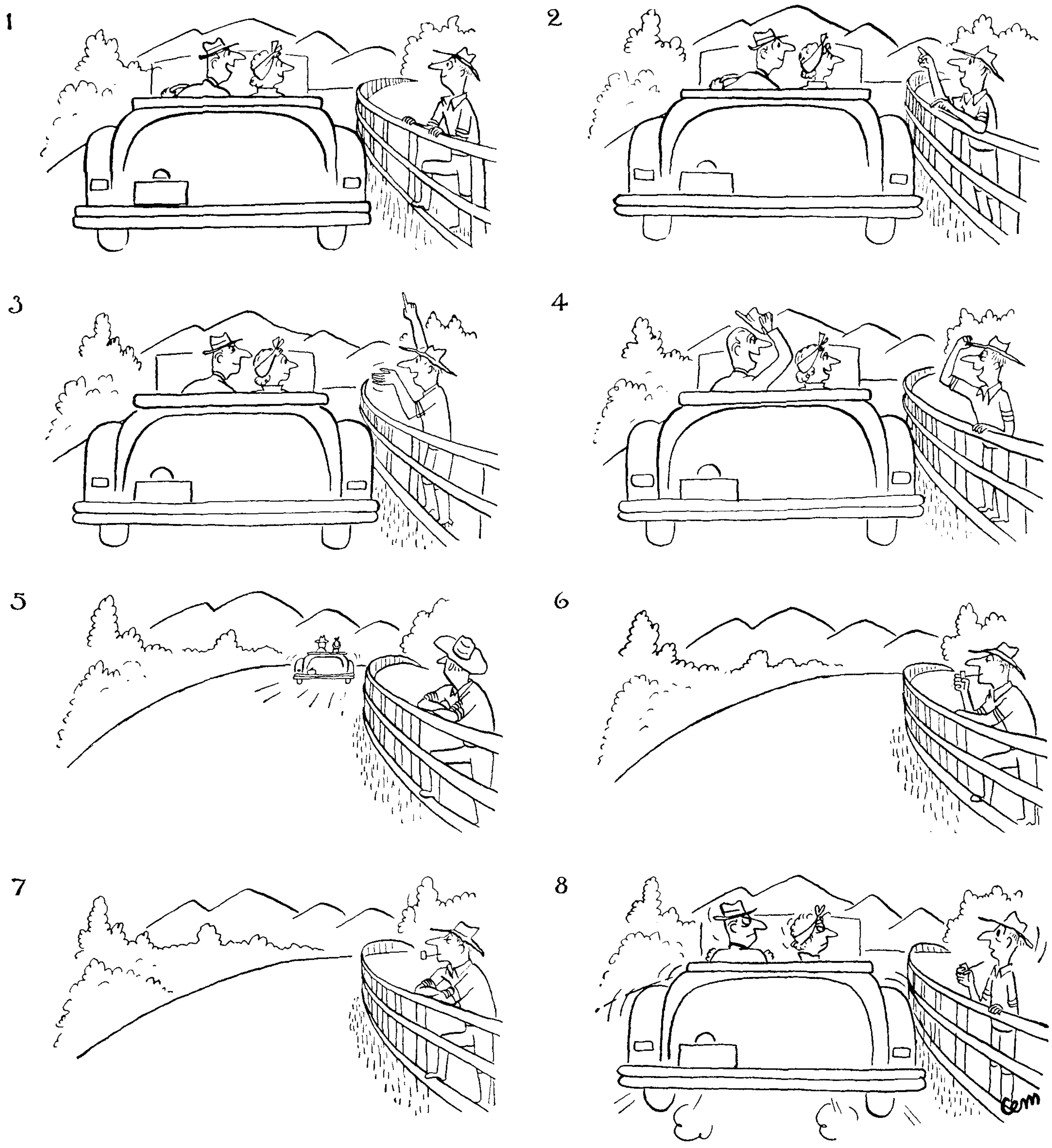
"To the doctor, the doctor!" one of the peasant women cried out, and from the doorways and courtyards and lofts other voices shouted it aloud. But the doctor had ridden off on a truckload of plums, to sell them to wholesalers in the Kreis, the postman said, and he looked at the boy and shook his head. "To the dentist, to the dentist, then!" the ran ahead to show the mother the way.

It was far; it was nearly half a mile to the dentist's house, for he lived on the outskirts of the village, beyond the last of the strong peasant houses, on the very brink of the sun-drenched open land. And as they mounted the footpath to the dentist's house at last, the sight of the village and the sound of its people were left behind, and now there were larks that sang above them, and it might have been that a door had been flung wide to the freshness of the fields and the clear, bright metal of the shining air. It was perhaps this vision of the expanding country, lustrous with rich grasses and melodious streams, that made the boy cease his choking crying, so that they mounted in silence between the fragrant banks of deep, wet clover to the dentist's door.

It was nothing more than a chicken house that he lived in, with salvaged squares and patches of tin nailed to the boards to spare it from the weather. The roof was flat, and there was a rusted pipe thrust through it to serve as chimney, and the bits of timber that had been used to fashion the window frames had seemingly been split from packing crates for this purpose no longer than a day or two before. But on the homemade door the dentist's shingle hung, the letters stencilled in black on a white ground, professionally, neatly done, like that of a well-established practitioner. "Dr. Eli Jacobi, Zahnarzt, Universität Saarbrücken," the letters said to the trembling silence of the country, and the mother still held the blood-soaked towel to the boy's mouth as she knocked on the door.

WHEN the mother told the story, afterward, she could not explain to herself how the thing that had come to matter then was not what had happened to the boy. The facts themselves were simple enough: the boy had split his two front upper teeth in the fall, and the dentist, once he had sponged the blood and filth away, had done expertly, with decision, what there was to do. But the issue—the crisis, even—was something else, something that dealt with the boy no longer but with strangers, something so alien that one could not put one's finger on its name. The dentist had injected Novocain into the lacerated gum, and the boy had not cried out in protest as the needle slid in; he had not moved in protest or pain when the dentist took out the splintered teeth, shielding the pincers from the boy's sight, as he had the needle, with the back of his long hand.

"You see, the roots seem long—long for a child's first teeth," Dr. Jacobi said, speaking a slow, heavy English to the mother. "That is because the teeth had not made their preparations to come out," he said, and he spread the bits and slivers of them on his palm. Dr. Jacobi was a short, thin, soft-looking



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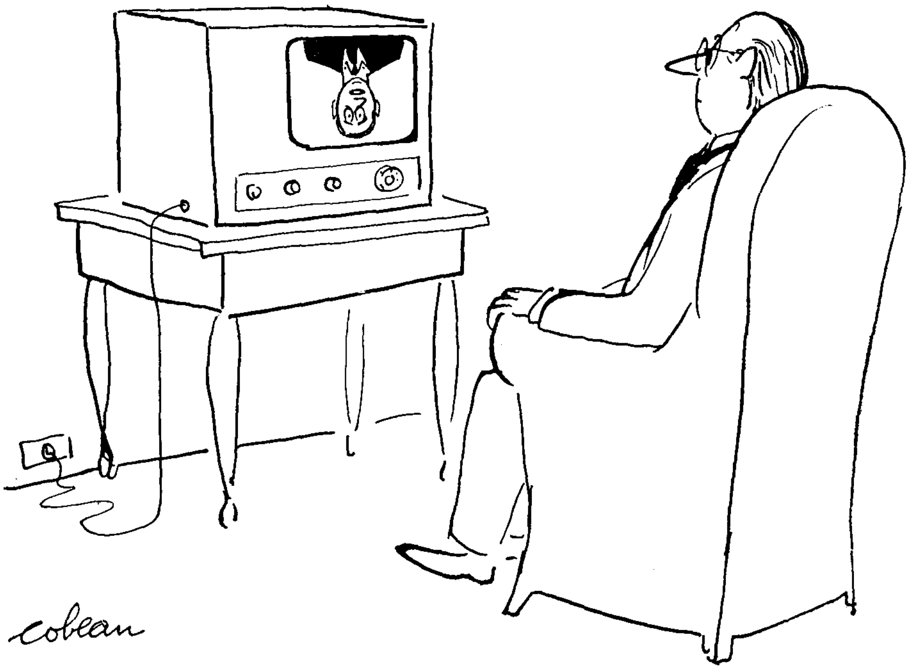
man, white as a slug—a man of forty, or even older, the mother decided. His crimped red hair receded from a tenuous point of gold above his forehead, his nose was white and prominent, his nostrils were curved, and he had an anxious, light-lashed eye. "So now he must remain so—three or four years so, namely—without these teeth, until the two new ones come down," he said.

But the heart of the story was not this; it had nothing to do with a boy's courage or a man's precision. It did not reside in the fact that a piano stood in one corner of the single, unpartitioned room, or that a framed photograph of an Epstein sculpture hung above it, at a height at which barnyard fowl must have perched in sleep in this place once, out of the reach of fox and rat and weasel, huddled close in terror when the stench of their coming troubled the dark, stale air. Nor was it the books of music that lay open—the Gershwin and Stravinsky scores, the yellowing sheets of Mozart's and Purcell's composing—that gave another meaning to what had taken place. The story was contained in a pencil drawing hanging above the covered couch that served Dr. Jacobi as a bed, and on which he had bidden the boy lie down and rest. It was a drawing of a rutted wagon road, the wheel and hoof prints upon it, the grasses that grew long beside it, done sharply and with artistry. By the side of the road, a stone stood clear of the grass, and on the stone *"Adam's Ted 1944"*



"We regret that, because of unforeseen technical difficulties, we shall have to interrupt this program temporarily."

• •

low this a scythe blade was curved.

"Who did that drawing?" the mother asked in a quick, low voice of wonder. She was seated beside the couch where the boy lay, nearly asleep.

"I made it. I drew it," Dr. Jacobi said, his bloodless face gone sharp. He was cleaning his instruments quietly and putting them away, and now he, too, looked up at the drawing on the boards of the chicken-house wall. "I came here eight months ago," he said, and as if this were some kind of explanation, "having graduated a little late from university. I came here, to this village that had no dentist, to set out in my professional career. A little late," he repeated, saying it bitterly, ironically. "My studies were interrupted," he said, and he turned to the cleaning of his instruments again.

"So then you didn't know the man called Adam? You didn't know who he was?" the mother said. The boy slept now, and she held his helpless, pliant fingers in her hand.

And then, in amazement, she sensed anger in the dentist's gesture as he flung the instruments aside, and his breath and his step were quick with impatience as he came to where she sat beside the sleeping boy.

"Ah, yes, I knew him! Don't make any mistake! I knew him!" he cried out, and she saw the passion that had darkened and transformed his soft pale face. "I knew him alive, or men so like him that I can say I knew him, even if I knew him in Auschwitz, in Buchenwald; we were together in every ghetto of Europe together—men so like him or so like myself that we could be taken one for the other! Adam!" he cried out, and his yellowish eyes blazed at the seated woman. "Just Adam! No more than that! My brother or your brother, your son or mine, lying dead under a stone by the side of the road!" He ran one long finger inside the collar of his shirt, and he cleared his throat savagely, as if seeking to free his voice of the wild emotion that held it fast. "Everyone knew him here—all the village people," he went on, more quietly, then. "They put up the stone for him. They did that much. But the peasants speak of him to me when they come here with their aching teeth, for he still lies heavy on their conscience, the village conscience. Sometimes it seems to me that they come not because of the pains in their teeth but because of the words they want to speak of him and do not know how to say. Because once they knew a man who did something for them for nothing, one man without a name, a refugee, asking nothing of them except the right to stay alive. Just once!" he said, speaking in irony and bitterness of the peasants who stood strong as oak, as rock, about them, embedded in the soil. "They say he came from Berlin—in 1933 or 1934, it was—but they do not say he was fleeing in terror from what was there. He came and he worked [illegible] slept with their cattle, ate with their swine. Adam!" Dr. Jacobi cried out, his passion rising again. "One man they didn't have to drive a bargain with!"

"And then he died. He died on the wagon road," the mother said, scarcely aloud.

"Yes, yes, he died," said the dentist, nearly master of himself again, and he drew one shaking hand across his crimpy hair. "They cannot tell you if it was an accident, or if he died by his own or by another man's hand. The peasants found him by the road one evening, dead in a lake of blood, killed by the scythe with which he had been cutting the long grass in their fields all day. It had entered his belly," the dentist said, making the gesture, "and come out through his spine, and when they lifted him, they tell me his body was as light as a little child's. Because he had not eaten well," he said, his tongue tip running along his lip. "I ask them when they come here, and I cannot find a man who ever asked him to sit down at his table. He did not sit down and eat with men and women in the ten years he was here. And perhaps sometimes he lays his hand on their hearts in dreams at night, and that wakes them, for there are days when they come uneasily to me and ask me if he had had more flesh to cover his bones, would he have died so quickly by the roadside, or they ask me if they should put a cross upon his stone."

Dr. Jacobi turned away and finished cleaning his instruments then, and the mother did not speak, and after a while the boy stirred and woke, and then they rose to go. It was not easy to bring herself to speak of money, but she did this as he stood by the chicken-house door, and at the sound of her words the quality of strength or pride or reticence he had was taken from him, as if his manhood were taken from him, and he looked away.

"Not money," he said. "You see, a country dentist cannot ask much—one mark or two. It is never enough to pay for what they have to sell. But if I could ask you—that is, if you could bring me something else, not now, but when it is available . . ."

The mother looked at the hollow side of his face for an instant before she understood. It was perhaps the nearly perceptible outline of the teeth within the jaw that made it unmistakably clear.

"Food?" she said in a low voice, and when Dr. Jacobi turned his head quickly, she saw the bright, violent light of hope that burned now in his eyes.

"Yes, food," he said. "Whatever you could spare." And there was nothing more to say.

—KAY BOYLE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BACK WHERE I HAD NEVER BEEN

MY wife and I recently returned from a sentimental excursion to Ireland. All my life, friends have called me "Irishman," because of my name, McNulty, and since before this summer I had never been in Ireland and knew little or nothing about the Irish, except those of Third Avenue and Boston, I felt like a fake. Now I have spent a couple of months in Ireland, and while I still am no Irish authority, a few small things did happen to me there that recurringly please my mind, and I feel better for having gone there.

How we came to go was that we had a windfall of about four thousand dollars. The money was so unexpected that we had a joint impulse to waste it. Perhaps not to waste it, exactly, but to spend it on unnecessary things rather than put it aside in fearful anticipation of a disaster, four-thousand-dollar size. "We'll dribble it away," I said venturously, "with an automobile here and a new suit there, and a television set we don't want, and, first thing we know, it'll all be gone and nothing to show for it." "We could go to Ireland," my wife said, and I was astonished. "I have an idea you've always wanted to go to Ireland," she went on, "but when I think of it, I don't ever remember your saying so in so many words." This was a joyful surprise to me, because my wife is only a small part Irish, the other parts being New England Yankee and English and French.

I myself am what the Irish call a Narrowback. The term is neither praiseful nor disdainful. It is merely a sorrowful truth about us American men who were born here of parents who came from Ireland. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, our fathers came to this country with small education but broad backs and strong muscles, prepared to do such work in the United States as called for this equipment. Succeeding here to a greater or lesser degree, they gave us, their American-born sons, as much schooling as they could, and with some education we turned to less laborious means of earning a living. So, figuratively or literally, through an accelerated process of evolution favored by the Irish, our backs grew narrower. It is my belief that every Narrowback is pleasurably haunted by the notion that someday he will go and see about Ireland for himself. When my wife said what she did, I replied, "That's the thing to do, go to Ireland. And let's have no more concern over what happens to our little box of money." "That's right," she said. "The hell with it." A strange thing for a wife to say, but a most pleasant thing to hear.

THE trip decided upon, my first impulse was to noise the news modestly around our neighborhood, at Seventy-second Street and Second Avenue. Everybody knows Ireland is only twelve or thirteen hours away by plane, but a trip to Ireland seemed to me a sizable project. Besides, I didn't want to go by plane. I wanted it to be farther away than thirteen hours, and we'd go by ship and have a lot of talking about it beforehand. Our neighborhood, which comprises a certain few blocks where we know each other, by sight anyway, is small and nicely gossipy. I started the news around by going to Maxie Slavin, the tireless little hundred-and-fourteen-pound man who runs the newsstand at the corner of Second.

"I want you to stop sending the papers to the house, Maxie," I said.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Any trouble?"

"Oh, no, no," I said. "We're going away for a couple months. We're going to Ireland."

Maxie smiled a big grin. He comes from Minsk. I noticed an odd thing in the next few weeks: when you tell people you're going to Ireland, they smile almost as if they were going themselves. I imagine that if you say you're going to Paris, people say something like "Oh boy, oh boy!," with the implication that you're going to polish off all the women and drink up all the wine. When you say England, maybe they say "Yeah?" When it's Ireland, they smile. I don't know why this is.

"Gee whizz! Ireland!" said Maxie. "Galway Bay! Blarney Castle! Going to Ireland, huh? You're a lucky guy! It's a great spot, they say. When you going?"

"I don't know yet. In a few weeks, maybe. Just beginning the arrangements," I said.

"Well, why am I going to stop the papers so soon?" he asked. "You could tell me just before you go away'll be time enough."

"That's right," I said. "I'll let you know." It was the only way I could think of to start the news around the neighborhood, but it was the only one I could think of.

THE news got around. I went to the shop of Mark Tribus, the Jewish barber who always cuts my hair. "I hear you're going to Ireland," Mark said. "You going to Dublin?"

"Sure we'll be in Dublin," I said.

"Right away I'll write a letter to my nephew," he said.

"In Dublin?" I asked dubiously.

"A man's going to Ireland, will I write a letter to a nephew in Chicago?" Mark said. "Certainly in Dublin! He got a big furniture business. A big man in Dublin, my nephew. Right away I'll write him."

"Do that, Mark," I said.

PART of the pleasant preparations was having a talk with a friend who was born and brought up in Ireland and in whose counsel I have great confidence. He is Timothy Athena Costello, who runs what he calls a "store," or saloon, at Forty-fourth Street and Third Avenue. (The "Athena," his confirmation name, was given him in honor of a nun in Ferbane, County Offaly, where he was reared.) We spread a large map of Ireland on the bar and together scrutinized it, I with the eyes of a greenhorn, he with knowledge harking back to the period years ago when he was the driver of cars rented to visitors in Dublin.

"It'll be raining most of the time," Tim said. "Do you have only a skimpy raincoat, or have you something with a little weight and warmth to it?"

"Skimpy," I said.

"Then first thing is get a raincoat," he said. "It'll rain every day, and it'll be cold in the mornings and evenings, especially cold for Americans. A hefty raincoat, the first thing."

He took a pencil and made rings around four or five places on the coast. Then, with an appalling gesture of dismissal, he swept his hand down through the whole middle of Ireland. "This," he said, "you can skip. You'd find it very tiresome and dull. The coast is grand." It was as if on a map of the States he had eradicated in one motion all America between the Rockies and the Appalachians.

"Tell me this," Tim said, dropping his pencil point near Cork. "How do you feel about Blarney Castle?"

Castle at all costs," I replied. "I'm sick of hearing about it and I think it's the bunk. That isn't the Ireland I want to see."

"Ha-ha!" he said. "Then you'll have a glorious time in Ireland. The place is not all Mother Machree and that sort of thing."

"I don't want it to be Mother Machree," I said. "I don't go at all for Mother Machree. Don't misunderstand me, now. She's probably all right in her place, but on all those Saint Patrick's Days, all those years of meeting synthetic Gaels around saloons, I got terribly sick of Mother Machree. I hope there'll be very little of Mother Machree on this trip."

"I don't misunderstand you," said Tim. "A minimum of Mother Machree is what you mean, a minimum of Mother Machree. Will you do as I tell you and go get a warm raincoat?"

"I will," I said.

So I went over to Brooks Brothers and bought a handsome raincoat for seventy-five dollars. Ordinarily, I would never dream of buying that class of raincoat, but that's the way I felt, and I even bought a detachable woollen lining, which cost fifteen dollars. The rain that makes Ireland so green also made this coat a good investment.

A NIGHT or so before we were to sail, my wife put our guidebook down on the arm of her chair and said, "I was thinking about the drinking. I don't want to be a dry blanket, but don't you think you might really enjoy it more over there if you did no drinking? I have the impression they do quite a lot of it over there."

"I've always had the same idea," I said. "Probably you're right. No doubt you're right. And I've been thinking about their complicated politics, too. It certainly would be unwise for a stranger like me to go talking Irish politics in Dublin, or wherever we might be."

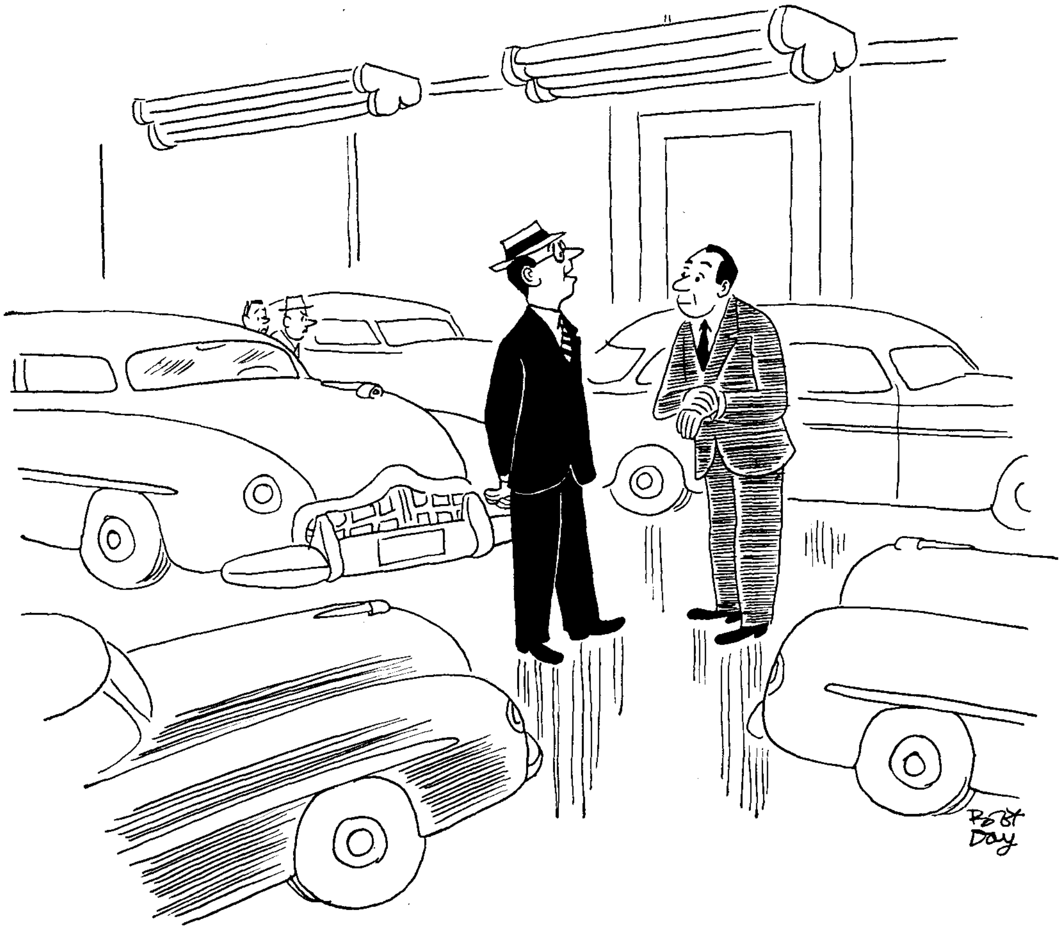
So I made two resolutions for the trip, as follows:

1. No drinking in Ireland.
2. No talking Irish politics in Ireland.

As it turned out, it was quite some time before I began talking Irish politics in Ireland.

ON board our ship, the Britannic, we became friends with a six-foot-three American, David Mellor, who comes from Natick, Massachusetts, and was on the Dartmouth crew in his college days, which are only a few years back. Mellor told us that he did not have one drop of Irish blood in him but that since boyhood he had read everything Irish he could get his hands on—poetry, history, plays, stories—and that this had aroused in him an irresistible desire to visit Ireland, which he was about to do. He planned to bicycle all over the place for two or three months. Mellor could recite Yeats by the half hour, and his fervor for Ireland was amazing. It is hard to believe that any returning Irishman could be as eager to reach Ireland as Mellor was.

When the tender that took us from the Britannic at last touched the dock at Cobh, Mellor was way up front, anxious to be among the first passengers to step on Irish soil. In Ireland, flowers seem determined to grow. They pop up out of crevices in the flagstone walks, they peek out of soil-filled cracks in ancient walls, and they even blossom, unasked, out of the roofs of cottages. So it was that bright, yellowy blooms were growing in a tiny space at the edge of the dock, in the cracks of the stone walks. Mellor's foot touched the dock, and his eyes widened as he looked down. "Jeepers cripes!" he said. "An Irish dandylion!" And he leaned over and examined it with delight, as if it were something new and strange, something he had been waiting a long time to see and here it was at last. "An



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"Yes, sir."

"I don't want a radio, a heater, white-wall tires, fog lights, seat covers, or any other extras, and I do want an adequate road demonstration."

"Yes, sir."

"As to a trade-in, I may or may not decide to let you have my old car. It depends on what you offer."

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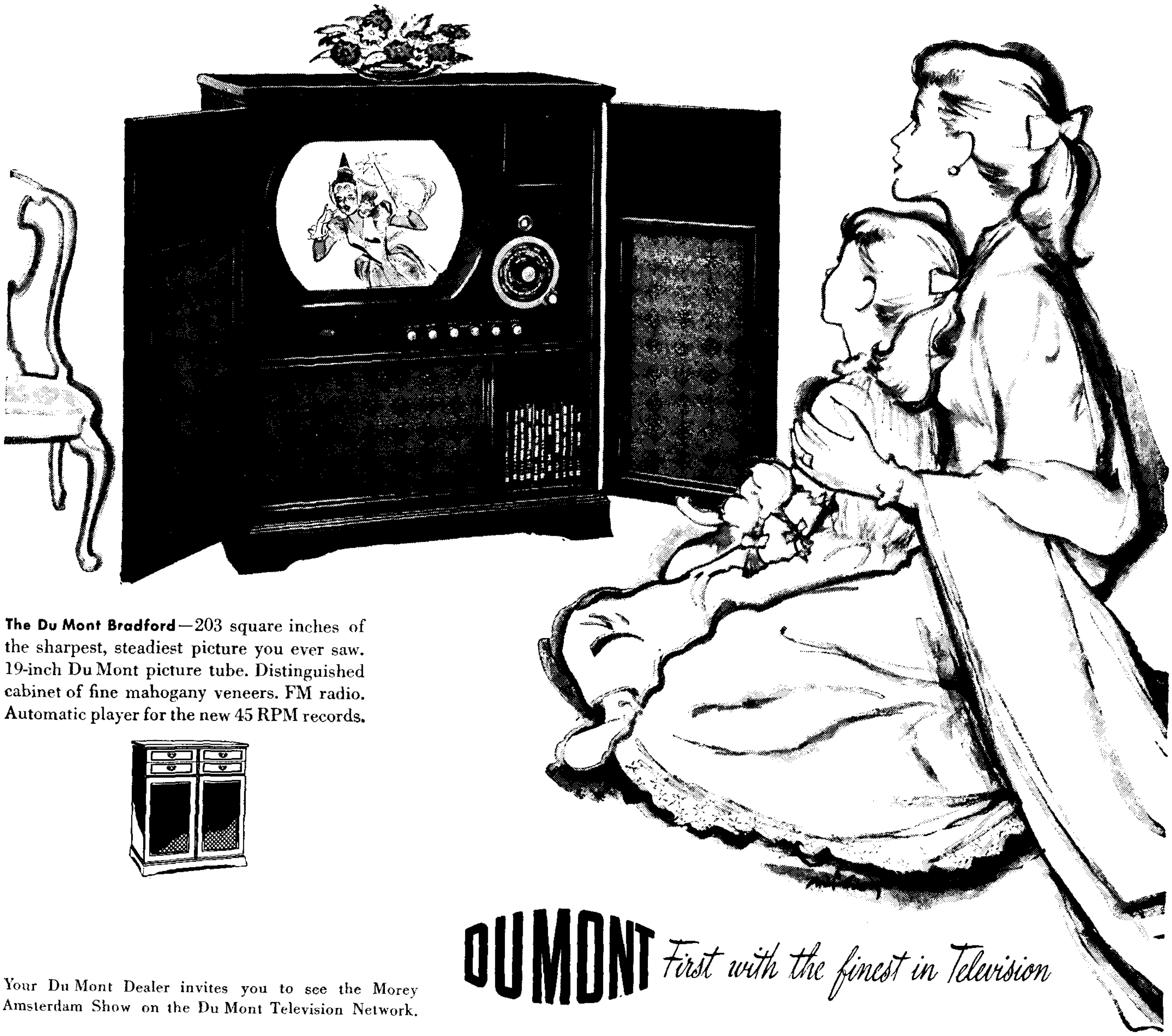

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Book by
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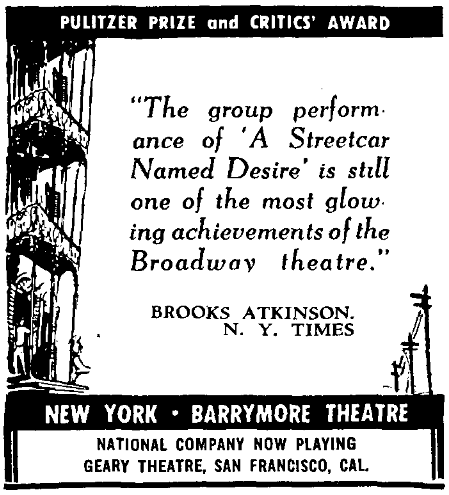

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"Where's Charley?"

Irish dandylion!" he said a few times more.

IN Counihan's snug, near the Imperial Hotel, in Cork, the Corkonian next to me at the bar was reading the *Irish Times*. "Did you see this?" he asked, looking at me over his spectacles. He pointed to a story about the Minister for Agriculture, who on the evening before had said in an address that the farmers were doing fine with the cattle and fine with the pigs but that they would have to do better with eggs. More and more eggs must be produced to be sold to England and other countries, to bolster the finances of this beginning republic of Ireland.

"I read it this morning," I said.

"That's the latest scheme they have around here now," he said, and a glint came into his eyes.

"What's that?" I dutifully asked.

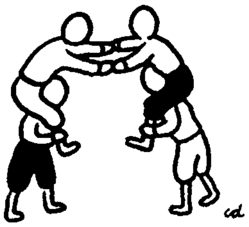
"Drown the English in a wave of eggs!" he roared. "It's a horrible death! Drowning in a wave of eggs! I doubt the English deserve such an end as that!"

MOST mornings, at the Gresham Hotel, in Dublin, we were awakened early by sea gulls and "Buttons and Bows." Every morning, I thought about how we have sea gulls back home in Manhattan, too. There were hundreds of them over around First Avenue and Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets when the slaughterhouses were on the spot where they're building the United Nations Headquarters. But our sea gulls seem to keep off the main streets. In Dublin, they wheel ceaselessly over O'Connell Street, dipping down from time to time onto the River Liffey, and every morning they are screaming as they search for breakfast. Invariably we would hear, mingled with their screeches, the sound of an early worker hustling along the street whistling "Buttons and Bows." It was not an unpleasant awakening at all, and each morning it fell into a pattern, part of which went like this in my train of drowsy thought: There go the sea gulls, over the Liffey. Oh, yes, the Liffey. O'er the Liffey's swell. Now, how did that song go?

And the Angelus bell
O'er the Liffey's swell,
Rang out in the morning dew.

That is a song I had often heard in the bars-and-grills of Third Avenue.

was the signal for the Easter uprising of long ago, according to this song, the singing of which was once forbidden in Ireland, and that made it a very popular song to sing. And now, I would think, I am in Dublin, and not far from the Liffey. In a couple of minutes I can walk down to the General Post Office and see, on the great pillars before it, the marks of the bullets that scarred those walls during "The Trouble."



Nobody in Dublin took me around to see such things as the bullet marks. Nobody, of all the Irishmen I met, conveyed any impression of hatred of the English, with whom those battles on the streets of Dublin were fought. It was back on Third Avenue that I had heard such things—had heard long-distance Irish patriotism expressing itself in great blasts (verbal) against the English. On Third Avenue, many is the time I had heard the phrase "the goddam English." Never once did I hear it in Ireland. For one thing, it seems to me that I heard mighty little swearing in Ireland anyway, and when, in a pub or some such place, I dropped a few profane words into my speech, from force of habit, I had a sense of being offensive, and I soon learned to curb myself. And, for another thing, the feeling distinctly came to me in Ireland that this struggle against the English has been going on too long—eight hundred years or so—to be encompassed in any superficial loud talk belittling so steadfast an enemy.

Enemy? Yes, I suppose so. Yet I heard in Ireland frequent expressions of sympathy for the English in their economic plight, their dire need of a varied diet. Ireland is full of English families seeking food. In talks with visiting Englishmen, I learned that the austere diet of England makes parents worry about the health of their children, even when they can overlook the wearying effect a meagre allotment of meat has upon themselves. Many fairly well-to-do English families arrange to spend a week or so in Ireland every once in a while, so that they can "feed up" in a country where meat and butter are abundant. That is good for the economy of this new republic of Ireland, because when an Englishman goes to Ireland, he may take an unlimited number of pounds to spend, even though if he is going elsewhere in Europe, his limit is fifty pounds.

One morning, I sat at a table next

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mother, young son, and young daughter—and I gathered from their easily overheard conversation that they had arrived the night before and this was their first meal in Ireland. Here is what each of them ate: a large dish of oatmeal and cream and sugar, a mackerel, three or four slices of cold roast beef, bacon and eggs, plenty of buttered bread, with marmalade, and, of course, pots and pots of tea. They ate ravenously.

Their waiter was also mine. In between his servings, he stood by in his tailcoat (in Ireland waiters often wear tails even at breakfast) and with a gentle, thoughtful look on his face watched the English eat. When the bacon and eggs were finished, he went to the table, and I heard him say, "Could I get you some more eggs, sir? The children seem to be hungry still. Let me run out and get you some more eggs." And he did. Afterward, he came over to my table and said to me in a low voice, "It's pitiful to see them so hungry, now, isn't it, sir? The poor children seem starved with the hunger. D'ye know, sir, I'm really sorry for them!" The waiter was old enough to have been in The Trouble. I had a feeling that he had been in it, fighting the English on the streets of Dublin, or maybe of Cork. Now he was sorry for them. It wasn't at all like Third Avenue, there on O'Connell Street.

TRINITY COLLEGE is right in the middle of Dublin, on College Green. To the same extent that I did not want to see Blarney Castle, I did want to see Trinity College. So here I was, standing across the street from it. Beyond the open gates were two statues, which I knew to be of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, both graduates. In the middle of the street, like a tall rock, was a cop around whom an endless flood of bicycles swirled. There were lots of times in Ireland when I was conscious of not wanting to barge into places. I never wanted to barge into a countryman's white cottage, however appealing it was as we passed in our rented car. I didn't want to barge into Trinity, either. I went out into the street and spoke to the cop. He took his arms out from where they were folded majestically under his cape and saluted as I approached. "Would it be all right for me to go into Trinity?" I asked. "I'm not a student. I'm an American visitor."

"Ho, ho!" the cop said. "That wouldn't be my business at all. That's private property, sir, and, of course, I

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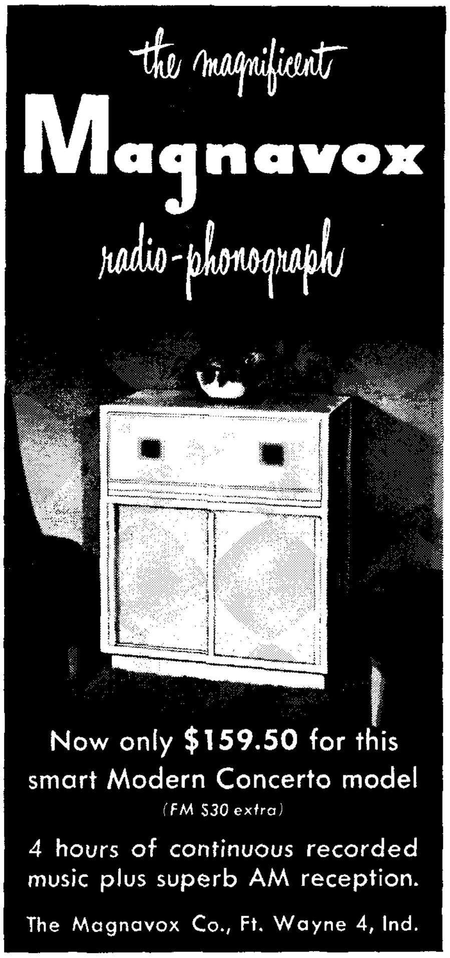

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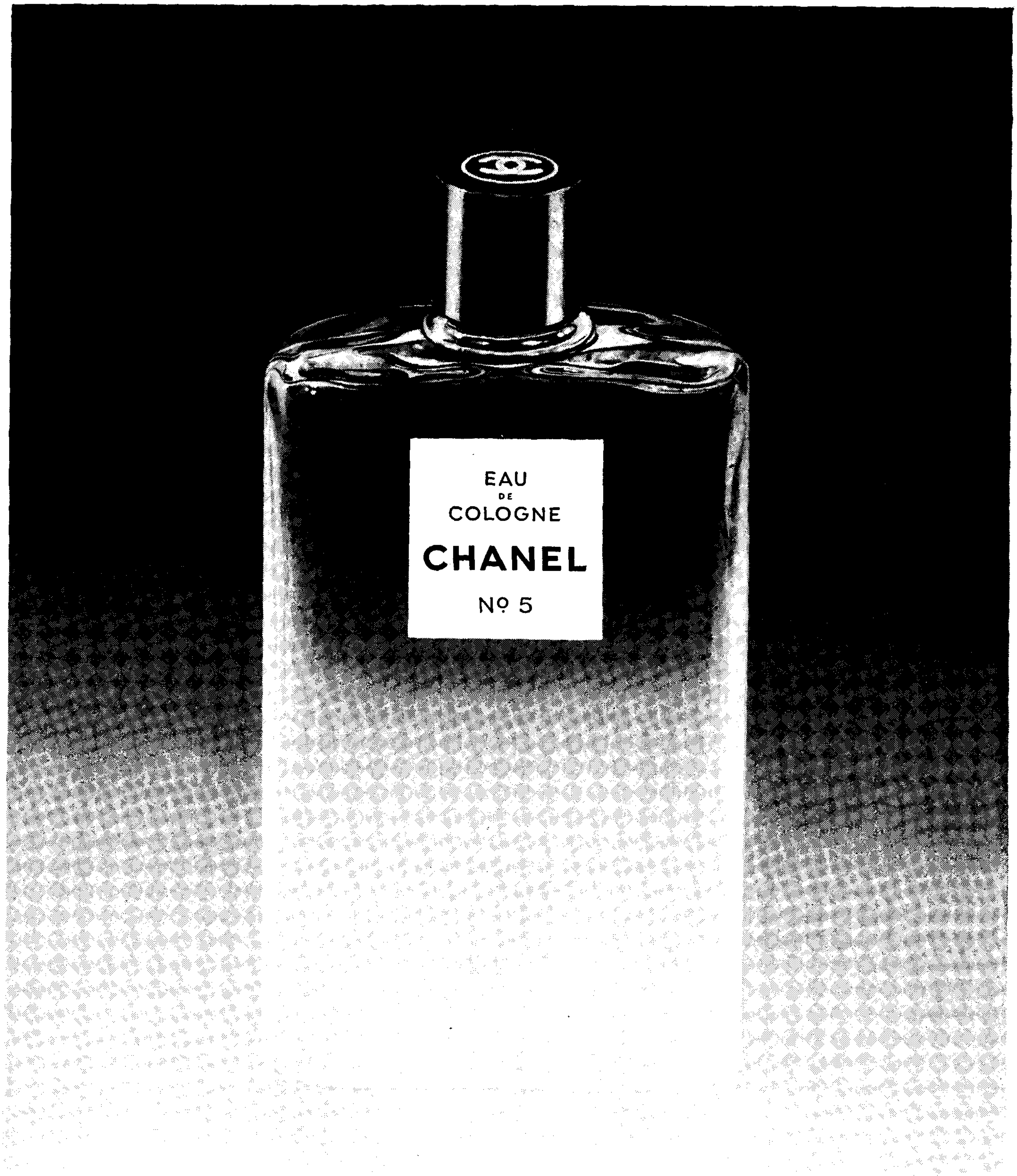
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smiled, yet he conveyed the idea that he was imparting a piece of valuable knowledge. He waved a bevy of bicycles by.

"Oh," I said.

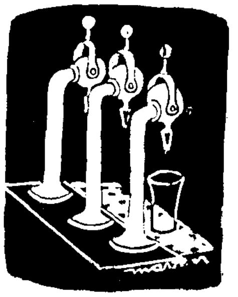
"You understand, sir," the cop said, in more patient explanation, "I would not have a thing to do with a place that is private property. You could go in there as far as I'm concerned, and they could hang you if they felt like it, and do you understand, sir, it wouldn't be my place to lift a hand about it? Private property."

"I guess I'll go in," I said, and started toward the gates.

"Very well, sir," the cop said, and quickly blocked off a surge of bicycles for me. An instant later he shouted after me, "I don't think they'll hang you!"

At the gate there was a porter in a uniform that included a Prince Albert coat, and he told me that it was perfectly proper for visitors to go in and wander about. "Be sure and see the Book of Kells," he said. It was sunny, but the gray walls of all the old buildings around the quadrangle looked chilly, the way a gray sea can look chilly even in summer, with the sun beating down on it. Trinity is a busy and peaceful place, both at the same time. Students wear black gowns to classes, and sometimes go by on bicycles with their gowns flying behind them, like the robes of Bedouins on horses.

The Book of Kells has been described as the most beautiful book in the world, and all my life I've been hearing about it. The attendant in the library, which is upstairs in an aura of lovely mustiness, took me over to the Book, along with an elderly English couple, both of them tall and tweeded. The Book was under glass, opened to a breathtaking page. The attendant held a magnifying glass over it, so that we three could see the marvels of it, the fineness, the unbelievable beauty of the gold and rich blue and deep green of the coloring, so enhanced by the kindliness of a dozen centuries. The attendant explained that the Book was illuminated by the monks of the town of Kells in the eighth century or thereabouts. It is the Gospels.



"Quite good, quite good!" the Englishman said when the attendant paused. The Englishman did not mean the slightest harm. But is that a thing to say of such a wondrous work—"Quite good," I repeat, but he managed to imply that if the Book had been done in England, it would have been done slightly better. The attendant, surely an Irishman, looked at me wordlessly, and I at him. It was one of the few times in Ireland when I felt like a thorough Irishman. The attendant and I smiled at the Englishman. "It *is* quite good," the attendant said.

I walked away and for a few minutes stood by myself in the library. This room has a feeling of bold serenity, you might say. Only one other place I've ever been felt like it—that room in Philadelphia where the Declaration of Independence was signed. I rejoined our group, and the attendant showed us a Bible printed in Ireland centuries ago. A small thing was the most interesting thing about that Bible. Other Bibles say "There is no balm in Gilead," but this early Irish Bible says "There is no treacle in Gilead."

I gave the attendant half a crown before I left. He took it and said, "Is there anything you fancy at the Phoenix Park races this afternoon, sir?"

Does a two-dollar horseplayer wear a neon sign on his forehead that says "HORSEPLAYER"? "I haven't even looked at the entries yet," I said, and I went out through the gates and, crossing the street, passed the cop.

"Did you see the Book of Kells?" he asked.

IN a public square in Galway City, there is a statue, modestly done, of a compact little man. He is sitting on a wall, with a bucolic hat on, an angular, countrified suit, and common, thick-soled shoes, and he is in a contemplative pose, his eyes looking down, and a quiet air about him. This is the statue of a storyteller. That's what he did; he went around the country with an ass and cart, telling stories. His name was Padraic O'Conaire. His was a simple yet noble calling, I think, and they must have thought so in Galway, too, for there's the statue, and while I am not much of a traveller, and so do not know for sure, I doubt if anywhere else in the world there is a statue in tribute to a man who merely told stories to those who would listen.

I had heard that back in the mountains, away from the cities, in small, Gaelic-speaking communities, there are still storytellers, men locally famed for th bility to sit by the fire and enter-

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tain their neighbors with narratives. So every now and then I would make an effort to find one. In Waterville, which is a seaside resort on the southwest coast, in County Kerry, I spoke to the barmaid in the Butler Arms Hotel about this matter. (That's a good way to begin any quest in Ireland, I learned—speak to the barmaid about it.)

"I am sure, sir, that Tadg Murphy would know about things like that," she said. "He's on the Irish Folklore Commission, and he lives just up the road a way."

The barmaid went back to humming "Mañana," with no more thought for Irish folklore, and after a Guinness I went on out and found Tadg Murphy's house. His first name is pronounced Tige, as if it were short for "Tiger," and it is the Gaelic version of Timothy. He is a soft-voiced, scholarly man, whose wife's brother lives in the Bronx. Murphy, who speaks the Gaelic language, has spent years going about in the rural parts of Ireland, seeking to preserve the vanishing lore and making written records of ways of life that are disappearing. He promised to find an Irish storyteller and take my wife and me to hear him.

A day or two later, the three of us met at noon and drove for an hour or so, to the foot of a mountain by the sea. Then we walked up past a farm on the slope, through mist and rain, to a fine, substantial cottage. Two dogs came out to wag us in. Within—and it was warm after the chill rain of the mountain outside—was the scene so well known to millions who have never been in Ireland—the white-washed walls, the turf fire burning, the dogs and the children at their ease upon the floor, the furniture simple and scrubbed, many holy pictures, pictures cheaply made but sincerely revered, on the walls. An old man was seated by the fire, his back as straight as the haft of a T square, his cane in his hand, and his eyes as young as if he were twenty-five; they were not the blue Irish eyes, but gray-green. He was, we were told, eighty-one years old, and his name was O'Connor, the English form, coincidentally, of "O'Conaire," of the Galway statue.

Murphy explained to him that the Americans wanted to hear him tell a story, and he demurred, only slightly, on the ground that if we did not understand Irish, what would be the sense of his telling a story in that language to us, and in the only language he ever told stories in? Murphy offered to translate from the Irish to us, and the old man began.

"I will tell you a story of a young

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man who let a great anger be born inside him against the sea and what happened by reason of that," he said, according to Murphy. "He was strong and bold, and there was a great deal of goodness in him, even though he had the mischief that has to go with sailing on the sea, which he did, and he was a fisherman."

This was the first time I had ever heard the Irish language spoken at any length. It did not seem to me a melodious language; it seemed guttural. Every once in a while—and there is no foundation for the resemblance in philology, of course—it sounded like Yiddish.

"Now, I will not tell you of their courtship," the old man said, "because that was a matter between the two of them and not for us at all, but in time the young fisherman married the most wholesome, handsome young woman of his village, which is not far from where we are all sitting, by this very fire, although the village is down by the edge of the sea itself. God sent them a lovely child, and the two of them were happy with the little one, and the father, home from his fishing, would carry the baby in his arms, with his wife walking behind them, on the two streets of the village, so everyone could see—back and forth, back and forth, on the two streets, of a Sunday or even in the twilight on other days."

The children were quiet as he told his story, and so were the rest of us. His daughter-in-law was attentive, and yet all the while she was baking bread. A large iron kettle sat on the burning turf. Upon its heavy lid, four or five oblong pieces of glowing turf had been placed, and so an oven had been made of the kettle. From time to time, but without interrupting the story, the daughter-in-law would go to the fire and deftly lift the lid, burning turf and all, with tongs, and reach in and move the large loaf baking inside, then replace the lid. She was smoking a Sweet Afton cigarette.

"The young fisherman went to sea in his boat, and his comrades with him," the old man said. "And his beautiful wife and his dear child were down by the water's edge to watch the boat go farther and farther away, and at last they could see it no more. Now, that was the time an evil sickness put its cold hand on that village. One after another of the people died, young and old alike. It was only four days the young fisherman was away on the sea. All the same, in that short time what happened was so bad there was nobody in that when at last his boat came in, and tell him. His darling wife and the child were dead. He went home alone, nobody to meet him, and he found out in that minute he was always going to be alone—no more wife and child for him. The young fisherman was swallowed by sorrow and madness.

"Now, I will not tell of the wake and how deep-stricken the young man was, because you know that and you can think it more truly than I can tell it in my poor way. What you do not know, and I'll tell you, is that when his dear ones were buried and him alone, this terrible anger against the sea came on. One day not long after, when he had the drink taken, he was seen by his friends on a lonely part of the strand, standing with his feet in the water, and he was shaking his fist at the sea and roaring curses upon it. They heard him say this to the sea—they heard him say, 'I hate you and hate you and hate you, and so I'll beat you always. I'll go back upon you and I'll beat you. You'll try to take my boat, and I'll beat you and bring my boat home to the land again. You'll try to take me and you'll try to drown me, but you'll never have me, because I'll beat you, and I'll walk the land alone until I die in my bed. I hate you and hate you and hate you. You kept me away while my dear ones were dying, and if I had been here, I would have saved them and not let them perish.' That is what the poor, unfortunate man was roaring at the sea, and who could blame him for that?"

As the storyteller went on, his words took on a discernible rhythm and cadence. His dramatic pauses were magnificent, and now and then he would strike his cane vigorously upon the hearth, and the children by the fire would look up and stare. I tingled with the anger imparted by the storyteller as he repeated the young fisherman's mad talk to the sea.

"Away he went, back to his fishing," the old man continued. "But that is not the end of my story. A big storm came in two days and the village was full of fear. And it was rightly so, because all of them were drowned, the young fisherman and all his comrades. In a bay far away, his body was washed up not long after, and it had not been touched by the monstrous fish that commonly devour the drowned people in the sea."

Two Irish words became familiar to me as I listened to the old man talk. One was "*agus*," which means "and."

Many sentences, coming after pauses, began with "*agus*." I had noticed that before, in translations of Irish stories. The other word was "*seadh*," pronounced almost like "sha," and it means "yes" or "so." It also began many sentences.

"They brought the young man's body back to his village and they buried him in the cemetery there," the storyteller said. "Now I must tell you how it was with this cemetery. A finger of land stretched out into the water. Now, on the side of this finger of land that was farthest away from the sea was the most peaceful place in all that village. And so it was there that for centuries and centuries the dead of that village had been buried. Never in all the time there was an Ireland had the waters been any other way than most serene there where the cemetery was. Not a handful of land had ever been stolen away by the sea coming in, although the cemetery spread quietly down to within a few feet of the water. So, nine days after the young fisherman was buried, in the grave nearest by the water, the most terrible storm in all memory arose. Three days it went on, and never had anybody seen the like of it. For the first time ever, it happened, the monstrous waves reached over the finger of land. All the people stayed far back from the sea and prayed for the end of the storm. So, the storm ended at last and the people went out. And they stood silent when they saw the great havoc the sea had brought about. It was not at the bigness of the damage that they were frightened and struck silent. It was at this—it was that the mountainy waves of the storm, the clutching hands of the sea, had reached in and torn away one grave. It was the grave of the fisherman who had shaken his fist at the sea, and his coffin was gone and never again was it seen."

Slowly the old man swept his keen eyes around at his listeners to signify the end of his story.

We thanked him and got up to go.

"You'll have some tea?" the daughter-in-law asked timidly after she had lifted the kettle of bread from the fire. We said that it would be too much trouble for her and anyway our dinner was waiting for us back at the hotel.

"You'll not leave my house without having a cup of tea and some bread and butter," said the old man sternly, in English. We had it, and it was fine tea and fine bread and butter.

We bade the daughter-in-law goodbye at the door and started to go

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out into the rain, the two dogs wagging farewell as they had wagged a welcome. Suddenly, the old man, who had remained seated, appeared at the door. He took me by the arm and addressed me in his slow, halting, but precise English. "Do you see what I have done?" he asked softly. "Without passing a solid thing from my hand to yours, I have put words into your head, and they're the words of a story. Now you will carry the story back in your head to America, and perhaps you will tell the story, too, or perhaps you will write it down. And after a while I will die, but over in America will be a story of mine going around, without ever stopping from going, one to another, and so I won't be dead at all, in one way of thinking it. That's what I have done this day. God bless!"

WHEN anybody asks one of us Narrowbacks why we are going to Ireland, we usually say we want to see the little village our parents came from. That was one thing in my mind when my wife and I were planning our trip. My father came from County Clare, from the region around a town whose name does not sound or look Irish to an American; it is Lisdoonvarna. My mother came from around Ballyhaunis, which is a town in Mayo. (In Gaelic, the prefix "Bally-" means "town of.") Now, to come right down to it, I've never known much more about their birthplaces than these names. Other Narrowbacks I've talked to are in the same fix; we're pretty vague about background. Vague or not, there's quite a pull back to those places. Over the years, in the rare times when my eyes fell on a map of Ireland, two names stuck out from the hundreds—Lisdoonvarna and Ballyhaunis.

But on the Britannic, going over, I began to shy away from Lisdoonvarna. The guidebook described it as "renowned for its Spa," and said, "Attention centres on the recent analysis made by Dr. Monroe, F.I.C., of Bath (England), an acknowledged authority of spas, who found that all the waters of Lisdoonvarna contain the very valuable therapeutic element iodine, in addition to their other constituents."

My people were of the soil, and I never connected them with spas and the resorty air that goes with them. This bit of prose about Lisdoonvarna was far from the white-cottage, burning-peat reveries of years, so, as I say, I began to shy away from Lisdoonvarna. We never did get to Lisdoon-

again. I really wanted to go there, and one day when we were in Mayo, fairly early in the morning, we headed for the town my mother came from. As we got near Ballyhaunis, it was evident that it was a market day. Many donkey-drawn carts were on the road, going toward the town, and we passed several caravans of tinkers—Irish gypsies—in their covered wagons, their numerous children happily sprawling over these wagons or trudging along the road. In one wagon, we counted fourteen children. "It's no wonder people used to believe that gypsies stole children," my wife observed. "It doesn't seem reasonable that they would have so many of their own."

The square of Ballyhaunis, a small place, was busy and crowded with pigs and people. This was the day, luckily for us, set aside each month for the sale of pigs to the agents of big bacon firms and pork-butchers. Well, the great thing for me about those few hours in Ballyhaunis was that the minute I got away from the automobile, purposely deserting my not-wholly-Irish wife, I felt at home, felt just right, felt as if I belonged there. It smelled right, the faces looked right, and I, the fellow from Seventy-second and Second who seldom, if ever, sees a pig, suddenly had the notion that I knew quite a lot about them as I wandered by the carts and peeked in at the small pigs, and stared down at the sows lying on the cobblestones beside the carts.

I stopped by a young farmer in his late twenties who had a litter of pigs in his cart. He didn't speak to me, but he seemed friendly as he waited for a buyer to come by. "How much would all the pigs bring you, do you think?" I ventured to ask him after standing around awhile.

"I'm wanting twenty-eight pounds," he said. "Tell me, sir, do you think I should go to Milwaukee?"

For a while I had almost forgotten I was an American. My clothes and my tongue, evidently, hadn't forgotten what they were. "I don't know," I said. "Do you have a little place of your own here—a little farm? And how are you getting along? I imagine you have relatives in Milwaukee, and that's why you ask."

"I have a cousin there, and he's after asking me to come over," the farmer said. "Do you think it's the wise thing to do, sir?"

"I was wondering if you had a little place of your own here, as I said," I replied.

"I do," said the farmer, "and it's

comfortable. In our own way of comfort, I'd want to explain to you."

"Then, since you asked me, I'd say to stay here," I said. "It isn't all like the movies, back in the States."

"That's the way I've been thinking myself," he said. "The cinema does be painting it up a glorious place, sir. Still and all, they're not picking the money up in the streets, I know."

"They're not," I said.

Up came a buyer, brisk and fat, a pad of paper in one hand, a pencil in the other. Buyer and seller greeted each other like old acquaintances; the buyer looked at the pigs and scribbled some figures on a sheet of his pad and handed it to my friend. But the farmer put his hands behind him. The buyer shoved the piece of paper in the breast pocket of the farmer's homespun jacket and walked away with lively formality. The paper stuck out of the jacket, and I was standing close enough so that I could see the figure "27" on the paper. I was tempted to start talking, but then two other men came up to the farmer and I realized that a ritual was going on, too important to interrupt. These two men, as I found out later, were the "middlemen" traditional in Irish market transactions. They asked the farmer if he would "split the pound," and although I failed to catch an answer, they must have caught one, because up came the buyer again. He flicked the paper from the farmer's pocket and wrote on it. I peeked, and he had made the "27" into "27/10," or twenty-seven pounds and ten shillings. The farmer's right hand came out, the buyer took it, and one of the two middlemen gave a slap to their joined hands. The pigs had been sold for only ten shillings less than the farmer's asking price.

"Will you come along with us, Yank, and have a drink?" the farmer asked, smiling, and he and the middlemen and I went into the pub so miraculously handy. The buyer didn't come. He was busy. The middlemen and I ordered Guinnesses, and the farmer ordered a "club orange," a kind of pop. It wasn't until then that I observed that he was "wearing the pin." In his lapel was a small green button that means that the wearer is a member of the Pioneers. This is a total-abstinence society, and I was told that it is a matter of national honor never to ask a man wearing the pin to have a drink of liquor. Nurtured on the notion that Ireland is a place of extravagant drinking, I was amazed at the hundreds of men I saw wearing the pin. The pub, a simple one, with a bench against the wall across from the

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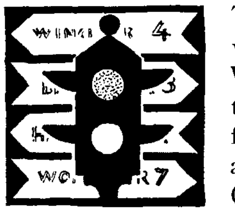
was full, and the barmaid knew everyone except me. I noticed how low the voices were, as I had noticed before in pubs. I had to be careful to keep my voice under control, lest it brash out over the soft ones I heard around me. The barmaid made jokes, my friends of the moment talked local gossip, everyone drank much more slowly than we drink at home, and I felt fine, there in the town some of my people came from.

"The mother's a Yank," a man next to me said after I'd talked with him awhile and had a couple more Guinnesses.



"Born in the States, you mean?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "but she worked there for twenty-five years. I've never been there myself. The mother says it's a grand place."

"It's O.K.," I said. "In many ways, it's O.K."

After some more talk, mostly about how good the prices for pigs and cattle were, the man said, almost bashfully, "Would you have time to go with me and see the mother? She'd be greatly pleased to see someone from America. But then you'd have to be moving along, wouldn't you?"

"Tell the truth," I said, "I'm expecting my wife to come in any minute and haul me away. Is your house far from here?"

"Ah, it's only a minute or two," he said. We went around the corner and up the road a piece.

He opened a gate and we walked up to the house—a small, tidy one a few steps away—and, inside, "the mother" was sitting reading a newspaper and drinking a cup of tea. Her eyes were like those of the storyteller I met down in Kerry—gray-green. She was a tiny, neat woman, and the look in her eyes was steady, serene, and keen.

"I see Mr. Forrestal ended his life, poor man!" she said as she put down the *Irish Times*.

I was shocked. I hadn't seen the paper that day.

"And who is he?" the son asked me.

"He'd be the Minister for Defense in America, the same as Dr. O'Higgins here," the little woman explained to her son before I could answer him.

"Oh, then you two Yanks have a talk together," said the son, smiling. "I'll not bother the two of you. I don't know what you'd be talking about, the two of you."

We all had tea, and my hostess told me that she had worked in Westchester more, about one thing and another. When the visit came to an end, the son and I left the house together. As we walked to the gate, the mother stood in the doorway, and as my hand was on the gate latch, she said, "Give my fondest regards to the United States!" I said I would.

SOMETIMES the thought occurred to me in Ireland that what frequently made me happy there was this: In Ireland, they do the things we used to do but don't do any more. This idea came to me when we visited a family named Walsh, near Navan, in County Meath, which is not far from Dublin. They live in a lovely Georgian house, of God knows how many rooms.

"Lovely" is a word I fell into the use of in Ireland, for it is one of the most used words there. In the United States, "lovely" is a woman's word, I think; you don't hear men saying it much. That's not so in Ireland. Once, in Dublin, on a Sunday afternoon, after thousands of Dubliners had marched and sung and shouted, and speakers had made orations against the Republic of Ireland bill, then in the British Parliament, I heard a man say, "Wasn't it a lovely protest?"

Mr. and Mrs. Walsh greeted us with tea and richly buttered bread and several kinds of cake, and their two daughters, children of six and eight or so, stood courteously by, not at all ill at ease. Finally, Mrs. Walsh said to the smaller one, "Won't you recite for our visitors from America?" The child made a curtsy, advanced with immeasurable poise to the center of the room, and, moving her outstretched arms as if she were a ship on the rolling sea, recited:

> "I saw a ship a-sailing,
> A-sailing on the sea,
> And it was heavy-laden
> With lovely things for me."

It was so many years since I had heard anybody, child or grownup, recite anything that it was a quietly wondrous thing to hear. I suppose children still do recite things here in the States, and that probably it is because I haunt Seventy-second and Second Avenue and Madison Square Garden and Aqueduct race track and places like that that I don't get to hear them any more. At any rate, children recite in Ireland, and sweetly, too. And people take long walks, and they sit by the fire and talk without a we used to do but don't seem to do any more.

THEY had been having trouble with an electric lamp at a country house we visited in Tipperary. There appears to be something in the Irish atmosphere that makes all mechanical things work less well than they do in the air of the United States. This lamp was exasperating. Sometimes the string would have to be pulled a half-dozen times before it would light, and sometimes it wouldn't light at all. The lady of the house told us about it and about turning it over to Thomas, an old fellow who for a couple of generations had been around the demesne for the purpose of having such things turned over to him. "I'll fix it, milady," he said. More than a week passed and the lady of the house heard nothing from Thomas.

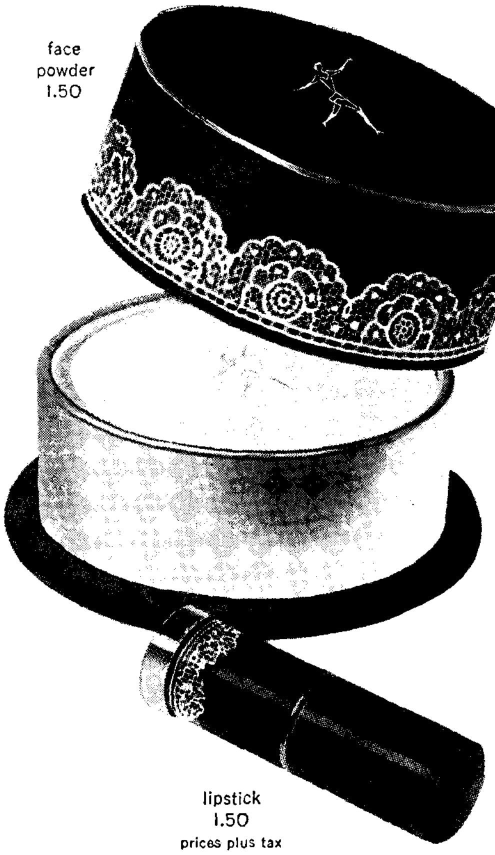
"About that lamp, Thomas," she said to him one day when she came across him cutting the nails of one of her greyhounds. "Have you fixed it yet?"

"It's a good thing you mentioned that lamp," he said. "I've been meaning to speak to you about that lamp. I'm after studying that lamp this long while, and you'll have no more trouble with it."

"Good, Thomas!" said the lady.

"But I want to tell you," Thomas went on. "You'd want to be very careful with that lamp. If you're to have that lamp be lighting up grand for you, here's the thing. First, take a soft holt on the string. Then give it three long, slow pulls. Then one quick, little pull on it, and after that two fine, gentle, long-drawn-out pulls. Do that and you'll have no more trouble with that lamp."

OUR last days in Ireland were spent at Crosshaven, which is near Cobh (pronounced "Cove," and still called Queenstown by the crew of the Britannic, on which we were to sail back to the United States). At odd times during those days, I recalled the dreamy notions I had had of what was ahead of us before we left East Seventy-second Street. My head had been full of all the things I had heard about Ireland from the time I was a kid, at wakes and in songs about white cottages with thatched roofs, and the smell of burning peat. (I learned within a week or so to call it turf, not peat.) After landing there and riding around the little island, only a couple of hundred miles from north to south and less than



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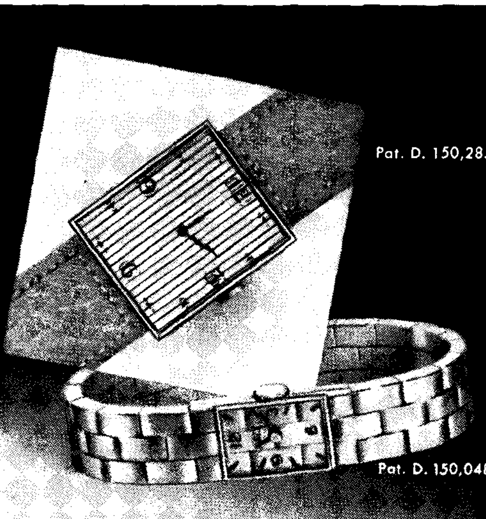

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that from east to west, I always had a feeling that Ireland wasn't exactly what I had dreamed it would be. Yet it was—in a sentence or a phrase dropped by a passerby, or timidly passed to me by a man next to me in a pub. Often I felt that these were my people, although they did not know me any more. At those times—oh, how lonely I was there! At the hotel we stayed at in Crosshaven, there was a little boy, the son of Walter Macken, the actor and writer. The father was down for a couple of weeks from the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin, to play in Cork, which is about fifteen miles from Crosshaven. The name of the little boy was Ultan. That is a name you never hear in the United States. It is pronounced "Ool-thawn," with the accent on the "thawn." It is an old, old name, older than Patrick or Michael in Irish use, and to hear the little boy's mother, Peggy, say it was to hear a caress. The place where we were staying was the Bunnyconnellan Hotel, nestled on the side of a hill from which we could look out upon the splendid harbor of Cobh. Sitting on a bench in front of the hotel, in one of the bursts of sunshine that space out the rain in Ireland, the little boy and I were looking out at the sea. Ultan, who is only five, was born on the coast of Galway, where they say the sea in a rage can be a most terrifying thing. Before us, there was the empty sea, where tomorrow the ship would be. "Out there will be the Britannic," I said to him, "and if you look out tomorrow, you will see her. There will be no way of seeing us—it's too far to see—but we will be there, heading back to America."

Ultan walked away and plucked idly at a flower in the border of the path. Then he came back to me, the stranger he had known for only seventy hours or so. He, too, was groping, as I had long been, because he put his little hand on my arm and he said, in his beautiful Galway speech, "We'll be terribly froightened for you tomorrow whin the loiner, and you on it, starts out into the big sea."

A stranger I was, in a country I felt was my own, and a little bit of a boy, with a single sentence, ended all my groping—"We'll be terribly froightened for you tomorrow . . ."

IT was our last evening in Ireland. We were staying overnight in Cork. As with all holidaymakers nearing the holiday's end, I had sorrow and eagerness blended, a sorrow that came with

East Seventy-second Street again and to find out what had been going on in our neighborhood, around Maxie Slavin's newsstand, at Second. I wanted to hang on to Cork and the scenes in its streets, and at the same time hear the kids singing of a summer evening on the stoops of East Seventy-second. It couldn't be done. By telephone, the Cunard Line told us that we would have to be at the dock back in Cobh at seven o'clock in the morning, to go through the customs, board the tender, and go out to the Britannic, which would be at anchor in the harbor, after the overnight trip from Liverpool. That meant getting up at five and having a taxi at the hotel door at six. My wife had to do some shopping—handkerchiefs, last-minute gifts, and so on. While she did that, I dropped into the Swan and Cygnet, which is near the Old Bridge across the Lee and not far from the statue of Father Theobald Mathew, the great apostle of abstinence from liquor. In the Swan and Cygnet, one Guinness led to another, discussion of one horse race of the day led to discussion of the next, a few pleasant words were offhandedly spoken about Partition, and a few hours passed. One man quoted the *Dublin Opinion*, which had said, "Partition is like the ones landlords put up to divide houses into flats. You keep on hearing voices through it."

At nine o'clock, while it was still light in the streets from the long twilight, I was walking along thinking about those last Guinnesses and the coldness and dampness of five o'clock the next morning. In such a frame of mind I entered a wineshop, or what we would call a package store, and was greeted with a "Good evening, sir" by a tall, dignified, white-haired clerk, alone in the small shop.

"Good evening," I said. "I have something of a situation before me."

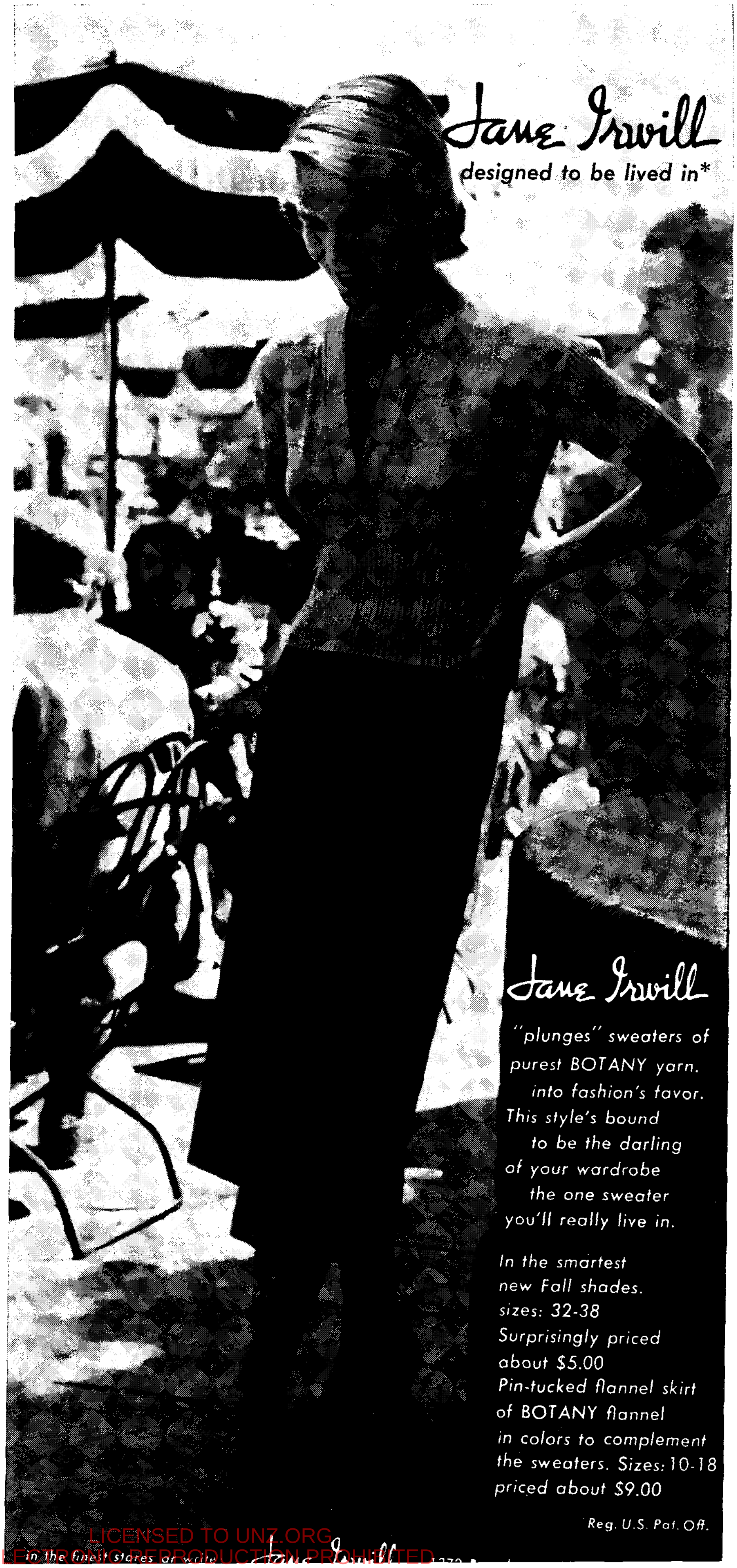
"Sit down, sir," the white-headed man said.

"I'm a visiting American," I explained.

"I thought so, sir," he said. "By the hat, you know. Bigger than ours, do you see?"

"Yes," I said. "Well, we're sailing tomorrow for America, and we have to get up at five o'clock to go down to Cobh and the dock."

"Five o'clock?" he said, unbelieving. "A shocking hour! A shocking hour! I thought we were supposed to encourage you fellows. That's no way to do it. Five o'clock in the morning! A shocking hour!"



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hour in the morning," I went on, moving into the heart of the matter.

"It *will* be cold," he said definitely. "Where are you staying, sir?"

"At the Metropole," I answered.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "A timperance hotel. They have no license."

"That's it," I said.

The clerk thought for a moment before he spoke. "Now," he said, "you wouldn't want to be drinking brandy at that hour of the morning, would you, sir?"

"Oh, *no*," I said. "That wouldn't be it."

"Tell me, sir, how long have you been in Ireland?" he asked. "Have you had time to get used to the Irish whiskey?"

"Nearly a couple of months," I said. "I think the Irish whiskey is all right. A little better than all right."

"Then that's fine. Irish whiskey's the thing, then," he said. "Could you wait a moment, please?"

"I could," I said. "Take your time."

He went out into the stockroom and came back with a small bottle of Paddy's, an excellent brand. The bottle was of no measure familiar to me but about the size of two or three of those small bottles that are sold on American trains. The clerk held the bottle up before me and pointed to its top. It was one of those screw tops.

"Now," said the clerk, "the beauty *of this is, do you see, that it can be opened* without the aid of a corkscrew. Is the Missus with you?"

"She is," I said, studying the top of the bottle.

"I thought as much," he said. "Now, frequently enough the Missus does not approve of drinking at that hour of the morning, no matter how cold it is."

"You hit the nail on the head," I said.

"It's odd, but they're like that," he continued. "Well, do you understand the point I'm making about this Paddy's? The point I'm making, sir, is this. The top of this bottle may be removed *in secrecy, if necessary!*"

It was necessary, as things turned out. —JOHN MCNULTY

•

WHAT BOSTON
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FICTION

1—FATHER OF THE BRIDE
2—FRATERNITY VILLAGE
3—PRIDE'S CASTLE
4—JOINT OF NO RETURN

—*Boston Herald.*

Must refer to New York.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Sun Is Alfred's Undoing

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, who hasn't made a movie of any consequence since he left London for Hollywood, isn't even up to his usual West Coast standard in "Under Capricorn." Filmed in a kind of Technicolor that makes each scene look as if it had been photographed through the window of a bathysphere, this picture succeeds in simultaneously insulting the Australians, the Irish, and the average intelligence. The story begins in Sydney, in 1831. The place is populated by a bunch of poor white trash, all of whom are dull but none duller than our hero—at least I think he's our hero—an Irish chap named the Honourable Charles Adare. As portrayed by Michael Wilding, this character reveals all his emotions with his nostrils, twittering them like a rabbit when happy, flaring them like an also-ran when morose. In contrast to this high-toned fellow, we have one Samson Flusky, another subtropical Irish boy, played by Joseph Cotten. These two get into a hell of a long and tedious squabble over Mrs. Flusky, née the Lady Henrietta Considine, who has taken to polishing off a quart or two a day to relieve the boredom of living with Mr. Flusky, who is so lacking in blue blood that she regards him as anemic. The Lady Henrietta is an impossible role, and it's not rendered any easier to take by the performance of Ingrid Bergman. As a stylish, if stewed, Irish gentlewoman, she talks a lingo that would be strange anywhere outside of a Swedish restaurant, and her mannerisms in this picture are as unsettling as a hair in one's mouth. In one scene, Miss Bergman interminably explains why she fell in love with Mr. Flusky. He was only a groom in Da's stables, it turns out, but he loved her and the horses so much that she hocked her jewels to run away with him. With the proceeds of the jewels, the pair, it seems, bought a couple of horses, were married by a blacksmith, and let a brother who objected to the nuptials have it with a horse pistol. As a friend of the turf, I admire such deep-seated allegiance to a noble breed of animal.

IN his celluloid nonage, James Cagney used to terrify the customers to such an extent that a good many of them wouldn't venture out of a movie house after seeing him on the screen without

ence of a cop. Unfortunately, as the years went by, Mr. Cagney mellowed, became almost lovable, and moved over to the side of the angels. Just how wrong he was when he decided to take up the clean life you can see for yourself in "White Heat," in which he returns to the fold of the rats. In this one, he has to make his way through a story compared with which the continuity of Dick Tracy is absolutely plausible. Despite all the scatterbrained nonsense of the script, Mr. Cagney, representing a homicidal maniac whose favorite girl is his dear old two-gun mother, comes up with a performance so full of menace that I hereby recommend him for whatever Oscar is given an actor for rising above the asininity of his producers. Apart from Mr. Cagney and Margaret Wycherly, who plays his mother, none of the actors in this is any better than his material. The plot is as convoluted as the sort of thing the housewives of the nation try to hear over the whine of their vacuum cleaners, but in essence it demonstrates how ill-advised our wayward fellow-citizens are in trying to outfox the operatives of the Treasury Department. These T-men not only are bold, brave, strong, and willing but use more paraphernalia in capturing enemies of society than was required for the invasion of Normandy.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

Q. How can you tell the age of a snake? Barbara Loebensteing, 1575 Harding, Detroit.

A. It is extremely difficult to tell the age of a snake unless you know exactly when it was born.—*Detroit News.*

Next question.

•

Baugh's passing from the Redskins would be no more of a blow to George Marshall than if Tom Edison arose from the grave, said his invention of the telephone was all a mistake, and ordered 'em all pulled out.—*Washington Star.*

Or if Alexander Graham Bell started shooting lights out with a .22.

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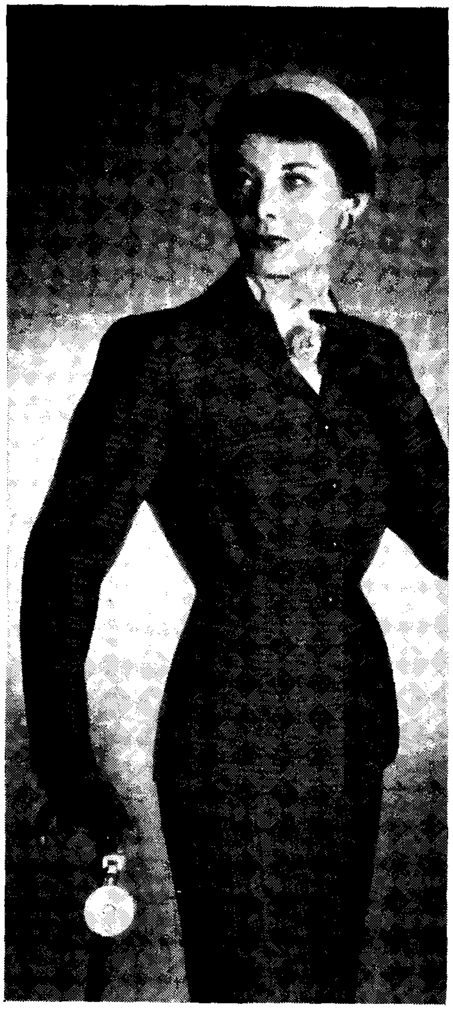

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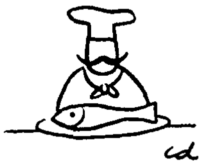
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

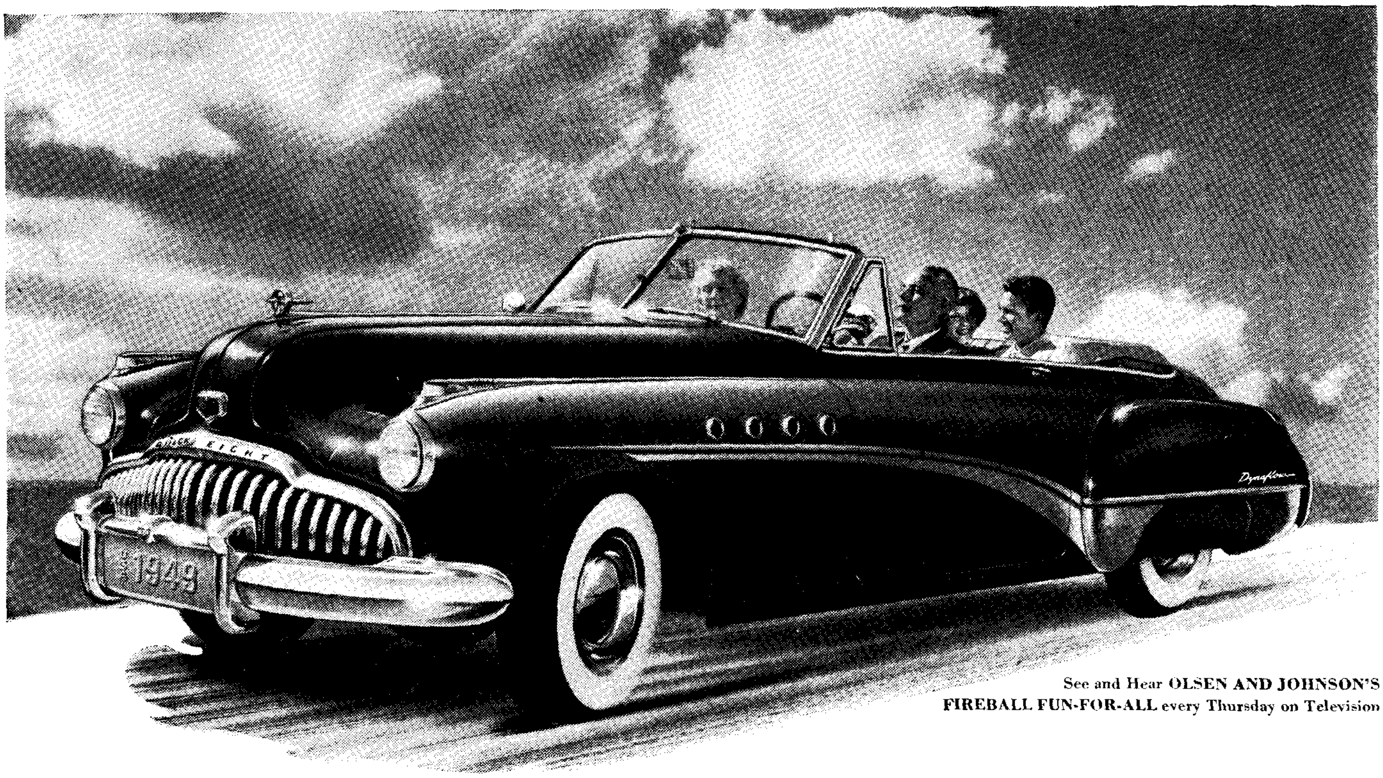
IF the wine merchants don't look out, they are going to get the same reputation as that Aesop urchin who had the tiresome habit of crying wolf. Six months ago, we were told that the offerings then current were positively the last bargains we could expect from European vineyards—a bleak prediction that was backed up by the most logical reasoning. But, lo and behold, there are on the shelves today excellent, even magnificent wines at reasonable prices. The truth is that the pessimists were dead right in principle. Inflation has, as was expected, greatly increased the cost of wine in France and so much of it was bought in anticipation of a rise in prices that a large part of the supply of distinguished *récoltes*—or just passable ones, for that matter—has already found its way to the cellars, if not the gullets, of the French themselves, as well as of the Americans and the Argentines. Our large concerns that had sufficient capital to invest in important holdings while the investing was good are still able to offer a surprising number of fine vintages at figures well under what the wines would bring in Europe today. When the cost of a reliable vintage appears exaggeratedly low, as it occasionally does, you may be sure that not only was the wine acquired at the right moment, economically speaking, but the retailer (although he would be the first to deny this) considers it smart business to keep his client's mind from wandering to California-wine prices.



With this perhaps superfluous apology for their gratifying price tags, I shall introduce, in case they have not already come to your attention, some items that should by no means be overlooked. If, for example, a most engaging little Swiss white wine, barely *pétillant*, light as air, and costing $14.50 a case, had been in general circulation this terrible summer, I am sure that a great deal of suffering would have been blessedly alleviated. This newcomer, a Neuchâtel of the St. Blaise vineyard, imported by Bellows and sold only at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), is quite unlike those rather acid specimens from the Neuchâtel district that we have been getting since the war. It could not by any stretch of the imagination be called distinguished, but it has such freshness and discreet, that neither could it be said to be entirely without character—a modest, very pleasing character. Another satisfactory thing about this wine is the fact that it may also be bought in half bottles, at $15.50 for a case of twenty-four, which makes it possible for a family of two to cheer up everyday meals without feeling extravagant. In the same price range as the Neuchâtel is a Berncasteler of 1939 ($14.95 a case), imported by Fromm & Sichel and sold by M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), that will give much pleasure. Ten years is a hoary age for a Moselle, and, moreover, the '39 harvest is considered no great shakes, but this unpretentious Berncasteler has somehow escaped the faults you might expect and presents itself as a clean, very refreshing little wine with a delicate bouquet that would do credit to a grander Moselle.

PASSING on to more aristocratic vintages, Sherry Wine & Spirits and A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), have an estate-bottled Chassagne-Montrachet of 1945 that I consider a real find. While this isn't at all, of course, the *grand vin* of Puligny, it has something of that wine's suavity, as well as a not too obvious charm of its own. At $2.99 a bottle, it should enhance a lot of dinner tables. Another white Burgundy that is, as far as I know, new to these parts is a 1947 Chablis, an estate-bottled selection of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, to be had, for around $3 a bottle, at Sherry Wine & Spirits; at H. H. Burns, 42 East 48th Street; and at Luria. Although Chablis can be drunk young, and this particular wine is, despite its tender age, extremely good, with the lovely green-gold color, the flinty taste, and the special bouquet of the authentic Chablis, it will, I think, be better in another year.

Since true Chablis is only too rarely met with in this country (or in any other, as far as that goes), amateurs of this splendid wine will surely rejoice to learn that a limited quantity from the incomparable Vaudésir vineyard, the first that has been shipped to this country since the war, will be available at Lehmann and at Luria later on this month, in time to keep tryst with the early oysters. The belief that any wine



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Where's anything to touch the silken luxury of its Dynaflow Drive—or the restful ease you get from utter smoothness?

And who knows any road roughness when a soft coil spring on each wheel cushions your way and soaks up the bumps?

"But the weather—" you might wonder. And there, too, you get the best of it.

A single handy control lets you swing back the top, gives you the sky for a canopy, sends the crisp, clear air singing around you.

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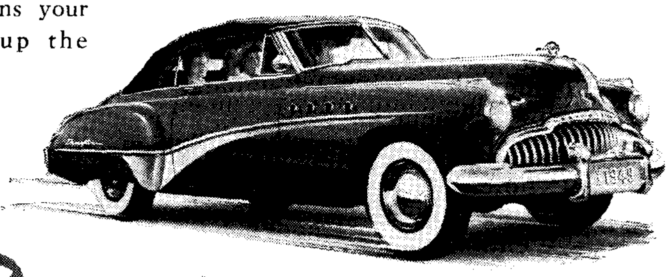
So here you get the best of things—even of the weather.

Here you get power and comfort and convenience—and good times. Here, too, you get a good buy, with prices well below what you probably think—and really fast delivery.

Thing to do, of course, is go see your Buick dealer—take the wheel of a Buick ROADMASTER Convertible — check its figures against the field — and sign up this very day.



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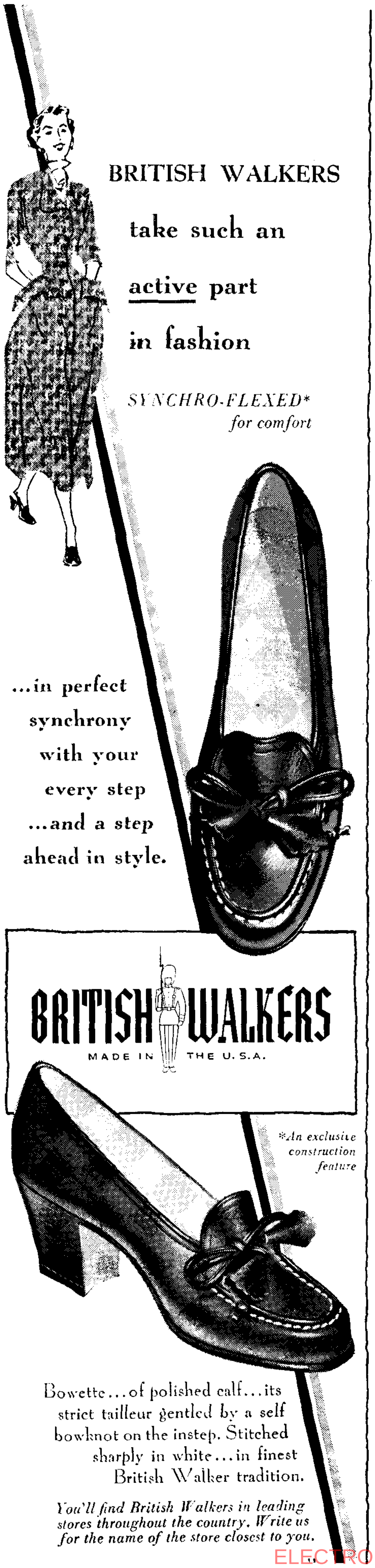
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is a mistake with oysters is a crotchet of mine that I won't enlarge upon here, but if you *must* have drink with them, let it by all means be Chablis—a Vaudésir, if you can get it.

I HAVE already commended in these columns a 1945 Château Haut-Brion Blanc; after tasting the newly arrived 1947 wine from this vineyard, I should like to report that the wine of the later year seems to me to be as much superior to the '45 as the '45 is superior to the ordinary cloying white Bordeaux. The '47 is not ready to be drunk yet, but its fine qualities are so apparent that anybody with a liking for this admirable Graves would do well to lay it down; the price, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, is $39.75 a case.

THE political, economic, and plain viticultural saga of German wines since the war is much too complex to go into, but wine-lovers, who presumably are mainly interested in how the story turned out, will be glad to know that there is a rather happy ending. In some wines of the great 1937 vintage, for instance, there is abundant evidence, at M. Lehmann, for anyone who ever doubted it, that the big Rheingaus, when they *are* big, develop a wonderful depth of flavor and richness with the years. Among the '37s, Lehmann offers a Rüdesheimer from the Berg vineyards ($2.84), a Rauenthaler Nonnenberg ($2.99), and several fine Palatinates, one of which is a Wachenheimer Schenkenböhl ($5.99). Most of the Rheingaus at Sherry Wine & Spirits are of later vintages, excellent for laying down, and both Sherry and Lehmann have Moselles that are a joy to drink right now. A Josefshöfer *Auslese* of 1943 ($3.56), at Sherry, and a *Spätlese* of the same year and vineyard ($5.25), at Lehmann, are the grandest white wines I have encountered in a long, long time.

SINCE I am acutely mistrustful when I am offered a famous name at a startlingly low price, I have tasted and retasted, with the utmost attention, a château-bottled Cheval-Blanc of 1945 that is sold by Lehmann at $21.50 a case. What I have found is a capital St. Emilion with the intense robustness characteristic of this wine, and a certain harshness, which another three or four years should satisfactorily soften. It is hardly necessary to point out to the customer who appreciates the distinctly masculine virtues of a fine St. Emilion

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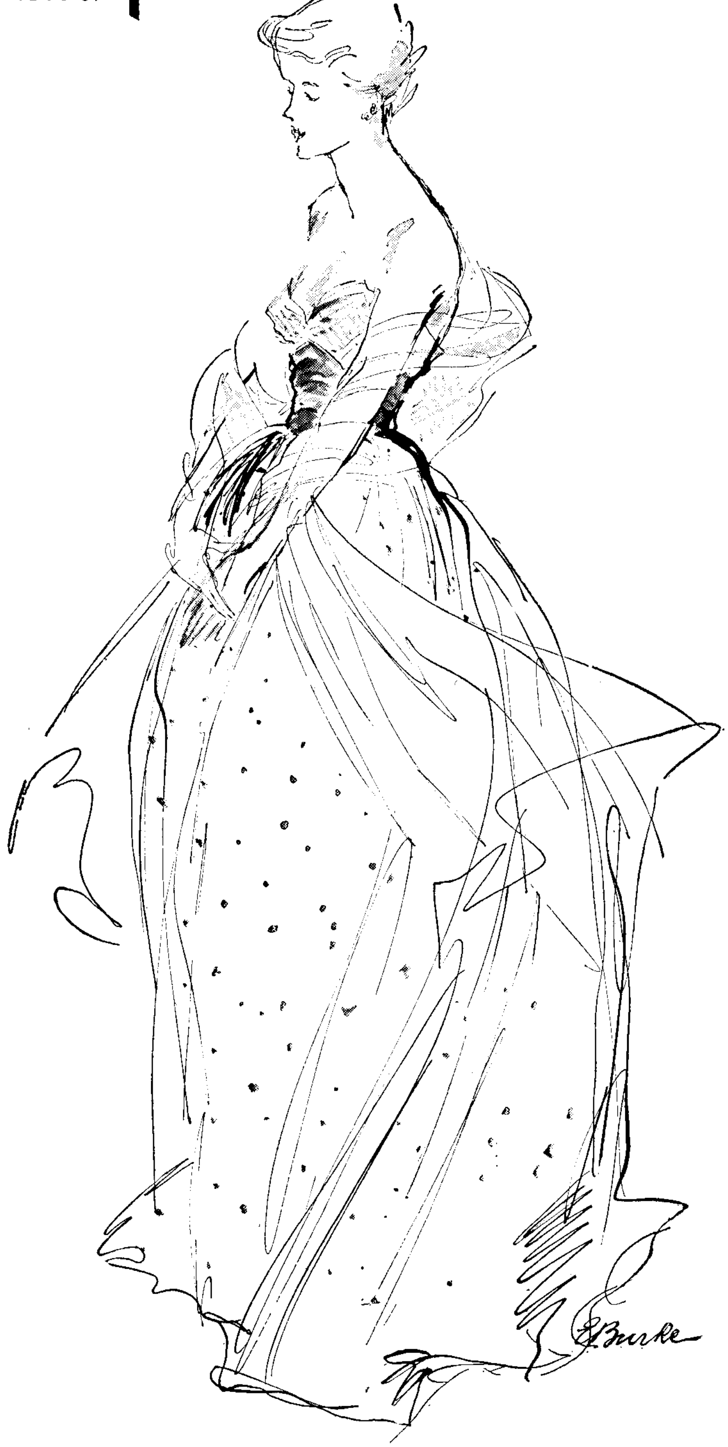
will find a Château Cheval-Blanc of the same year at Macy, for $1.89 a bottle. Luria has a Château Léoville-Las-Cases of 1945, at $17.50 a case, that is all that this St. Julien should be, and both Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann offer a Château Mouton d'Armailhacq of 1942, for around $16 a case, that is a light but very enjoyable specimen of this much disputed harvest. My own experience with the 1942 clarets, for what it is worth, leads me to the conclusion that although you will occasionally run across wine from a minor vineyard that has developed nicely, it is, by and large, only the *grands crus* of that year that can be counted on.

ONE doesn't have to label oneself an oenologist to feel a curiosity about the Clos des Fèves, a little-known Côte de Beaune of 1934, recently brought to this country for the first time since the war by Julius Wile & Sons and sold by Sherry Wine & Spirits. Anybody with a taste for fine Burgundy, and $5.45 in his pants pocket, should treat himself to a bottle of this most delightful wine. Not much of it is available, for the vineyard, which lies close to the well-known Clos du Roi fields, produces probably less than a hundred cases even in a good year. And, by the way, 1934 is one of the best. Although, as Beaunes go, this is a robust wine, it is, of course, much less powerful than its mighty neighbors to the north; it has, however, the *race* and delicacy that one looks for in the finest of the Côte de Nuits. Another Burgundy you may be unacquainted with, as I was, is a Morgeot, a 1934 red from the commune of Chassagne-Montrachet, selected by the late Senator Henry French Hollis for A. N. Luria; $3.50 a bottle. When, immediately on opening this unfamiliar wine, I tasted a few drops, I found it unpleasantly strong of tannin. After a two-

jay thorpe
24 WEST 57



OH, HEAVENLY EVENINGS . . .

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Young Second Floor

hour breathing spell, however, the wine, while retaining all its potency, had completely lost the sharp tannin flavor and had an elegance and finish of which the first tasting had given no promise.

"FASCINATING" is, I realize, an odd adjective to apply to the bone-dry, strong-as-blazes *eau de vie de framboise* produced by Dolfi of Strasbourg and imported by Bellows, but there is a subtle freshness and piquancy about this spirit that makes the word more nearly right than any other I can think of. The *eau de vie* is made from ripe raspberries and has a flavor or a bouquet—it's hard to decide which—that evokes an elusive whisper of the fruit from which it came. Served in a small glass with crushed ice, it makes a reasonable compromise between a liqueur and a cognac, and an ideal warm-weather substitute for either. It's not cheap—around $12.50, at Sherry Wine & Spirits; Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th); Luria; and Lehmann—but you will probably find it a very sound investment. —S. H.

• •

A CONGRESSMAN'S FAREWELL

(ON THE EVE OF A BRIEF RECESS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES)

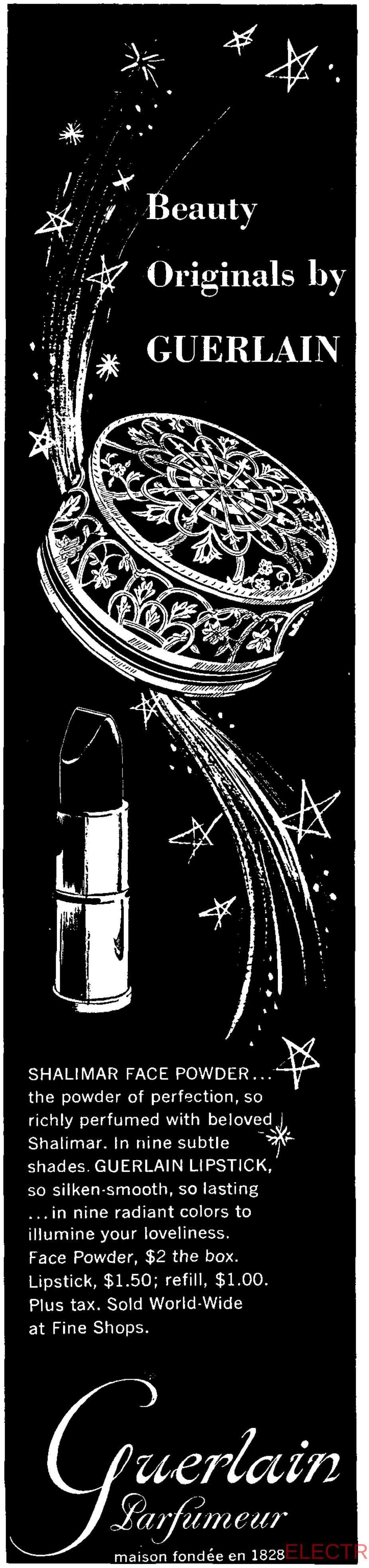
Adieu, sweet dome. Ye roofless halls, adieu,
Where I have swinked and sweat the summer through,
Pondering the work of Messrs. Taft and Hartley
Which we did not undo, not even partly;
Probing the problem of the nation's health
And various plans for squandering its wealth;
Intent on coping with inflation's ills,
And with deflation's monitory chills;
Trying to chart an economic course,
Steered now by Keyserling and now by Nourse.

Now I suggest the absence of a quorum
Within the purlieus of our national forum.
No longer now the corridors athrong
With eager watchers working for the wrong.
Gone now the cameras and the lights of Klieg,
The news reporters running down intrigue,
The liberal prophets of the welfare state,
Whose minds grow narrow as their eyes dilate,
The orators who praise with deathless powers
This grea-ea-ea-ea-ea-eat land of ours.

Reigns silence now in caucus and committee.
The lobbyists evacuate the city.
Investigators pause in their inquiries,
The diarists have nothing for their di'ries,
And those who've sold their worth for five per cent
Are left to prosper in retirement.
Now may the uninvestigated Maragons
Resume their roles as princelings or as paragons.
The major generals in the Pentagon
Will not lament to see the summer gone.
The Capitol policeman on siesta
Dreams he's in Luxembourg with Mrs. Mesta.

Now pause, sweet hostess, pause in thy libation,
Nor mourn the vanished pillars of the nation.
Peace, Wesley Heights, peace, Georgetown, Chevy Chase,
Peace, Silver Spring, peace almost any place.
A truce to dinners at the Carlton, Shoreham;
The Statler, Wardman Park, I can ignore 'em.
Adieu, sweet dome. Ye roofless halls, adieu.
I'll have you know I'm pretty pleased we're through
Until old Janus, with his double face,
Shall usher in another term of Grace.

ROBERT HALE (REPUBLICAN, MAINE)



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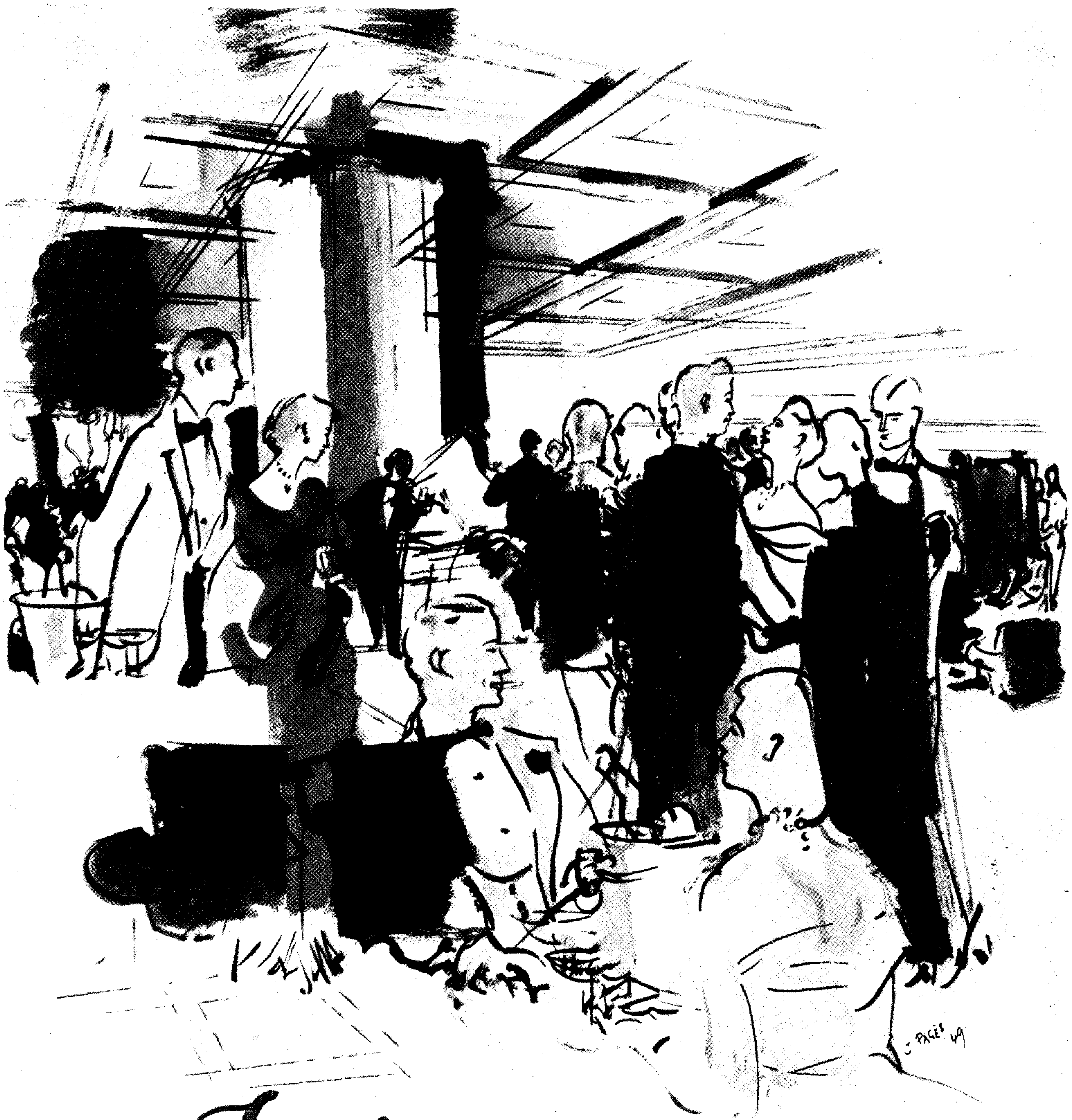

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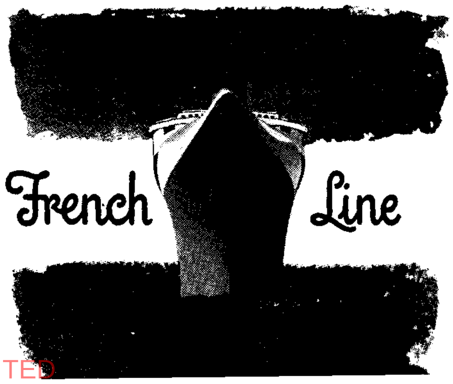

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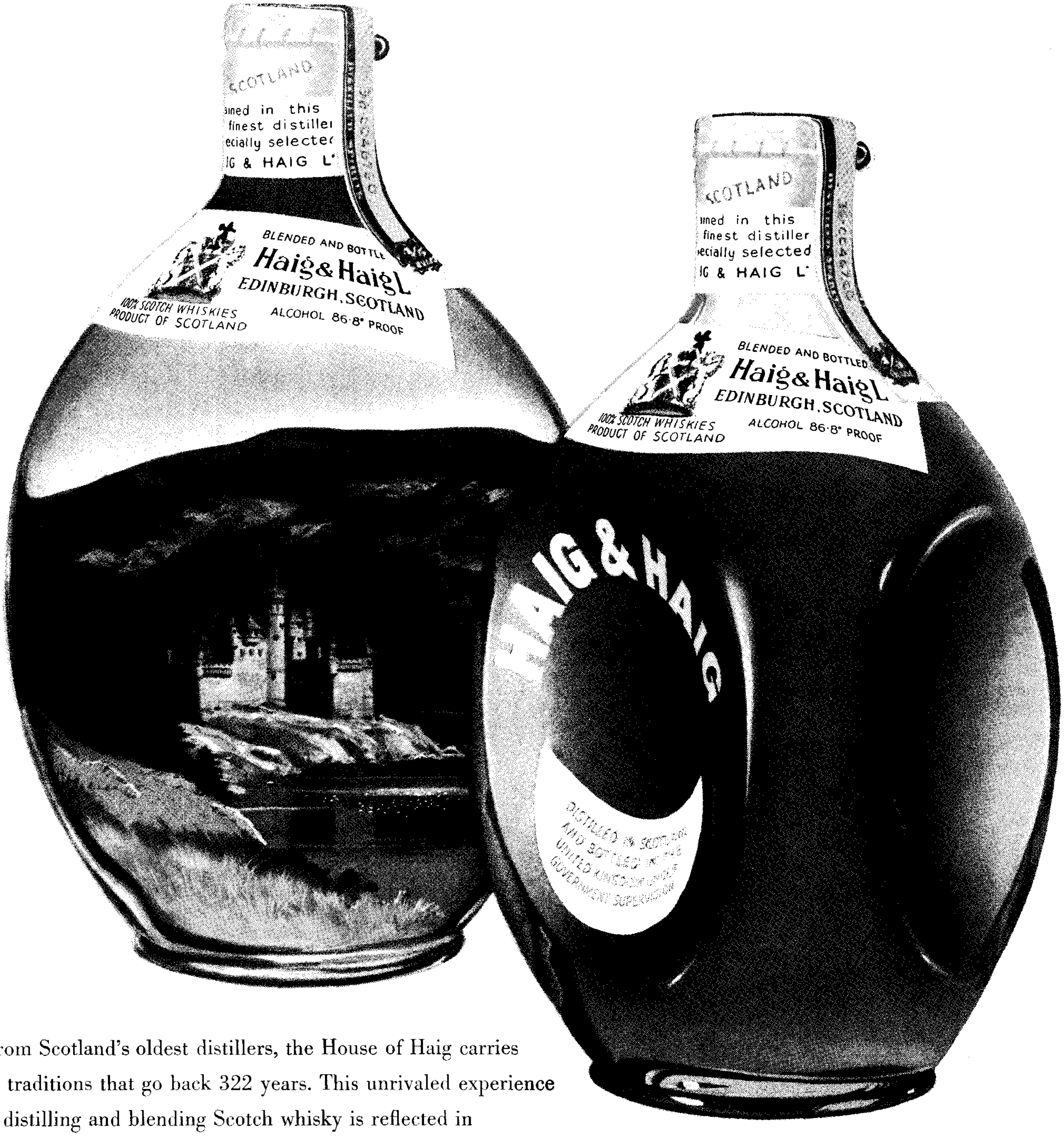
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THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE

A WEEK or so ago, my refrigerator broke down, and I was told there would be a three-day wait before a certain vital part could be replaced. For a while I thumped and poked at the refrigerator's insides, hoping to perform the same sort of miraculous cure that I sometimes achieve by punching the radio when it is out of order. I had finally given up and was sure that the workings of my household were on the verge of collapse, when I recognized the peculiar, moist odor that had begun to issue from the silent refrigerator, and was comforted. That smell had permeated my kitchen in Moscow the whole time I lived there, and, looking back, I knew that keeping a household together for three days without a refrigerator would, after all, be nothing compared to living a year in Russia with one that worked only a few hours a day.

It was not that the refrigerator in our Moscow apartment broke down daily but that the electricity was shut off. Theoretically, we were allowed current from six in the evening until eight in the morning, but in 1945 each neighborhood in Moscow had its own ration of electricity, and when our district had used up its quota, the power would stop. This often happened quite early in the evening, especially if we were having guests for dinner. When I arrived in Russia, in January of that year, to join my husband, who was with the Office of War Information, I found that our apartment had no gas, no hot water, sometimes no cold water, no heat, and a number of broken or cracked windows.

It was on the fourth floor of a six-story apartment house that had been built about 1930 and had been for a number of years one of the show places of Moscow. There were fifty-four apartments, opening off the landings of three stone staircases, which ran up from separate entrances in the front of the building. At one time, the place had boasted various modern facilities, steam heat and hot water among them, but in 1945 there was no fuel, the big radiators were always cold, and any hot water we wanted we had to heat for ourselves. There was an elevator shaft, and an evil looking cage h

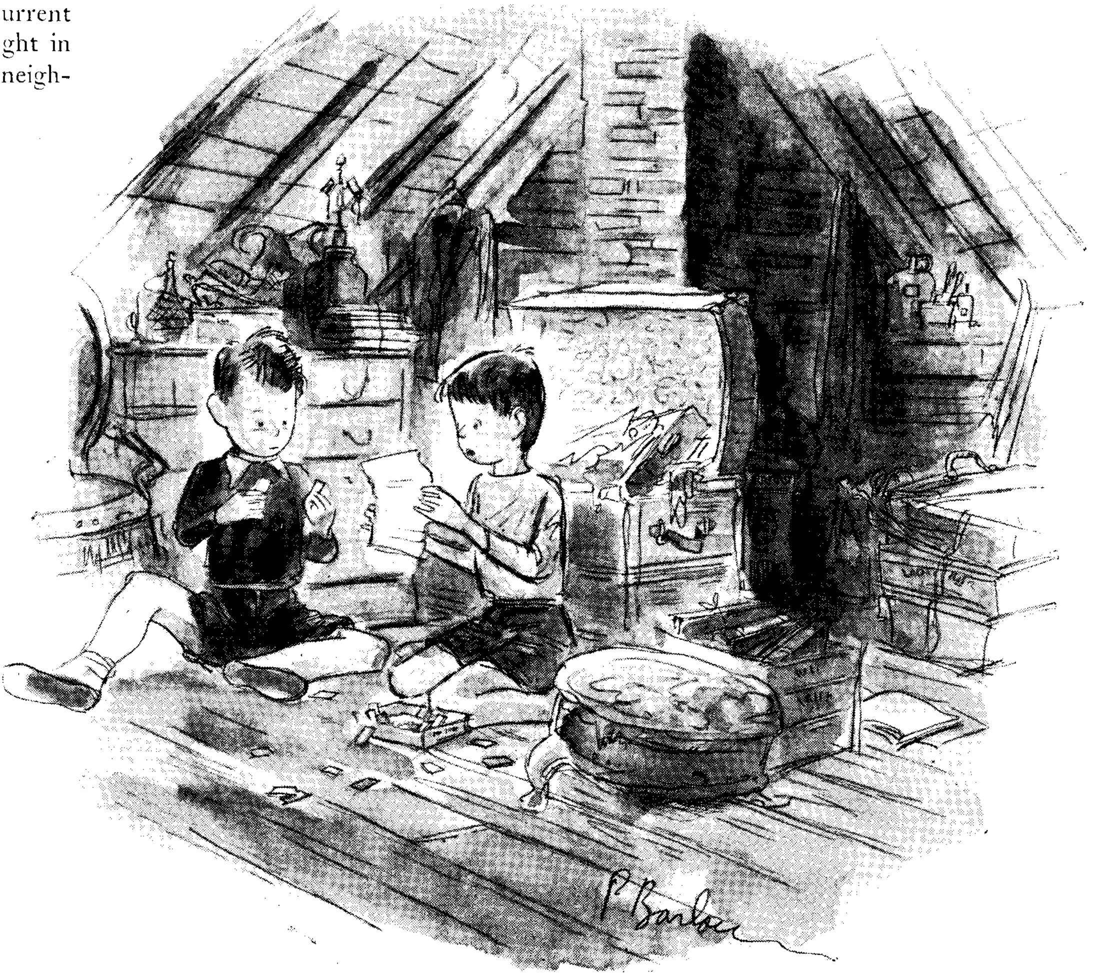
suspended in it, between the third and fourth floors, but the machinery was out of order. Some of our Russian acquaintances claimed the elevator had been in operation before the war, but my husband, who had been in the building when he was in Moscow ten years earlier, said it hadn't worked even then.

Our apartment was arranged around a narrow hall, off which all our rooms opened. The outer door was at one end of it, and the door to the living room—a spacious one, in which we had our meals and were able to give quite sizable dinner parties—at the other. On one side of the hall were the kitchen and our bedroom, and opposite them the bathroom (from which the faucets had been removed because of the wartime need of metal) and the room occupied by Liza, our Russian maid.

My husband had deliberately picked this apartment instead of taking one in the American Embassy or getting rooms in one of the hotels open to foreigners, even though in those places we would have had electricity, gas, and hot water during the day and a certain amount of heat all the time. Militiamen were stationed outside them twenty-four hours a day to inspect the passport of every Russian who entered. Our apartment house was not guarded, and we hoped that we could gradually merge into the life around us and that Russians other than "trained seals," as the people officially permitted to visit foreigners were called, would feel safe about coming to see us.

In our far from luxurious surroundings, our ration of electricity was, of course, precious. It gave us a small area of warmth around our only heater, which we kept in the bedroom, as well as providing current for the lights, the iron, our two tiny hot plates, the radio, and the refrigerator.

The electricity frequently went off for other reasons than the rationing system, and before any action could be



" 'There are twelve tiles which are known as Dragons, comprising four duplicates of each of the three colors. These twelve tiles and the sixteen Winds are called Honors. In addition to these there are eight tiles called Flowers. These are

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taken, we had to determine whether all the lights in the neighborhood were out, or all those in our building, or just our own. If the current went off when dinner was on the hot plates and guests were in the living room, I would light the candles we always kept ready and then rush to the kitchen to help Liza move the food from the hot plates to two equally small kerosene burners. After that, if all the lights in the surrounding buildings were off, there was nothing to do but make the best of it. If the trouble was in our own apartment, Liza and I would take the kitchen table out across our hall and set the wooden box that served as a kitchen chair on it, and I would climb this precarious structure and go to work on the fuses. I never understood the original wiring of that apartment (some Signal Corps men, with the American Military Mission, later redid it for us) or why, when there were four fuses and only one blew out, all the lights in the place went off, but I did learn to repair the fuses with picture wire, in spite of a quaking fear of being shocked. While I worked, Liza would steady the box with one hand and hold a flashlight in the other, and we always knew instantly when I had succeeded, because the refrigerator, in the kitchen, behind us, made a certain kind of noise just before the lights came on. " 'Crick, crick,' says the icebox!" Liza would cry. "The electricity works again!"

This was all very well when our guests were members of the foreign colony or friendly Russians, but when we had more formal or more sensitive Russians, whom I felt I could not leave, Liza would go in search of Victor. Victor was a stunted twelve-year-old with a small, monkeylike face peering out from under a large cap. He lived in one of the other sections of the building and spent a good deal of time sitting on the stairs just below our door. Before tackling the fuses, he would demand a *papirosa*, a paper-tipped Russian cigarette. He would pinch the tip flat, clench it between his tobacco-stained teeth, and smoke so furiously that the cigarette would be gone in a couple of minutes. Then he would go to work, and when he was done, he would ask for more *papirosy* and a snifter of vodka. I always refused him the vodka, because of his youth, but I am sure Liza often gave him a shot anyway, to encourage him to stay around.

IT was when the current in our whole building broke down that a really complicated problem, one that I particularly hated to cope with, arose. Each

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Russian apartment building is supervised by a committee of tenants, and this committee appoints a janitor. In those war days, women were doing even the heaviest manual work, and we had a janitress. She was an extremely embittered woman, with a tremendously loud voice and a long, loose-jawed face that had got her the nickname of *loshadinaya*, which we translated freely as "Horseface." She lived in a slit of a room on the ground floor and spent most of her time in bed, perhaps because it was the only place where she could keep warm, or perhaps because her room was so tiny that the bed almost filled it. Her door was usually open, and I had seen her lying there a number of times before I first spoke to her. Then, one evening when Liza was not at home, the lights in the building went off, and when they hadn't come on again after a while, I went downstairs to find out what was being done about restoring the power.

The janitress had lighted a kerosene lamp, and was in bed. I stood in the doorway of her room and explained, unnecessarily, that the lights were off. She glared at me and hoisted herself out of bed. She was fully clothed except for her high, felt boots, which were standing just inside the door, and she stamped her feet into them, shouting, "At last! Now you have come! This is just what I have waited for!" She lumbered past me, saying darkly, "I know what is wrong with our lights," and hurried up the stairs, with me trailing her, to our apartment. I had left the apartment door ajar, and she strode through it and into the kitchen, grabbed the cord of the refrigerator, and yanked the plug out of its socket. "The foreigners' icebox!" she shouted. "This is the trouble and always has been. You want to make ice to put into your drinks, so you spoil the electricity for all of us!" She continued to yell in this vein as she tramped out and slammed the door behind her.

The apartment we lived in had been occupied by either Americans or other foreigners for years, and the icebox had been passed on from tenant to tenant. When Liza returned, later that night, she told me that the janitress had mistrusted and resented the refrigerator from the day she had moved in, considering it a wasteful contraption, and dangerous as well. To Liza, the refrigerator was a source of enormous pride and social prestige, and she was appalled to learn that I had given the janitress the chance she had obviously been waiting for to get into the apartment and attack

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as she felt she could, and icily explained that the janitress had long been spreading the story among the other tenants and through the neighborhood that the refrigerator was the cause of all the light failures in our building.

The swiftness and violence of the janitress had so surprised me that I had been unable to argue with her, but, belatedly, I was very angry, and I made up my mind to shout back at her the next time. When the opportunity came, I was well primed. I knew that our refrigerator had not caused the previous failure. The current had been on the next night, and no electrician had so much as come to our apartment to look for the trouble in the meantime. And I had learned from Courtyard Aunt, the old woman who swept the stairs and courtyard, what had happened. A woman on a lower floor had laid bare two wires (all the wires in the building ran in loops and festoons along the walls) and connected her electric heater to them.

THE next current failure in the building came just two days after our apartment had been completely rewired with American equipment.

"Mother of my birth, this nightmare of a machine once more!" the janitress yelled as she charged through our door not more than five minutes after the lights had gone off. Behind her, in the outer hall, were several tenants from other apartments, and since this was the first time any of them had had the courage to come so close to our door, I was certain that Horseface had marshalled them. I followed her into the kitchen, where we were still in plain sight of her followers.

"If you must disconnect the refrigerator, pull on the plug and not on the wire," I said.

This stopped her momentarily, and in a slightly lower but very sarcastic voice she asked, "And what does one know about electricity?"

"Sufficient to know that our icebox is not at fault," I said firmly, "and also to say, with truth, that our apartment is more safely wired than any other. Look and see."

During this exchange, the group around the open door had swelled into a small crowd. When the janitress did not take up my challenge, a man in a fur cap pushed his way forward. "I will look at these wires," he said. "I know all about electricity."

He stepped into the hall, untied the chin strings of his cap, removed it, gave

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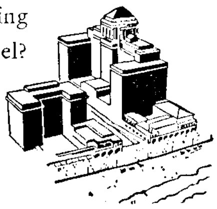

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nounced his name. Then he set off on a tour of the apartment. Emboldened, several women edged their way into the kitchen to get a closer, candlelit view of the machine that was accused of making all their lights go out. Others followed, crowding in excitedly, and Liza, who had come from her room on hearing the commotion, seized the opportunity to open the door of the refrigerator and boast about its advantages and accomplishments.

The visitors were enchanted, and the janitress, evidently sensing that she had made a tactical error and that feeling was running against her, delivered a speech. "One does not need such a thing to live," she said, in her enormous voice. "There are more important things than ice to be made. This machine is a decadent luxury, and the foreigners think they cannot live without it. Besides, it is dangerous."

At that moment, the icebox went "Crick!," the electricity came on, and I thought I was completely vindicated. "There! You see?" I said. "You didn't touch my icebox. You didn't find anything wrong here. It cannot be our fault."

The janitress's little Party-line dissertation had done its work, however, and my co-tenants backed out of the kitchen, bobbing their heads dutifully and saying to one another, "Who wants an icebox? They are obviously dangerous machines." Horseface, the last to go, made an unpleasant, sneering sound at me, cast a critical glance around the lighted room, and shouted, "Three rooms and a kitchen in which only three people live! This is too expensive of space!" She stamped out and banged the door.

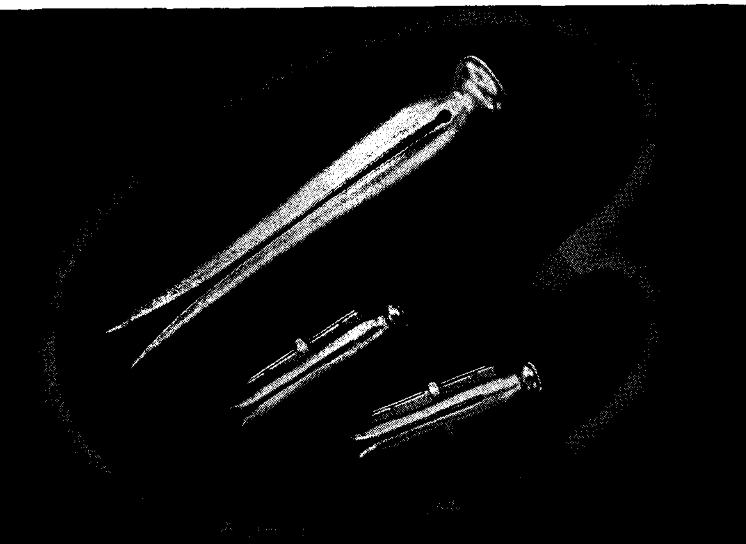
I had forgotten the man who knew all about electricity, and when I went back into the living room, there he was, fingering the chairs and lamps and muttering, "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"What did you think of our wiring?" I asked.

"Also wonderful, also wonderful. American?"

I nodded, and he left the apartment, wagging his head from side to side, saying, "Eh, eh! Wonderful! Eh, eh!"

I THOUGHT the controversy over the icebox would die down in time, and went out of my way to speak pleasantly to the janitress whenever I met her, but she did not return my greetings or soften at all. I worked during the mornings at the Moscow office of the O.W.I., and one day, com-



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

saw that Liza was entertaining a group of women in the kitchen. I knew that she was much sought after, because she had access to more food than most Russians had seen for many years. As foreigners, we were given the choicest spot in the rationing system. We held what was called a Diplomat's Number One ration card, which put us on a par with Red Army generals and gave us more food, and more of a variety of food, than almost anyone else—even commissars. In addition, we were able to get canned goods and other nonperishable supplies from the Embassy. I had been told by Courtyard Aunt that Liza often had coffee gatherings *in the mornings*—a practice that had seemed harmless enough as long as my husband and I didn't have to go without coffee ourselves. This was the first time I had happened on such a gathering, and though I made no comment, but simply called a general "Good morning" to them as I went up the hall, all the visitors began to scurry to the door. Even from the living room, I could not help hearing their low-voiced conversation, as Russian is a particularly sibilant language, and what struck me was that Liza's departing visitors were thanking her not only for coffee and cake but for the chance to witness the marvels of the refrigerator. Suddenly, I thought I knew why my overtures to the janitress had met with such surly silence. I suspected that Liza had been using our coffee and cakes to solicit the support of the women tenants of our building for her refrigerator and lure them from the janitress and the Party line.

This sort of campaign struck me as a serious threat to our peaceful tenancy, and so it turned out to be. Since my battle with the janitress, our garbage had been left uncollected for days, and the tiny bulb that lit the landing outside the apartment had been removed, leaving the place dark. The petty persecutions increased. One evening, well before midnight, the janitress banged fiercely on our door and demanded that we turn off our radio. She must have been lurking on the landing listening, for it would have been impossible for her to hear the radio in her room, on the first floor. After that, she continued to object to the radio, though she never tried to restrain the Red Army colonel who lived next door to us and tuned in the British Broadcasting Corporation at two o'clock each morning to get music, so that he and his family and friends could dance and sing.

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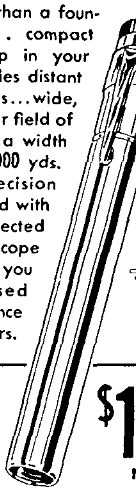

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itself, but apart from the unpleasantness of these discriminations the real, and fairly sacrificial, purpose of our choosing to live in a frigid, unlighted, bathless apartment was being lost. The battle between Liza and the janitress, with the prestige of the icebox at stake, was attracting unfortunate notice to us in the neighborhood. Furthermore, the janitress took to watching the comings and goings of our guests rather ostentatiously, and since it required a good deal of courage for Russians to visit the home of foreigners in any case, we began to feel that we could make few new acquaintances and might even have trouble keeping those we already had. I decided that the icebox was more trouble than it was worth and that I would get rid of it.

This was not the major decision that it would be in America. The Russian rationing system required daily buying, and the amount of fresh food we could purchase each time certainly did not make an icebox a necessity, especially in an unheated apartment. It was a convenience, of course, but we liked it chiefly because it made ice. My husband now agreed to drink his after-dinner highballs warm. I asked the Embassy to send for the refrigerator.

I ran into an immediate complication with Liza. She was extremely upset when I told her of my decision, and I could understand how she felt, since I knew its absence would detract from her standing among her friends. I had heard her many times, in the kitchen or over the telephone, irrelevantly bring the icebox into her conversations. "Just as I was opening the refrigerator door this morning, I recalled that I had not seen you for several days," she would say. Or, "Last night, when I was getting ice from the refrigerator, I made up my mind to call you this very day."

I CANNOT now recall why the icebox was not removed immediately, but there could have been any number of reasons, from intricate State Department paperwork down to a lack of transportation. Anyhow, it wasn't called for, and several days after I had telephoned, Liza came to me with what she said was a large request. She was about my height, but some childhood accident had resulted in a shortening of one leg, and whenever she wanted to beg a favor, she would rest her weight on the shorter leg and look up at me defenselessly. Standing so, she told me that as a reward for good schoolwork her ten-year-old niece had been given

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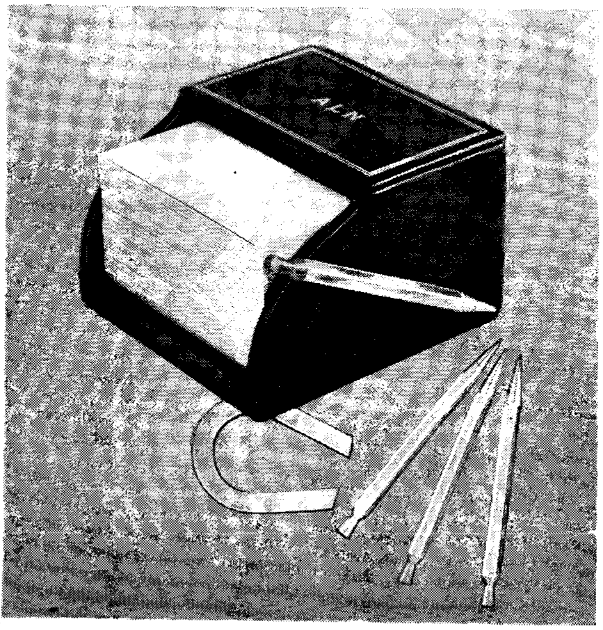

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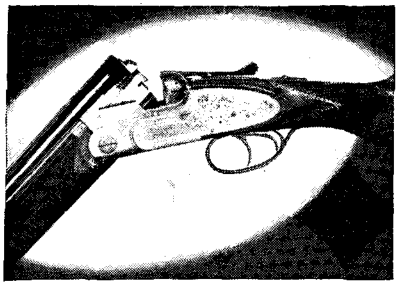

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Easter, and the only place the child could stay was with her. Would I permit this? I said "Of course," and Liza went on to tell me that the child's name was Angela, that she lived on a state farm, where her mother worked, and that what she wanted to see in Moscow was not the Kremlin, where Stalin lived, or Red Square but the miraculous icebox that her Aunt Liza was constantly describing in letters. According to Liza, the child did not believe it really existed.

I suspected that this was, at least in part, a design to get me to reverse my decision on the removal of the refrigerator. If so, it succeeded, and I countermanded my request to the Embassy. There was no question, however, but that Angela's interest was genuine. She arrived the day before Easter and, limp with terror at meeting her first foreigner, was half dragged, half pushed to the door of the living room to be presented to me. Then, unbelievably bold though the question must have seemed to her, she took a small step into the living room and quickly, almost inaudibly, asked, "Is it permitted, Madam—is it permitted for me to see the icemaker at once?"

I said it was, and followed her and Liza into the kitchen. Liza opened the door of the refrigerator, and Angela squealed with delight and excitement when she saw the light inside. Then Liza took out one of the ice trays and showed her the cubes, and she shook her head in ecstasy, her long blond pigtails swinging behind her.

Angela stayed two days and three nights, and haunted the kitchen all her waking hours. On the second day of her stay, I gave her an Easter present. No dye was available, so I boiled two eggs in onion skins, to turn them a bright yellow. I made a nest of tissue paper in an old Hershey-bar box, laid the eggs on it, and surrounded them with Life Savers. This was Angela's only Easter gift. It made her less frightened of me, so when I went to the kitchen that evening to get some ice, she was courageous enough to follow and watch. "Would you like to take out the ice, Angela?" I asked, handing her a tray.

"Oh, Madam!" she whispered, taking the tray from me and balancing it on her palms, as though it were something precious. She reached up to the faucets over the dark-gray stone structure that was our sink and ran water on the tray, as she had seen Liza do, gabbling all the while about what she would tell her school friends. Then, as

"... fit for the gods!"

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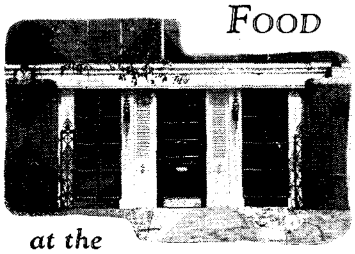

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a bowl, she turned to me and said sadly, "But they will never, never believe me, Madam."

I HAD many times seen expressions of downright disbelief on the faces of our Russian visitors as they looked through American magazines gaudy with advertisements for refrigerators much more elegant than mine, automobiles, glistening kitchenware, baby carriages, washing machines, and things whose purpose they could not guess but were too proud to ask about. I had never shown any of them the refrigerator, because, at first, that had not seemed precisely a social gesture, and, later, when I had learned what a curiosity it was, I had been diffident about displaying it. I had felt I must be considered overprivileged as it was, having a whole apartment, with a kitchen, for one family. Now, however, thinking about what Angela had said and remembering the intense, childlike interest that my guests took in the simplest piece of equipment, it occurred to me that possibly a look at the refrigerator would outweigh the fears of our friends that their visits would be reported by the janitress. The idea seemed worth a trial, and I decided to experiment with Nina, the girl who came to cut my husband's hair and wash mine.

Ordinarily, Nina waited in the bathroom while I heated water in the kitchen and carried it in to the washbasin. The next time she came, I asked her to help me. She followed me to the kitchen so eagerly that there was no possible doubt that she had been anxious to see what we had there. I thought she seemed surprised and disappointed at first, but then she saw the refrigerator and asked, "What is this machine?"

I explained its functions, and she was completely overcome, saying that she had heard about refrigerators but had never thought she would live to see one. Please, she asked, might she bring her boy friend to view it? I delightedly said she might.

After that it was easy. I soon learned that not one Russian, except perhaps a few nervous young officials, had been in our home without wanting to nose around the kitchen. I also discovered that this curiosity had been prompted by their desire to see the canned foods they expected to find stacked from floor to ceiling. Lend-lease got very little publicity in Moscow, but the Russians knew American cans when they saw them—they saw them fairly often on store shelves—and they supposed that if America had so much to spare, there

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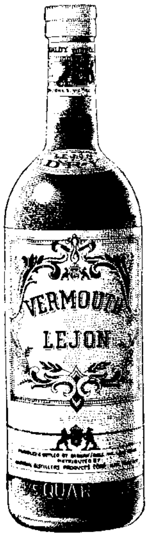

DRY OR
SWEET

would, naturally, be crates upon crates of cans in an American household. There were never more than a few cans in evidence in our kitchen, and that was why Nina had looked disappointed at first. But, as with her, the initial disappointment of our guests that we had no cache of food was swept away by the sight of the refrigerator.

I would be asked to take out the trays, turn the dial from "High" to "Low" and explain how everything worked. If it was evening and the power was on, the bulb inside the refrigerator would light when the door opened, and my admiring guests would declare that I was demonstrating a miracle. Friends of ours brought friends of theirs, who had scoffed on being told of the refrigerator, and our kitchen was often crowded and noisy. Occasionally, it was the scene of bitter arguments about what was "needful" and what was "wasteful luxury."

The victory of the refrigerator over the janitress was nothing less than spectacular, and in a short while she sank into a hostile impotence, quite unable any longer to deter her fellow-citizens from coming to inspect the marvellous machine. Eventually, she was replaced by a Red Army veteran who made the rest of our stay in Moscow a period of comparative comfort and amiability. He, providentially, developed an attachment for Liza, displayed a vast appetite for our food, and took boundless delight in all of our electrical equipment.

—Tracey Phillips

•

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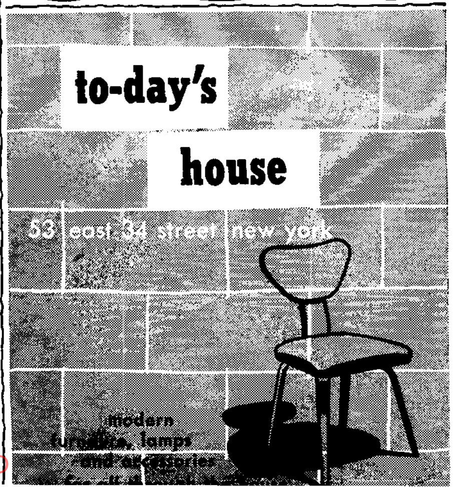
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

IT is surprising that a piece as stunning as Debussy's "Jeux" hadn't been recorded before Victor got around to it not long ago, but I can find no evidence of a previous recording. In Victor album 1276, it is performed gracefully and expressively by the Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, in Rome, conducted by Victor de Sabata. The music, besides possessing the delicacy and the rich atmospheric quality characteristic of Debussy in all his periods, has the faintly eerie cast that is to be found in other late works of his. "Jeux" was written in 1912 for the Ballet Russe. Unfortunately, it was overshadowed, two weeks after its première, in 1913, by the first performance of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and after half a dozen presentations, it was never seen again. (Both works were choreographed by Nijinsky.)

The ballet "Jeux" was about tennis players, and its movements were angular and stylized. It had to do with the carefree, fleeting love affairs of youth—all a game, you see. The score is highly rhythmic and shimmering with the suggestion of lovely waltzes. It is spellbound music, dreamy and impulsive, and its charm is heightened by abrupt contrasts in volume, so numerous that they become an important part of the pattern. The effect is somewhat like that of sitting in a garden not far from a house where a party is in progress, and being tantalized by a gust of fanciful music each time the door is opened for a moment. In its cool observation of sudden ardors, it calls to mind Ravel's "La Valse," but it is a more subtle piece and is not, for the most part, in waltz time. And it has none of the sardonic quality and none of the cumulative effect of "La Valse." It is tender, a trifle wry, and altogether a remarkably engaging piece of music.

A DELIGHTFUL album of early-eighteenth-century Italian piano music, played by Vera Franceschi, has been put out recently by Cetra-Soria (No. 13). It contains Alessandro Scarlatti's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Baldassare Galuppi's Sonata in D Major, and five short sonatas by Domenico Cimarosa—Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, and 8. These are all infrequently heard, have considerable beauty, and of their composers. Miss Franceschi plays them superbly. It is an admirable set, one of the most attractive in the piano line that have come along in some time.

A RECORDING by Ljuba Welitch, the fireball of the Metropolitan Opera last season, of Tatiana's letter scene from Tchaikovsky's most popular opera, "Eugen Onegin," is presented in Columbia album 310 and on one side of a long-playing record (Columbia 2048) that has on the other side her dazzling rendition of the closing scene from "Salome." Since the Philharmonia Orchestra, an English group, under the direction of Walter Susskind, accompanies her in the "Eugen Onegin" excerpt, I assume that is an earlier recording than the "Salome" selection, in which she is accompanied by the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, under Fritz Reiner. Although the letter scene is not nearly as enkindling an experience as the other, it is in its own right a bright and affecting performance of some touching music.

THERE is some enjoyable listening in a group of Latin-American songs recorded a short time ago by the de Paur Infantry Chorus, a first-rate male singing group, which works without accompaniment. It is combined, on Columbia long-playing record 4144, with the outfit's earlier "Songs of Faith." The Latin-American numbers, which include "Ugly Woman," an old Calypso favorite of mine, are varied and appealing, and I was especially taken by the way the boys supplied the required Latin rhythms with their voices. The other selections are "De Handsome Man" and "Mourning Song," both Calypsos; "Casinha Pequenina," "Folga Nêgo," and "Côco do Norte," Brazilian folk songs; and a Mexican folk song entitled "La Llorona." Leonard de Paur, the conductor, made all the arrangements, and they're fine. It's an excellent chorus, and this is a winning collection, in a lighter vein than the "Songs of Faith."

ANOTHER recording of Stravinsky's restlessly interesting Concerto for Two Solo Pianos has come along. This one (Columbia long-playing record 4157) is by Vitya Vronsky and her husband, Victor Babin, and it is superior, I think, to the earlier

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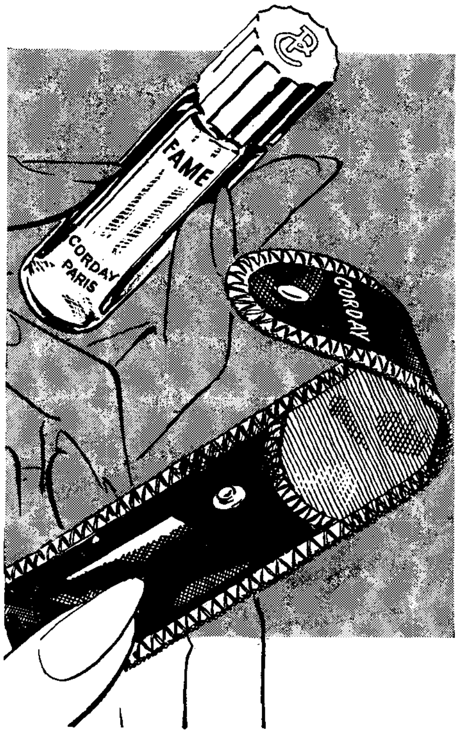

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album 634). This record also offers an earlier Vronsky and Babin rendition of some Russian pieces arranged by Babin. Among these is a version of the "Dance of the Tumblers," from Rimski-Korsakov's opera "Snegourotchka," that struck me as more muscular than the popular orchestral arrangement. . . . Three enchanting Elizabethan songs, taken from John Dowland's "Second Book of Ayres, 1600," are splendidly sung, to a guitar accompaniment, by the Danish tenor Aksel Schiøtz, on Victor 45-r.p.m. single 49-0406. Their titles are "Flow My Tears," "Shall I Sue?," and "Now Cease My Wandering Eyes." . . . Of the newer Mozart recordings, I found most pleasure in the masterly reading by the Hungarian String Quartet of the Quartet No. 15 in D Minor, a handsome exhibit of melancholia. . . . A very light and fetching bit of Mozart, the "Menuet" from the Divertimento No. 17 in D, is expertly played by Jascha Heifetz, in his own violin transcription, on Victor 45-r.p.m. single 49-0453. Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," as transcribed for the violin by Joseph Achron, is offered by Heifetz on the other side, in an equally agreeable performance. Emanuel Bay is the able piano accompanist. . . . An exceptionally lovely and graceful orchestral piece by Respighi, the "Court Air," from "Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute" (Third Suite), is performed with full appreciation by the Philadelphia Orchestra, its beautiful string section to the fore, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, on Columbia 78-r.p.m. single 12973-D and Microgroove single 3-1900. —D. W.

•

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Lucas. That is correct. The only thing I am trying to do is to save a little time. Every day some Senator asks me, "When are we going to get away? Can't you hurry things along just a little in the Senate, Senator Lucas? I would like to go down to North Carolina and do a little trout fishing, or I would like to go up North and get a little sunshine in Canada, or some other argument, even more plausible."

Mr. Wiley. Wisconsin.

Mr. Lucas. Yes. I should like to go to northern Wisconsin myself. I have a little summer home there.

Mr. McFarland. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. Lucas. I yield.

Mr. McFarland. Arizona has the best sunshine.

Mr. Lucas. I have heard differently

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Ithaca, N. Y.
August 30, 1949

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I WAS quite taken with Helen Bevington's sensitive account of her adventures under an academic moon that appeared in the July 30th issue of your magazine, which I have just come upon, following my return from my vacation. I fear, however, that the poem requires a bit of annotation if the lay reader is to appreciate the psychological forces at play in the situation Miss Bevington describes.

A certain amount of difficulty is created, I think, by the esoteric nature of the perceptual phenomenon to which the professor alludes and which provides the orientation for subsequent developments. Miss Bevington and the professor are walking in the moonlight, you remember. The professor comments upon the extraordinary relation that obtains between the appearance of the moon (its apparent size, to be specific) and the posture of the observer. He proposes an informal experiment, and soon the two are lying on the grass for the purpose of observing the satellite in radically altered perspective. In her poem, Miss Bevington suggests that she was not entirely oblivious of the consequences likely to flow from an exercise of this kind. But what of the professor's motivation? Was the moon story a base fabrication, a thin pretext designed to gain him a personal advantage? It occurs to me that readers unacquainted with the possibilities of psychophysical research may too readily incline toward this uncharitable interpretation. I should like, therefore, to testify that the perceptual processes in question have a respectable scientific status and have for centuries excited intense curiosity in some of the world's most able minds. I myself prefer to believe that the professor was genuinely interested in lunar phenomenology and that Miss Bevington witnessed a dramatic transition from cortical to visceral control of behavior under the influence of irresistible situational vectors.

The fact that the moon appears to be much larger at the horizon than it does in elevation has stimulated a good deal of thought and research The phenomenon has come to be known as the

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G. Boring of Harvard noted a few years ago in a discussion of the problem (*American Journal of Physics*, April, 1943, v. XI, pp. 55-60), "the evidence is overwhelming that [it] depends upon the physiological properties of the observer and not upon physical factors external to him. . . . When the moon is big upon the horizon," Professor Boring suggests, "lie down on your back with your head toward the moon, hanging the head over a log or stone or the edge of a table. The moon, huge but a moment before, is now quite small, small enough to make you exclaim. Or stoop over and view the horizon moon between your legs. Again it shrinks. So the perceived size of the moon must depend on the properties of the biological viewing mechanism and is thus truly an illusion."

Many attempts have been made to account for the moon illusion. Ptolemy regarded it as a contrast effect, contending that the horizon moon appears large by contrast with seemingly adjacent terrestrial objects. For a long time, this explanation was considered satisfactory, but a moment's thought given to the results of the gymnastics described by Professor Boring reveals its inadequacy. Recently, Professor Boring's further researches have clearly demonstrated that the illusion is to a considerable extent caused by the position of the eyes in the head—technically known as the "angle of regard"—and that the orientation of the body as a whole is relatively unimportant. One may convince oneself of the validity of this conclusion without loss of dignity and with none but ocular exertion. Simply stand erect facing the horizon moon. Now tilt the head forward about forty-five degrees and look at the moon by elevating the eyes. Its size is markedly reduced. Had Miss Bevington's professor been cognizant of these findings, he might have been spared what I can only suppose was considerable embarrassment. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Sincerely yours,

M. E. BITTERMAN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Newport News* (*Va.*) *Daily Press*]

DENVER, Aug. 6—(AP)—The face of the short man who stepped out of the plane at the Denver airport looked familiar.

"I know your face," another man said, "but I can't call the name. Don't you tend a bar in Denver?" The little man smiled. "I do not tend bar in Denver,"

ANNALS OF CRIME

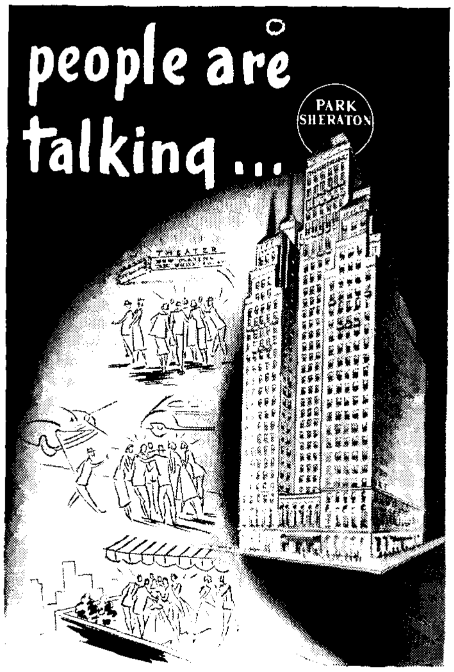
OLD EIGHT EIGHTY—III

WHEN the most intensive man hunt in the history of counterfeiting came to an end, early in 1948, it turned out that the object of the man hunt had not been trying to hide. The counterfeiter was known to the New York office of the Secret Service as Old Eight Eighty, after the number of the file that was kept on the counterfeit bills he passed. The circumstances of his capture proved to be as exasperating to the Secret Service men as everything else about the case had been. The counterfeiter had passed forty or fifty crude, homemade one-dollar bills every month for nearly ten years, and was still passing them, in spite of the fact that Secret Service men had trudged all over the upper West Side of Manhattan looking for him and had set no fewer than ten thousand traps for him. These traps were in the form of ten thousand storekeepers in that vast section who had been visited by the Secret Service men and given minute instructions about detecting the counterfeit bills and what to do if anybody handed them one. In addition, the Secret Service had distributed two hundred thousand circulars about the counterfeit bills to storekeepers all over the metropolitan area and to banks throughout the country. The Secret Service had also seen to it that millions of radio listeners were repeatedly told to watch out for Old Eight Eighty's dollar bills. The capture, when it finally took place, had no connection with any of this activity. Fate, rather than Secret Service men or any other men, interrupted the career of Old Eight Eighty. Fate required some human aid after her initial blow—a fire in Old Eight Eighty's apartment—had been struck, and she thereupon chose, in a characteristically frivolous manner, nine gawky boys of the upper West Side, ranging in age from ten to fifteen, to deliver the coup de grâce. When the Secret Service men at last laid eyes on Old Eight Eighty, they found it hard to believe what their eyes told them. He was a happy-looking little old septuagenarian with a fringe of snow-white hair and a wispy white mustache. He admitted everything and showed no signs of remorse. He had a provoking habit of answering serious questions with absent-minded and irrelevant loquaciousness. In the course of his rambling replies, he would pause, look at his inquisitors brightly and gaily, and then grin at them toothlessly. Thus the Secret Service men were confronted, on the one hand, by a prisoner who seemed to be on the verge of senility and, on the other, by a group of material witnesses who were rankly pubescent.

The forlorn and painstaking records of the interviews and other encounters the Secret Service men had with the unbearded boys and with the toothless counterfeiter produce in the heart and soul of any red-blooded American an inclination to flip over the pages of the Secret Service files and read about some other case, some episode of the kind for which the Secret Service is justifiably celebrated. This inclination is easily gratified. The solving of counterfeiting cases by the Secret Service is ordinarily like so much clockwork. Even a hasty glance at the other files of the New York office of the Secret Service covering the year in which Old Eight Eighty was apprehended fulfills the most romantic expectations. There is, for example, the Soroka case, reassuring in every way, which goes like this:

The New York office learns that an underworld character named Joseph Soroka alias Mousie Joe alias Jersey Joe is trying to dispose of a hundred thousand dollars in first-rate counterfeit money in the respectable denomination of twenty-dollar bills. A teletype message to San Francisco causes a Secret Service man out there (who is not likely to be recognized by any New York counterfeiters) to hop on an eastbound Constellation. Next day, he is instructed by U. E. Baughman, then supervising agent of the New York office and now chief of the whole Secret Service, to pose as a West Coast gangster who is in the market for a good-sized batch of the stuff. The agent seeks out Soroka at an East Side bar-and-grill, gets into a conversation with him about the West Coast rackets, buys him drinks, flatters him, and eventually confides in him that he has come East to pick up a wad of the queer. Soroka is cautious. No wool can be pulled over his eyes with ease. The agent discovers that Soroka admires but has never seen a certain famous upper-bracket racketeer who hangs out at a luxurious café in the East Fifties. Another agent accordingly poses as this racketeer, is introduced to Soroka at the café by the undercover agent, and, after the undercover agent has tactfully left them alone together, tells Soroka that the undercover agent is an O.K. guy and can be trusted with anything and everything. Soroka enthusiastically starts negotiations with the first agent for the sale of a hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit twenties. Soroka and the agent become pals. A price is agreed upon—seventy-five hundred dollars in good money for the hundred thousand dollars in bad money. The agent learns who manufactured the twenties and where made for turning over the stuff. Soroka brings it in a shoebox to a room in a midtown hotel, where the agent is waiting for him. Another member of the gang comes along with Soroka to be sure he doesn't powder with the payoff money, which is to be apportioned among the members of the mob. The confederate waits in the lobby while Soroka goes to the room. Soroka is arrested by the undercover agent as he hands over the shoebox full of twenties, and another agent handcuffs the confederate in the lobby. Simultaneously, still other agents raid the plant, which is in Jersey City. Six more of Soroka's confederates are arrested—photoengravers, printers, passers. The printing press is confiscated, but the plates from which the twenties were made are missing. One of the confederates confesses that the plates were thrown into the Passaic River from a bridge near Newark after the money was printed. The plates are recovered the next day by United States Navy divers. The plates check with the twenties in the shoebox. Soroka and his seven confederates are indicted, convicted, and sent to federal penitentiaries. It's just so much clockwork.

THERE was very little clockwork in the taking of Old Eight Eighty. One afternoon in January, 1948, seven of the nine upper West Side boys were fooling around a vacant lot near Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street. There was snow on the ground, and while scuffling in it they came upon an assortment of interesting junk that had not been in that lot the last time they played there. There were old automobile tires, two or three wrecked baby carriages, some sheets of rusty corrugated iron, a beat-up bird cage, and all sorts of odds and ends that an undiscriminating junkman might have picked up in the gutters and areaways of the neighborhood. The boys' names, later ferreted out and written down by Secret Service men, were Edward Movel, Teddy Sweeney, Gilbert Medina, Paul Ramos, John Melvin, John Hawthorne, and Richard Bealer. Five of them were around fifteen. Hawthorne and Bealer were ten and twelve, respectively. Burrowing into the snow-covered junk, these two found two zinc engraving plates and about thirty funny-looking dollar bills. Although thousands of American adults had accepted the same kind of bills as genuine during the preceding decade, these two American boys, Hawthorne and Bealer, instantly recognized them as arrantly phony. "Look—stage money!" one of them cried, and the older



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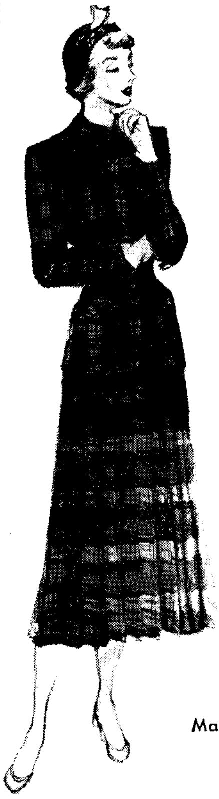

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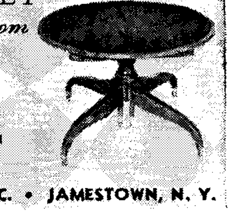

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SELL'S LIVER PATE

fellows gathered around. Hawthorne and Bealer were generous. They kept the plates but divvied up the stage money with the other guys.

This reasonably lively episode was followed by a dull period, during which the boys played innocent and unprofitable practical jokes on other boys with the fake bills. After ten days of this, young Sweeney's father, one afternoon, happened upon his son and some of the other boys playing stud poker in his cellar. They were using some of the funny-looking money. The elder Sweeney examined the bills and decided that they might not be stage money, they might be counterfeit. He took them away from the boys and gave them to a desk sergeant at the West 100th Street Police Station. The desk sergeant turned them over to Detectives North and Behrens, of the same station house. Late that evening, North telephoned the New York office of the Secret Service and told the staff man on duty that they had a small batch of what looked like counterfeit dollar bills. North, who had been understandably bored by the whole business, was flabbergasted by the excited tone in which the Secret Service man replied. "You'd have thought I was Dick Tracy calling in a hot tip to the chief," he said later. The Secret Service man asked him to look at the lettering under the portrait of George Washington on the bills and see how the name "Washington" was spelled. North looked, laughed, and told the Secret Service man that it was, idiotically, spelled "Wahsington." Without waiting to hear any more, the Secret Service man (whose name is not given here because the Secret Service adheres to a policy of anonymity) told North to hold everything, that he or some other agent would be right up. Three Secret Service men arrived a little after midnight. They went at once to see the elder Sweeney at his home, down the street from the police station. He woke up his son, who told the Secret Service men all he knew—that the bills had been found in the vacant lot near Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street, that Hawthorne and Bealer had kept the zinc plates, and that he didn't know their addresses but could point out the apartment houses they lived in. The Secret Service men decided to let that go until morning.

Shortly after nine that morning, young Sweeney showed two Secret Service men the apartment houses in which Hawthorne and Bealer lived, but they had some difficulty in nailing the

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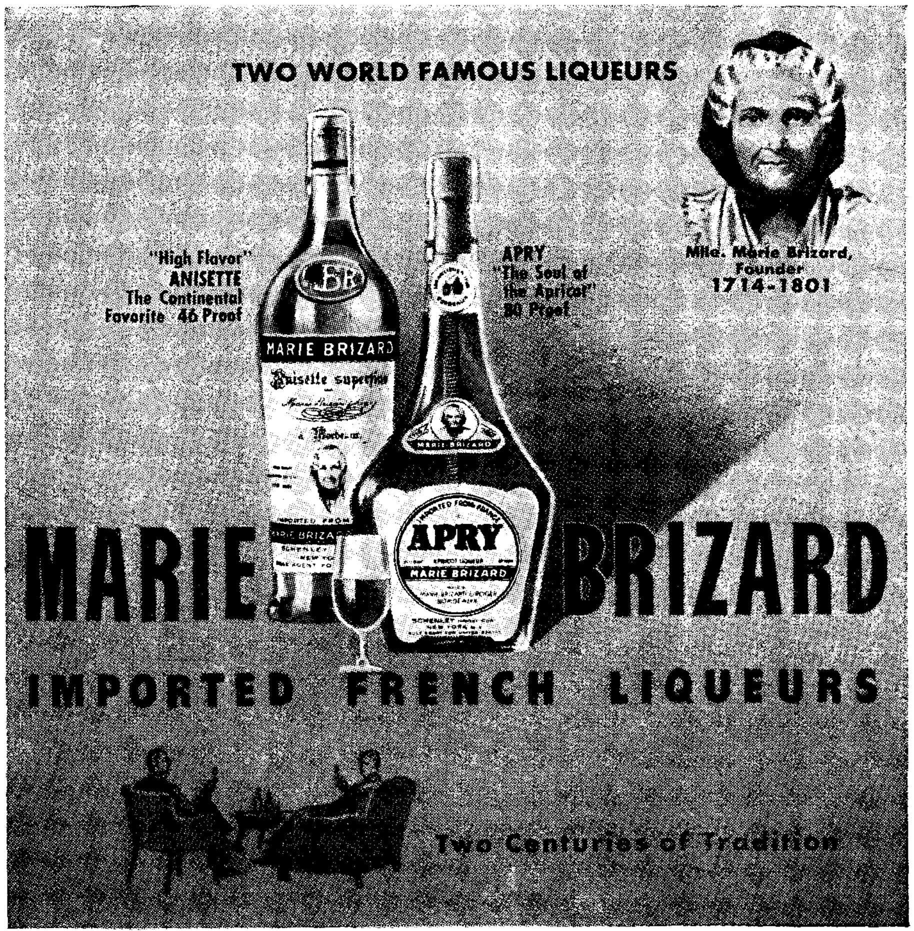

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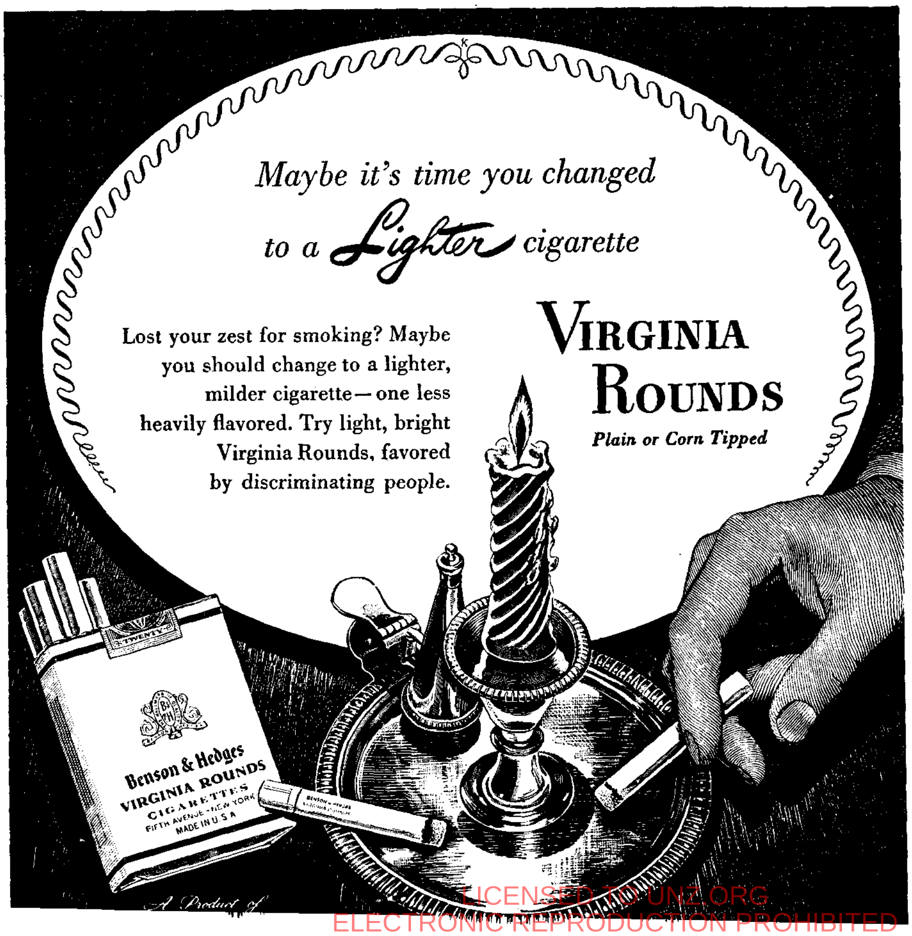
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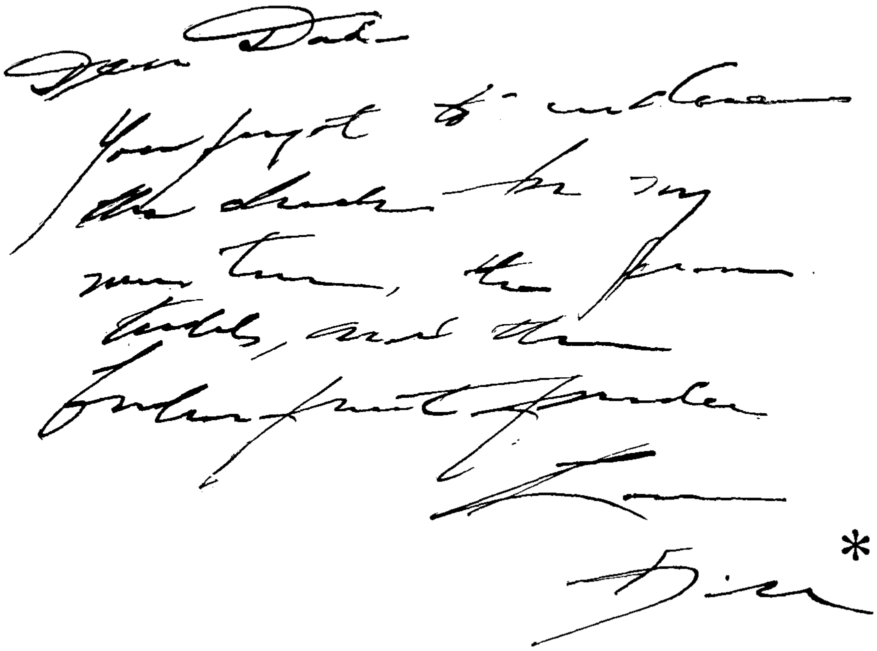
gone off without leaving word as to where they would be. The Secret Service men followed all the tips that young Sweeney was able to give them, and after several hours nabbed Hawthorne in a playground just south of Ninety-sixth Street. Hawthorne came clean. He had given Bealer a used catcher's mitt in return for full possession of the zinc plates and had afterward traded the plates to Robert Boyle, aged eleven, for a Japanese bayonet. He didn't know Boyle's address, but he could point out where Boyle lived. Boyle was out, but the Secret Service men waited until he came home for a rather late lunch. Boyle made no effort to cover up. He had traded the plates to John Canning, aged ten, for a bag of marbles. And he showed the Secret Service men where Canning lived. Canning had finished his lunch and was on the loose on the upper West Side. He returned home around dusk. He, too, was frank and open about the whole thing. He took the Secret Service men to his room and gave them the zinc plates. He also showed them how he had tried to make some more stage money by painting one of the plates green, turning it upside down on a piece of Kleenex, and jumping up and down on it. The Kleenex money John handed over was a mess, but the plates were in fair condition, and they were what the Secret Service men wanted. They were the plates from which Old Eight Eighty had made all his "Wahsington" bills.

While these Secret Service men were immersed in the juvenile aspect of the case, two others were trying to find out how the plates and the money had happened to be in the pile of junk in the vacant lot. Some clockwork appears in this phase of the investigation. After hours of exploratory questioning of people who lived nearby, the Secret Service came upon a piece of information that looked good, and was good. There had been a fire on the top floor of the brownstone tenement at 204 West Ninety-sixth Street a few weeks earlier. The tenement was next door to the vacant lot. The junk in the vacant lot bore evidence of having been scorched. The Secret Service men hurried over to Hook & Ladder Co. No. 22, at Ninety-seventh Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and took Battalion Chief McGowan into a corner of the firehouse for a talk. McGowan had a record of the fire and also remembered it. To use McGowan's phrase, it was of undetermined origin. Actually, of course, it was started by Fate. It had the tenement. The occupant of the flat had not been on the premises, according to McGowan. The flat had been full of junk and McGowan had told his men to expedite their work by throwing it out of the windows into the adjacent vacant lot. There had been no injuries and no deaths, except that an old mongrel terrier in the flat had died of suffocation before the firemen arrived. The superintendent of the building had told McGowan that he thought the dog was twelve or thirteen and probably too decrepit to escape. A curious thing about the dog, McGowan said, was that it had no name. The superintendent's name, he said, was Alexander Flynn.

Flynn received the Secret Service men in his ground-floor room. The tenant of the top-floor rear was up there now, he said. His name was Edward Mueller. He had occupied the flat for ten years. Asked how the tenant had reacted to the fire, Flynn told the Secret Service men that he had been upset most about the death of his dog. He had returned to his apartment after the firemen had left. Flynn had gone upstairs with him, and the old man had been plainly bewildered. When he got over the shock of finding the dog dead and his flat denuded, he had said, "Almost everything that was any good is gone." Flynn remembered distinctly that those were his words. The tenant was an independent junk dealer, Flynn went on to say. Since the fire, he had been living with his married daughter, but he came back practically every day and went up to the flat and stood around. Flynn supposed that he intended to occupy it again after it had been repaired. The insurance was expected to cover the cost of that. There was no possibility, as far as Flynn could see, that the fire might have been started by the tenant. Flynn said that there were sometimes rats in the building and expressed the opinion that one of them had got into a box of kitchen matches or short-circuited an electric wire, or something like that. The Secret Service men told Flynn to come with them. They were going upstairs to talk to the tenant, they said.

Mueller came to the door of the flat when the Secret Service men knocked, and they went in, glanced at the white-haired old man, and turned to Flynn. "Where's the tenant?" they asked. Flynn performed the introductions. "You are the only tenant of this flat?" one of the Secret Service men asked Mueller incredulously. Mueller gave them their first look at his toothless grin



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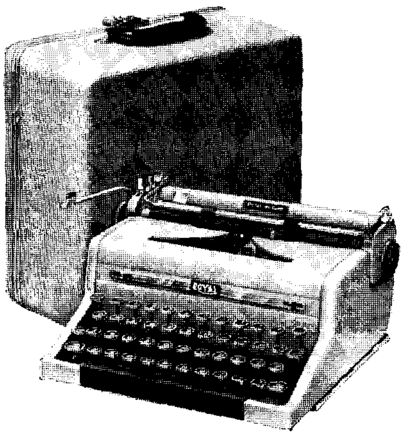

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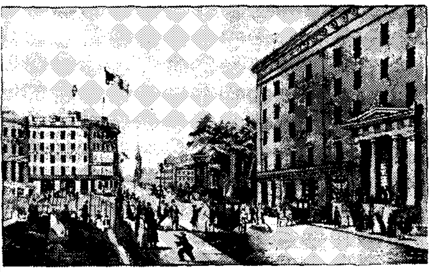

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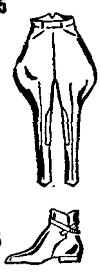

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had been a fire in his flat and that the firemen had let his dog suffocate. They shouldn't have done that, he complained mildly. He talked for some time with one of the Secret Service men while the other took a look around. In the kitchen, near the sink, he spotted a small hand-operated printing press. In a drawer in the kitchen, he found a few of the "Wahsington" bills that had been badly smirched in printing and evidently discarded.

After both Secret Service men had looked at the press and at the bills, they asked Mueller, with studied casualness, how long he had been making these counterfeit dollar bills.

"Oh, nine or ten years—a long time," he said good-humoredly.

"You admit it?" asked one of the Secret Service men.

"Of course I admit it," he replied. "They were only just one-dollar bills." He kept grinning at the Secret Service men. "I never gave more than one of them to any one person, so nobody ever lost more than the one dollar. I gave them all over the city. I went to the Bronx, I went to Staten Island, I went to Queens—the last few years I travelled all around the city, because I never gave more than one of my dollars to any one person."

The Secret Service men asked him if anybody had helped him in his work. He shook his head. They framed many questions on this point, suggesting to him as strongly as they could that somebody must have helped him. The fact was, they didn't want to believe that this polite, sweet-tempered old man was the Old Eight Eighty for whom their bureau had searched for nearly ten years. Mueller, still grinning, insisted that he had done the thing all by himself. He told them how he had photographed a real dollar bill with a studio camera he had owned for many years, and he told them how he had made the zinc plates and retouched them by hand. He said he had left the camera at his daughter's house in one of the suburbs after he made the photographs, back in the summer of 1938. It was still there, he said.

Mueller willingly went along with the Secret Service men to their downtown office for further questioning that day, although he said over and over that in his opinion they were going to a lot of trouble about nothing. While other agents went out to his daughter's home, confiscated the camera, and obtained her corroboration of her father's statement that he had left it there in

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the supervising agent of the New York office, listened to a great deal more of Mueller's talk. The better Mr. Baughman and his agents got to know him, the more kindly disposed toward him they felt. They listened to his life history. They heard about the unsuccessful inventions he had worked on during the years when he was an apartment-house superintendent. They took down the addresses of a number of places he had worked, and afterward questioned everybody they could find who had known him. That evening, they told him that he could go home and they would get in touch with him later. When he left, he was followed. All he did was head for his daughter's house and go to bed. He was shadowed from then on, but, as expected, nothing came of that.

BY this time, Mr. Baughman and his agents had the whole case well in hand. It was obvious that Mueller had lived a respectable life until, in 1938, he suddenly decided to embark on his restrained career as a counterfeiter. It was obvious that he had had no confederates. It was obvious that his daughter, and his one son as well, had had no idea what he was doing, and that he had gone in for counterfeiting in his senescence only to maintain a modest independence. Mr. Baughman had decided to tell the agents who were shadowing Mueller to bring him in, so that the case could be turned over to the federal prosecuting authorities for disposal, when Mueller, followed by his shadows, took the subway to Manhattan and came to see Mr. Baughman of his own accord.

Mueller sat down in Mr. Baughman's office and, hesitantly at first but with growing conviction, began to tell a different story of his counterfeiting career. He said he had had a companion in crime. Mr. Baughman was not unprepared for this. People who are accused of having committed a crime by themselves frequently claim that somebody helped them do it. An agent, sitting in a far corner of the office, unobtrusively made a note of everything Mueller said. The gist of his story was that in 1938 he had met a man, a man named Reynolds—Henry Reynolds, it was—and that Henry had said he had plates and a printing press for making one-dollar bills, and so Henry had come to live with him in his top-floor flat, and they had made the bills together and passed them together until Henry disappeared, a few weeks before the fire. Mr. Baughman asked Mueller all sorts of questions

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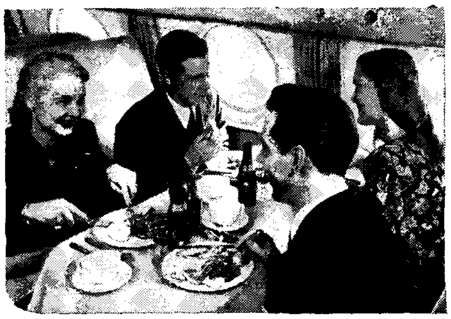

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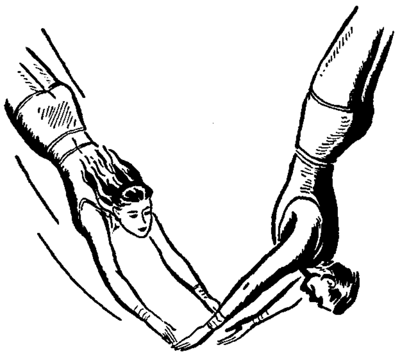

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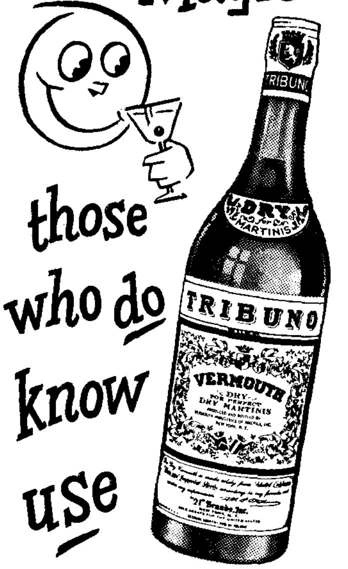
gave Mr. Baughman all sorts of answers.

After a couple of hours, Mr. Baughman told Mueller that he was glad to have heard this story, and suggested that Mueller go along with one of his agents and see Assistant United States Attorney Thomas F. Murphy, in the Federal Building. It would be necessary for Mueller to be arraigned before a United States Commissioner. Mueller went along good-naturedly. Mr. Murphy was briefed on the case before he got there. When Mueller was arraigned before United States Commissioner Garrett W. Cotter, Mr. Murphy recommended that the prisoner be released on his own recognizance. After hearing a little about the case, the Commissioner agreed that there was no point in sending the old fellow to jail or even in requiring him to put up bail. Mueller's son and daughter were there, and he went away with them. They had already been told by Mr. Murphy that the government would probably ask a federal grand jury to indict Mueller on counterfeiting charges.

Mr. Baughman went to considerable trouble in the next few weeks to check every statement Mueller had made about Henry. The superintendent of Mueller's apartment house was sure that nobody had ever lived with Mueller. His neighbors in the building were just as positive. Mueller had said he'd met Henry in a certain bar-and-grill around the corner from his flat, where he was drinking beer. The proprietor of the place knew Mueller and was certain that he had never been in his bar-and-grill. The proprietors and bartenders of other bars in the neighborhood were certain he'd never been in their places, either. It was widely known that Mueller, the old junk dealer, didn't drink. Mueller had said that the camera had belonged to Henry. His daughter had already made a sworn statement that it had belonged to her father for many years before the summer of 1938. Mueller had said that Henry was a hero in the First World War and that he received a small pension from the government. There was no record of such a Henry in the Veterans Administration's files. Mueller had said that Henry was a member of a certain electricians' union. No such Henry belonged to that union.

After his arraignment, Mueller got into the habit of dropping in to see Mr. Baughman and the other agents and chatting with them happily about all kinds of things. They were patient with



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friends. On one of these visits, as a final gesture and for the sake of the record, Mr. Baughman suggested to Mueller that he submit to a lie-detector test. He was shown a lie detector, was delighted with the mechanism, and enthusiastically agreed. The test didn't prove much except that Mueller was a very contented old man, with no worries. The operator's report says, in full, "A list of fifteen relevant and irrelevant questions was prepared. When asked these questions, the subject showed no indications of deception in his respiration, and the deviations from his norm in his blood pressure were not significant enough to lead to the opinion that there was deception. Mueller apparently was not suffering from emotional tenseness or physiological or mental abnormalities, but there was an unresponsiveness which subsequent questioning led the examiners to believe was due to the rationalization of the crime to such an extent that lying aroused little or no emotional disturbance. This was evidenced by his statement that he considered himself to be an honest man, that his admitted passing of counterfeit $1 bills was a petty matter, as it caused the storekeepers to lose only a few cents."

Mr. Baughman regarded the case of Old Eight Eighty as closed. Mueller had caused the Secret Service more bother and more expense than any other counterfeiter in its history, but neither Mr. Baughman nor any of his agents, even the ones who had laboriously visited the ten thousand storekeepers on the upper West Side, were able to feel anything but sympathy and liking for him. When Assistant United States Attorney Frederick H. Block, who was to prosecute the case against Mueller, asked Mr. Baughman about it, Mr. Baughman gave Mr. Block to understand, as clearly as he could in his position as a supervising agent of the Secret Service, that he thought no useful purpose would be served if Mueller was sent to jail, and that he personally hoped he would get off with a suspended sentence.

IT was not until September 3, 1948, that the case came up before Judge John W. Clancy, in the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York. Irving Rader, the attorney representing Mueller, had several long talks with him and found him extremely stubborn about one thing. He had been indicted on three counts—possessing the plates, passing the counterfeit

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bills. Mr. Rader was almost certain that the Judge would give Mueller a suspended sentence if he pleaded guilty to all three counts and just forgot about his story of Henry. This Mueller gently but flatly refused to do. He said he would plead guilty to the first two counts but not to the third count. There wasn't much point to this balkiness. He could have been sentenced to as much as fifteen years on either of the first two counts and to as much as thirty years on the first two counts combined. Mr. Rader was unable to persuade him. Mueller would just grin and say, "Henry did the manufacturing." There wasn't much point to this, either. Mueller had admitted ever since he told the story about Henry that he had helped Henry with the manufacturing, and he still admitted this to Mr. Rader. He was therefore admitting that he had collaborated with Henry in the manufacture of the bills, and this, in the eyes of the law, made him guilty of the third count of the indictment. Mueller said he wouldn't plead guilty to it, though, and he didn't. When the clerk of the court asked him how he pleaded, he said distinctly, "Guilty to the first count and second count, but not to the third." Mr. Block moved that the third count be marked off the calendar, and this was done.

Mr. Block, a youngish man in horn-rimmed glasses, opened the hearing with a review of the salient facts of the case. He proved to be as good a friend of Mueller in his way as Mr. Baughman had been in his. Mr. Block slipped up, however, at one point in his summary. He said, "He [the defendant] had confined himself exclusively to the manufacture of dollar bills."

Judge Clancy looked at the prosecutor grimly and interrupted him. "He has not pleaded guilty to the manufacturing of any bills," said the Judge.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Block hurriedly. "I withdraw that. The only kind of bills that are involved in this case are dollar bills, and the apparatus which was at the defendant's place, the similitude of the plates for the manufacture of dollar bills—he admitted passing these bills at the rate of about twelve to fifteen a week for some years." Mr. Block went on for a few moments more, emphasizing the modesty of Mueller's counterfeiting operation.

Then the Judge interrupted him again. "Why is he released without bail?" he asked. "Are there some children or somebody else worrying about

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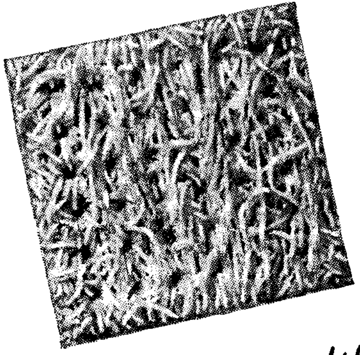

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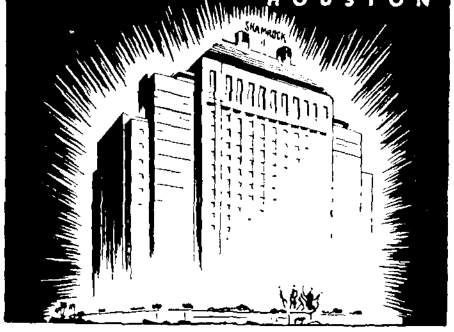

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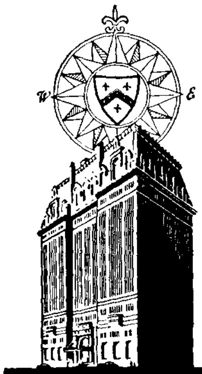

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Block, "after he was arrested—the fact that he is an elderly man, and it was felt that he was just not going to run away."

"What do you recommend?" the Judge asked.

Mr. Rader nodded to Mr. Block and repeated the Judge's question, "What do you recommend?"

"Is that his family—a married daughter?" asked the Judge, indicating Mueller's daughter, who was in the courtroom.

"No, he has two children, as I understand it," said Mr. Block. "He has a married daughter and a son."

"That is right, sir," put in Mr. Rader.

"He is seventy-three years of age," said Mr. Block. "Now, my recommendation, Your Honor, is for a suspension of sentence despite the heinousness of the crime in this case, and the reason I recommend a suspended sentence is almost wholly because of the age of this defendant. There is one other consideration that I have in mind, and that is that he has no prior criminal record."

"I always have dealt rather severely with counterfeiters as a matter of public policy," said Judge Clancy, "and I think I ought to deal the same way with him now." The Judge turned to Mr. Rader and asked, "What have you to say?"

Mr. Rader perhaps made a tactical error at this point. He reviewed the story of Henry and argued that Henry had done the actual manufacturing. Judge Clancy was in possession of, and had presumably read, a probation report that went into the Henry story in detail and that showed that even if there had been a Henry, the defendant had admitted helping him manufacture the bills. Judge Clancy heard Mr. Rader out and then said, "I think everybody who has anything to do with counterfeiting ought to know before he starts in that business that he is going to jail. I am sorry for a man seventy-three years of age, and I would be sorry if he were fifteen years old or so, but I do not think that is any reason why the people should not be protected from receiving bad money. The man has been committing this crime over a period of years and collaborated in the manufacture . . . which does not seem to me to be any basis for keeping him out of jail."

"I want to point out to the court that he is seventy-three years old," said Mr. Rader.

"I am going to send him to jail," said the Judge. "There is no way out of that. I will give him nine months, in consideration of his

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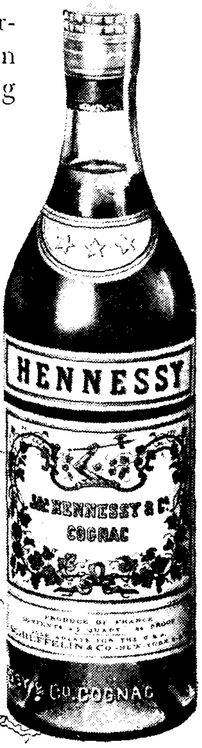

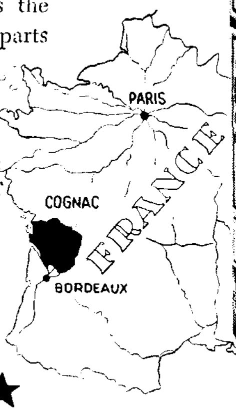

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One and Two, to run concurrently."

All through this, Mueller had stood in the dock. He seemed calm. He grinned, as if to himself, from time to time. He wore a blue shirt and an old, frayed gray suit. He carried a wrinkled felt hat, holding it in both hands and turning it over and over. There were highlights on his pink bald dome, and once, when an attendant opened a window, a puff of fresh air rippled the fringe of snowy hair over his ears. After the Judge pronounced the sentence, Mueller looked at him briefly, and he was grinning toothlessly as he was taken out of the courtroom by a bailiff.

Mr. Block and Mr. Rader then held a whispered conversation with the Judge. They reminded him of the odd legal fact that if the sentence were changed to a year and a day, the prisoner could be paroled after he had served four months of it, but that as the sentence stood now, he would have to serve the whole nine months. Judge Clancy finally nodded and said to a court attendant, "Bring the defendant back!" The attendant hurried out and reappeared in a moment with Mueller. "Tell him," Judge Clancy said, "tell him it has been requested—I understand with his consent—that we make the sentence a year and a day instead of nine months, and [he now addressed the defendant] in that way you may get out in four months. Is that all right with you?"

"Yes," said Mueller, looking at the Judge and still grinning.

"I make the sentence a year and a day," said Judge Clancy, and got up and walked swiftly to his chambers.

There was one more detail to be taken care of, and then Mueller was ready to go along to the Federal Detention Headquarters, on West Street, from which he was discharged last January. A sentence of a year and a day must be accompanied by the imposition of a fine. When no specific fine is decreed, the fine automatically becomes a nominal one. It was Fate, rather than Judge Clancy, who by this devious means arranged that the fine paid by Mueller to the United States District Court of the Southern District of New York, before he was taken off to jail, was one dollar.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

•

Want to dine with a nest of robins in your hair?—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

[illegible]'ll [illegible] dinner sis

From a man's point of view it's always . . .

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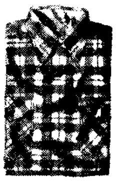

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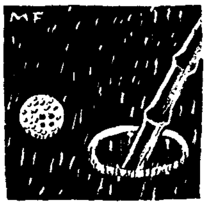

THE first couple of days of the forty-ninth U. S. Amateur Golf Championship, played last week over the east course of the Oak Hills Country Club, near Rochester, were disastrous ones for the soothsayers and prognosticators who frequent golf tournaments. Their pre-tourney predictions, uttered in simple declarative sentences around the first tee before the first match drove off, were to the effect that Willie Turnesa, the 1948 champion, wouldn't get past his first opponent because he was driving so badly; that Robert (Skee) Riegel was a shoo-in because of his magnificent play in the recent Walker Cup matches; and that the final would be between Riegel and Ray Billows, James Bruen, Jr., or Ronald White—the last two British players. They also said that Riegel in the quarter finals would meet a Georgian who answers to the name of Dynamite Goodloe, and that Tom Burke, Jr., of Houston, Texas, who started out a practice round with six straight birdies, would go far. Well, Turnesa did have a little trouble in the first round and won only one up, but then he went on to beat his second-round opponent 5 and 4, and in the third round he walloped Billows, one of the putative finalists, by the lopsided margin of 6 and 5. Riegel managed to survive three rounds before being removed by James McHale, Jr., a reformed professional from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Both Bruen and White lost their first matches, as did most of the other British contenders. Goodloe was put out in the second round by William Campbell, a West Virginia legislator, and Burke established some kind of record by winning the first two holes of his first-round match with Wynsol Spencer, of Newport News, and then dropping eight in a row. He was ultimately beaten 7 and 5. All the same, I predict that just as many predictions will be made before next year's championship.

The weather was a terrible nuisance to the contestants, but it made the golf interesting to watch, and spectators turned out in astonishing numbers. Early matches on Monday morning set out in a heavy rain, which developed into a near-cloudburst by nine o'clock, forcing a postponement of more than an hour and tangling up the starting times. No one seemed to mind, though except the U.S.G.A. officials who had to figure out a way to get the field of two hundred and ten players back on schedule and also had to issue some hastily drawn-up temporary rules permitting balls embedded on the greens to be lifted and muddy balls to be wiped off before putting. The weather wasn't the only problem the Rules Committee had to contend with, either. On Monday, it was discovered that a large tribe of yellow jackets had settled in the bank of a trap on the right of the sixth green and that they resented anyone's setting foot in the trap. Efforts to burn them out and to spray them out just made them angrier, so finally any player whose shot landed there was allowed to place his ball in the same relative position in an adjacent, unoccupied trap. Nature can be very stern.

Dynamite Goodloe (his real name is William, but he says he hasn't been called that since he was ten) attracted the largest galleries while he was in the running. He is one golfer whom sportswriters can perfectly honestly call "colorful," in both senses of the word. He is slightly under five feet five, weighs over two hundred and twenty pounds, and wore, on Monday, an ensemble that included cherry-colored slacks and beret, and a bright-yellow shirt. He had thought, he said, of wearing a white shirt with three-inch blue polka dots, but he wasn't quite sure how Rochester folks would take to it. On the greens, he talked to his ball as if it were an intimate but erratic girl friend. "Come on, honey-y-y," he would plead as it approached the cup, and "Baby!" he would yell when it dropped in. —P. W. W., Jr.

•

THAT WAS an extremely attractive pearl bracelet that Russ gave Edith while she in turn had a special paperweight made for him that encased a gold medal with sentiment imprinted applicable ONLY to him! To top things off for the night, what should come gushing but another oil well down at Long Beach!—*Los Angeles Times.*

Oh, perfect! May we see that paperweight again?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From News Pix]

In 1934, in an editorial, he said "people grow up, grow mature, grow old, and die."

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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 1

ANY visitor hoping to discover immediately what the ordinary Londoner is thinking about the dollar crisis could wear his ear off laying it to the ground, and get no result. The ordinary Londoner may be thinking plenty, but what he is currently talking about is his holiday or the drought or the new price cuts in utility clothing. Maybe this apparently cheerful, bustling unawareness of what is pending in Washington is due to the fact that Londoners are either streaming back from or leaving for their annual vacation from radios, newspapers, and domestic and international cares. This summer, more people than ever before, of every class, have squeezed themselves and their offspring onto the loaded Channel boats and the packed Continental trains to seek out unfailing sun, cheap drinks, and tasty cooking. To balance the record exodus, foreign tourists have moved in. (Paradoxically, visitors from the countries to which British vacationists have been flocking most eagerly for a brief burst of uninhibited eating invariably express their envy of the fair British sharing of food.) Perhaps the holiday feel of the capital, not yet settled down to the usual day-to-day worries, is responsible for the absence of an acute sense of crisis here, or perhaps there has been such a non-stop series of crises in the last few years that the average fed-up citizen figures that this is one time when the Government can do the worrying. As one such irate individual said sharply not long ago, "Talk, talk! What's the good of talk? They'll do plenty of that in Washington. Let them tell us what's to be done, and then let's, for God's sake, get on with it!"

MOST of what anxious discussion there is here is being carried on by professionals—the political groups, the economists, the businessmen with a pessimistic eye on the markets, the newspapermen. The comparative silence of the public is in odd contrast to the reams of explanation and speculation poured out daily by the press, which cannot be accused (however badly the Government comes out on this score) of failing to tell the people what is going on. The *Times*' contri-

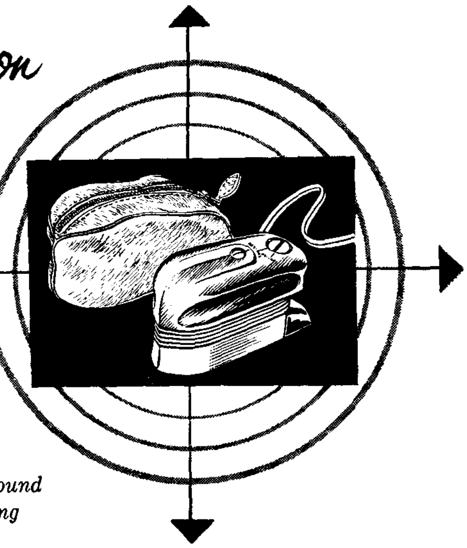
this week—containing reprints of letters from forty-two correspondents that have appeared in its columns, and its own editorials on the subject. The correspondents include politicians from all parties (the Communist Mr. Gallacher suggests that Britain should cease looking westward for trade and logically start looking eastward), economists, bankers, and the Deputy Keeper of Coins at Oxford University. (The most startling proposal comes from an American reader, who wants the United States government to dig up that Fort Knox stuff and treat American victims of infantile paralysis, as well as the deaf, the blind, and so on, to slap-up tours of Marshall Plan countries, providing them with ample pocket money, in gold, to take along.) The more highly colored journals of both political wings have carried American criticisms of British Government spending and British industrial snoozing, the Conservative press publishing them without noticeable anguish and the Left Wing press with additional fumings about the sinister whip hand of Wall Street. Some of the things that, for one political reason or another, the cheaper papers have featured were oddly selected, to put it mildly. A cartoon, said to be "typical" of American sentiment, showing Britain as a tramp trying to touch Uncle Sam for a fresh handout, appeared in three Sunday papers, with no credit line stating that it had been taken from the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*—which might have struck British readers as quite far afield to go for a typical cartoon.

Only the extremely naïve are likely to fall for this sort of thing, however. The majority of Britons, who, after all, remember the kind of biassed, anti-lend-lease comments that found their way over here during the war, remain calm. There have been at least two notable journalistic reactions, though, to echoes of more responsible American criticism. Fleet Street is still talking about the remarkable gymnastic display of the revered London *Economist*, regarded in America as a reliable prophet who weekly clambers up an editorial Sinai off St. James's Street and brings down the Word—mostly highly critical of Government policy. The other day, the editor, Geoffrey Crowther, appeared to execute a surprising somersault on the way up and landed firmly wrapped in have pointed out briskly that the British postwar industrial and dollar-earning records are better than those of any other Marshall Plan country, that the dollar crisis is not attributable solely to Socialist planning, as some critics have said, and that nationalization has not greatly affected the economic situation. Editorials in the same strain have since appeared in the thoughtful, liberal morning *News Chronicle*. As a result, the Left Wing press has been busy with unexpected and perhaps embarrassing congratulations to their colleagues for having seen the light, though belatedly.

What some observers—maybe influenced by this turnabout in the press—think they see ahead now is a possible stiffening and drawing together of British public opinion behind the Government, irrespective of party, if the Washington talks on the dollar should go badly.

HOWEVER much the British may be prepared to bristle at the idea of American criticism of the welfare state, there is now no doubt in any responsible quarter that the Government must take the axe to the tree somewhere. Its timidity to date has been construed as political tenderness toward the voters. Now it seems obvious that the situation has got so much worse so rapidly that the disappointingly feeble prunings of dollar expenditure that Sir Stafford made before he went on his rest cure will have to be supplemented boldly by a major swipe at the roots of Government expenditure at home. One frequently heard Socialist argument against this is that whittling down the social services and advancing the cost of living, even slightly, by gradually reducing the state subsidies on food would be felt principally by the wage earners, who would then demand that the better-off contribute their whack through a capital levy. The Opposition claims, with justice, that no Minister has yet made a genuine, rousing, non-party appeal to all sections of the community to help get England out of her desperate fix. There seems to be, incidentally, a growing number of people who say that they favor a coalition government as the best way of making the country accept the inevitable hardships ahead. This proposition is invariably received with pained yelps by both Tories and Socialists. It may be one of those things that have to come, in spite of everyone's shrill assertion that it will be over his dead body.

Some of the ide



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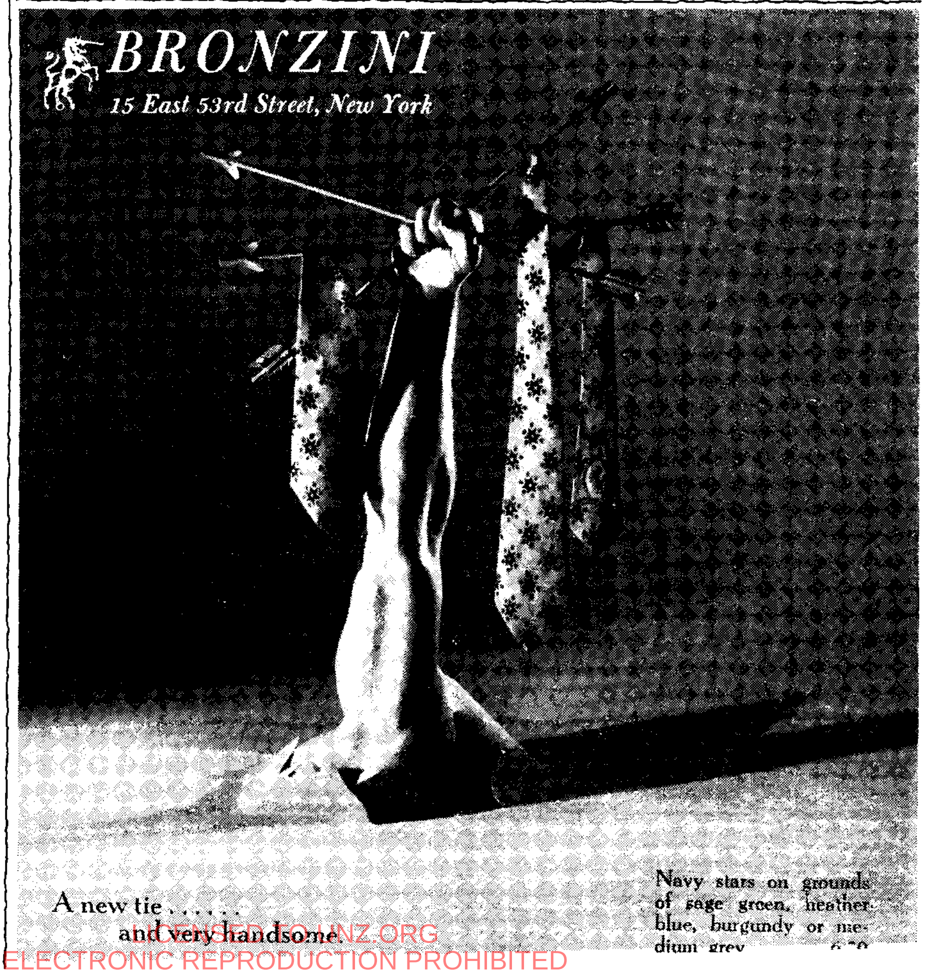

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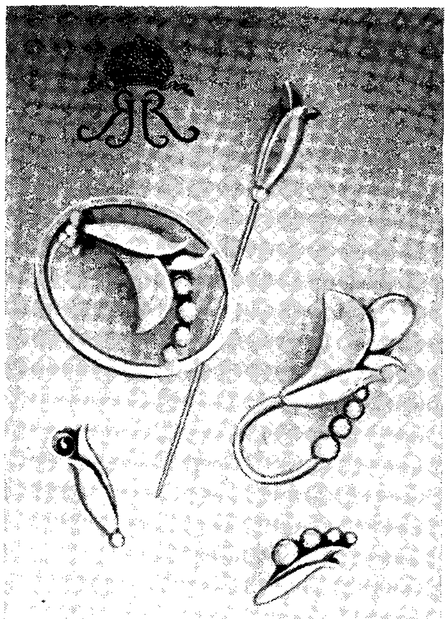

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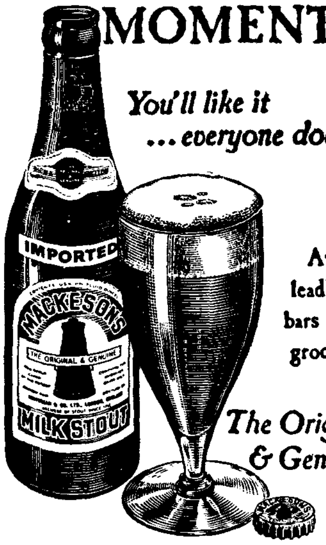

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has got implanted in its mind will take more than a good, rousing broadcast from anyone to budge, in any case. Short of the Prime Minister's coming to the microphone and saying, "Sorry, no rations next week," it is hard to see how the worker can be made to realize that things are critical when, from his angle, they are looking nothing less than prosperous. Though Britain's vital dollar exports are down, her industry is still managing to show every sign of lively good health, to judge by the full employment and increased productivity. Some luxury lines, always the first to feel the pinch, are feeling it, but on the whole the industrial picture is so surprisingly, if deceptively, bright that there is every reason for workers to believe that if this is a crisis, it's the most comfortable crisis they ever took a ride in. There are plenty of honest and disturbed working people who say bluntly that they know this country has no business hitching her economy to a five-day week but who realistically ask why they should work longer hours when taxation would mop up the extra cash.

Mr. Hoffman's remarks in London about the necessity of trebling dollar exports were thoughtfully received. According to skeptical businessmen, this is tantamount to inviting guests to dinner but omitting to mention that they will have to shin over a high wall to get in. And, these worried lines of argument continue, assuming that devaluation makes it possible for British manufacturers to offer keen competition in American markets, won't there naturally be a clamor from affected American interests to clap a few more bricks on the wall? Since the United States has inherited Britain's nineteenth-century role of economic world leader, they say, it must somehow figure out a twentieth-century way to be the great new buying center of the world. Before that happens, though, no anxious Britons can blame the Americans (for whose enormous generosity there is much sincere gratitude) for wanting to know just what the British intend to do to put their own new twentieth-century house in order, so that it will look safer to their friends.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ONE FIFTH OF YOUR HEIGHT
IS YOUR SKIRT LENGTH
FOR FALL, DIOR DECREES
—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

And even in normal years fall is a

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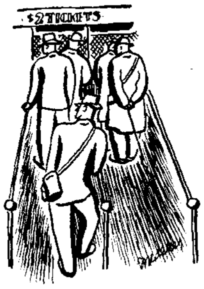

THERE probably isn't much point in my mentioning it, for most horseplayers don't seem to care one way or the other, but Aqueduct, where racing began again last week, has the greenest infield I've seen in a long time. It's even greener and more restful to look at than Saratoga's. Now, if the management would only drop hurdle racing and pull down those old brown fences. . . . Oh, well, at least there won't be any jumping races on Saturdays. The Edgemere Handicap will be run this weekend, and the Cowdin Stakes, which usually brings out a collection of the better two-year-olds, on Wednesday. The Beldame Handicap, Aqueduct's big prize for fillies and mares, will wind up the meeting, on September 17th. Getting back to the subject of infields, I understand that something is going to be done to improve Jamaica's, which is one of the barest spots this side of Death Valley, but we'll have to wait till next spring.

NOBODY could complain that Aqueduct has been dull. On opening day, Alfred Vanderbilt's Loser Weeper, who hadn't won since last May, brought off a 20–1 chance in the Bay Shore Handicap after getting away last. Even aside from Loser Weeper's performance, the Bay Shore was a lively affair, for fifteen horses ran, and most of them seemed to be all over the track at once. Rippey, the favorite, looked like the winner until less than a furlong from home. Then Tea-Maker passed him, and in the last second Loser Weeper passed Tea-Maker.

As a race, there was nothing particularly memorable about the Astarita Stakes, which was won by Blue Kay, on the third day of the meeting. The number that preceded it was a much better show. In this, a 100–1 shot named Super Milk led until the last few strides, at which point a C. V. Whitney filly called Little Saint went into the lead, and paid $49.90.

YOU may have heard that Stymie is almost ready to race again. I am told that his name might appear in the entries at Aqueduct any day now. Meanwhile, if you can't wait to see the old fellow in action, down to Jamaica some morning and watch him do his daily dozen. When Stymie fractured the sesamoid bone of his right fore ankle in the Monmouth Handicap, more than a year ago, almost everybody believed that he was finished with racing. Most animals with that sort of injury are. However, a few months later, Hirsch Jacobs, his trainer, who has uncanny insight, in addition to considerable ability at patching up bad-legged horses, said that what had happened wasn't completely ruinous and that with luck Stymie would be all right this season. Horsemen who have watched him gallop lately agree that he is. Actually, Jacobs did little work on the ankle (he always has believed that rest is the best cure for nearly everything), but frequently last autumn he'd make a special trip down to Virginia just to spend the day with the horse, who was quartered at Jack Skinner's farm, near Middleburg.

By early spring, Stymie was jogging around the farm, and by summer he was in light training. Skinner brought him to Belmont last month and handled him until Jacobs returned from Saratoga. It has surprised observers that Stymie hasn't filled out in front and developed heavy quarters, as an animal of his age—he's eight—is apt to do. As a matter of fact, Jacobs, who should know, says he never looked so good before. Also, he's better tempered now. Last year, he seemed fed up with racing, and one couldn't blame him, since he had run a hundred and twenty-six times in six seasons. He is entered in the Sysonby Mile and the Manhattan and the New York Handicaps, all at Belmont. Jack Skinner, who may be slightly prejudiced, thinks he may take every one of them. Colonel Martingale, who's more conservative, was overheard the other day offering to make a small wager that Stymie will win his million before Citation does. Stymie needs only $88,665, whereas Citation has $134,850 to go.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Rumors from the Riviera: Clifton Webb is the pet of the international set. He was on a yacht at Cannes which had to wait until Eddie Cantor's yacht cleared. Just then a tourist boat with 300 aboard passed. Quick as a flash, Clifton said, "Eddie's relatives, no doubt." Webb's going home to rest—Europe has been too exhausting.—*Hedda Hopper's column in the News.*

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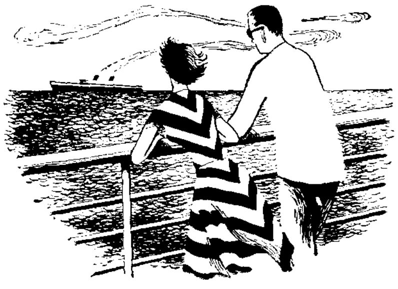

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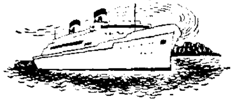

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BOOKS

France's Strange Defeat

MARC BLOCH was a historian who attempted no vast syntheses pieced out with mystic intuitions. It is possible that he would have called the preceding sentence a tautology, since he would not have conceded that a Toynbee or a Spengler, a de Gobineau or a Karl Marx, was in any serious sense a historian. Bloch was Professor of Medieval History at the University of Strasbourg and, later, Professor of Economic History at the Sorbonne. One of his early works traces the appearance and spread of the water mill in medieval Europe, as recorded in ancient deeds and leases. The ancients knew the principle of the water-powered mill, but slave labor was so cheap that the masters relied on human power. The spread of the water mill, then, Bloch reasoned, measured a rise in the price and dignity of labor. Another celebrated Bloch monograph deals with the attested power of kings during the Middle Ages to cure some cases of certain diseases by touch. The suggestibility of their subjects indicates the realness of the medieval belief in the literally sacred character of royalty. So Bloch balanced the material and irrational elements in the feudal world that was his field of study, and that he anatomized in his crowning work, "La Société Féodale," published, in two parts, in 1939 and 1940. In this, Bloch held that feudalism reached its greatest development between the Rhine and the Loire, where the admixture of German tribalism and the Latin landlord system also reached its peak.

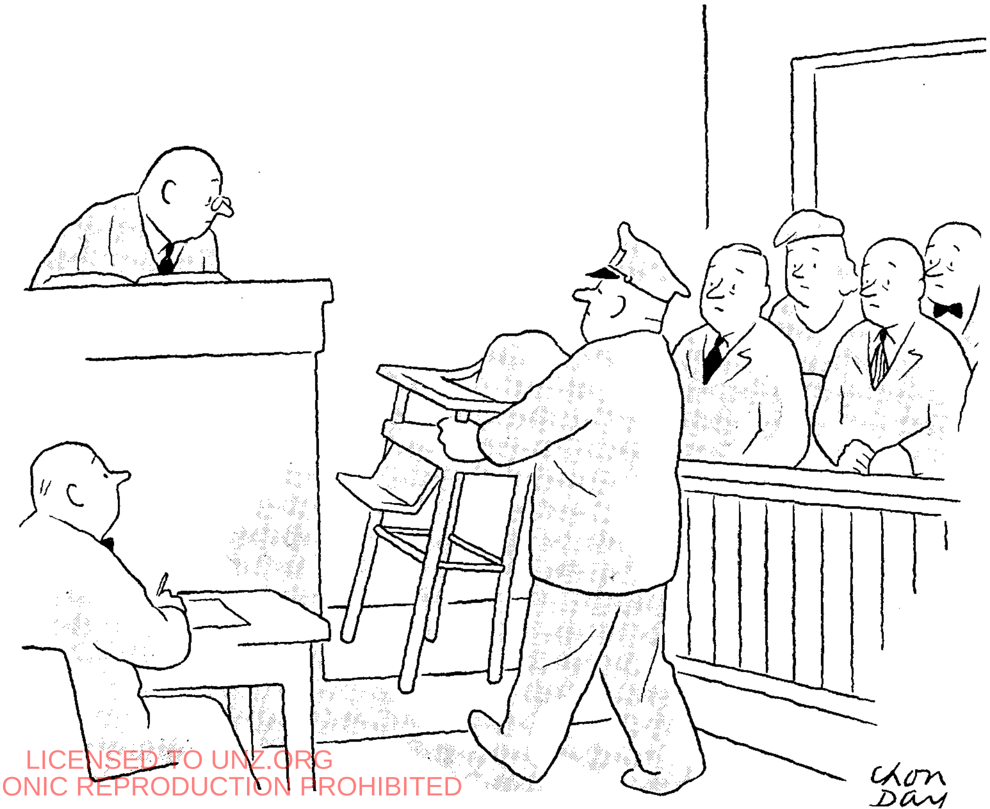
This region was Bloch's France. Before 1940, it had never occurred to him that as a Jew he was not qualified to explain this France, because he had never imagined that he was less a Frenchman than, let us say, General de Gaulle or Georges Carpentier. His great-grandfather had borne arms for France in 1793, his father in 1870; he himself had been gravely wounded and four times decorated in the war of 1914-18. Like so many other graying French reservists, he was mobilized again in 1939, this time as a fifty-three-year-old captain. From a post of fuel-supply administrator at the headquarters of the French First Army, he viewed the debacle of 1940 with an ob-

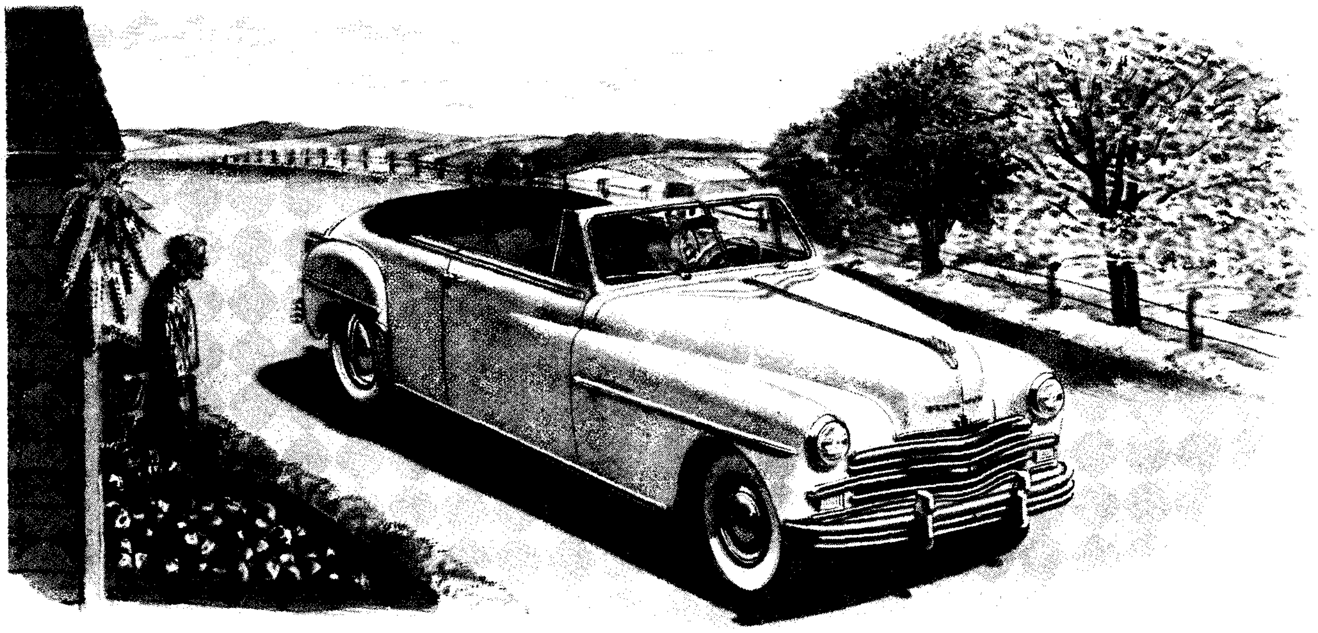
Returned from this disastrous war (and to a period that must have reminded him of the days following Crécy and Agincourt, when medieval France seemed as darkly lost), Bloch sat down to write a memoir of his observations during it. There was then no foreseeable date of publication. "How much easier it would be to plead weariness and discouragement as an excuse for doing nothing!" he wrote. "But if the kind of documentation that I plan is to have any value, it must be put into shape at once, while the subject is still fresh and living in my memory. Nor can I really persuade myself that the effort will be wholly useless. A day will come, of that I am convinced, after no matter how long a delay, when this old and sacred soil of France, from which, in the past, so many harvests have been lifted—harvests of free thought and of judgment unrestrained—will once more burgeon into ripeness. In that happier future many secret records will be made public. Gradually the mists of ignorance and malice, which now begin to gather about the most terrible collapse in all the long story of our national life, will thin. It may be that then those on whom the duty falls of seeing through them to the truth beyond will be helped in their task by glancing at the pages (should they come their way) in which an eyewitness has set down the events of the year 1940, just as he experienced them."

The manuscript was not published until 1946, when, under the title of "L'Etrange Défaite," it was issued in Paris by men who had been Bloch's comrades in the Resistance. The historian had by then fought in a third war for France, and the book bore on its cover the notation, under the author's name, "Shot by the Germans in June, 1944." The frontispiece of the French edition is a photograph of the author—a pleasant, slightly comic professorial type, with white hair and clipped, grizzled mustache. His myopic eyes stare kindly through round, shell-rimmed lenses. Beneath is a quotation from the text: "I say frankly: I hope, in any case, that we shall still have blood to shed. . . . I do not speak of mine, to which I attach little value."

In 1942, the Professor joined the F.-T.P. (Francs-Tireurs et Partisans), one of the most combative Resistance organizations. Under the pseudonym of Narbonne (that city glorious in the Middle Ages), he rose to become one of the triumvirate that directed the entire Resistance in the region of Lyons. Captured by the Germans early in 1944, he underwent torture without "giving" any of his comrades. And on June 16th he was executed by a firing squad.

Georges Altman, editor of the Pari-





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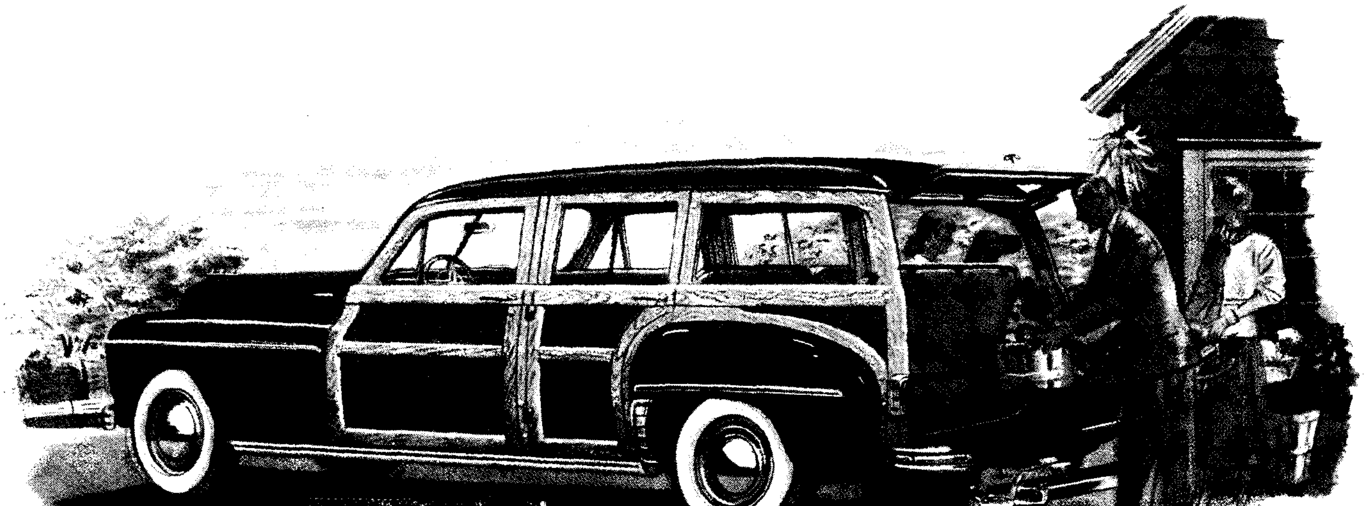

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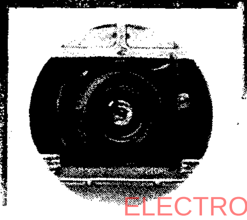

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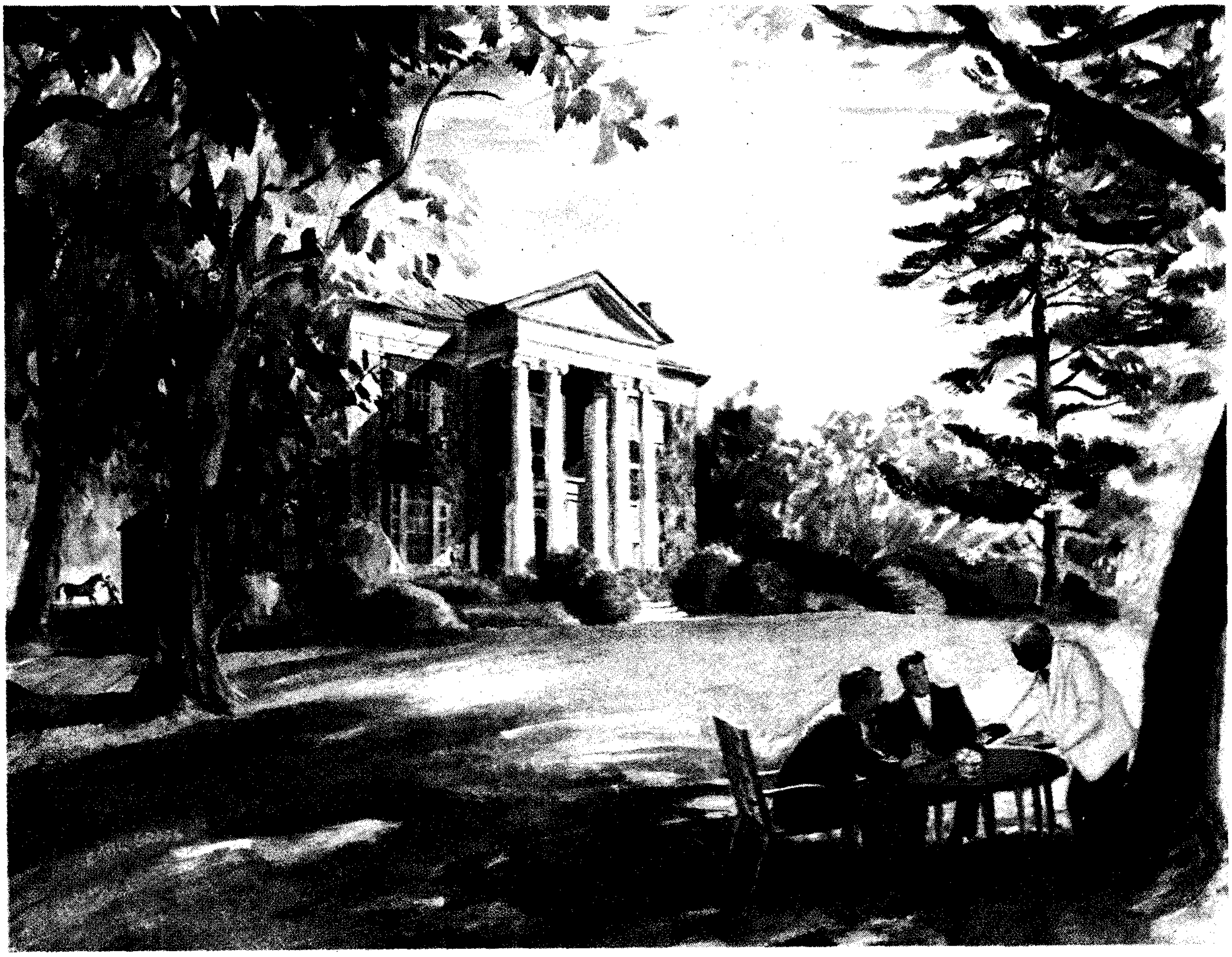

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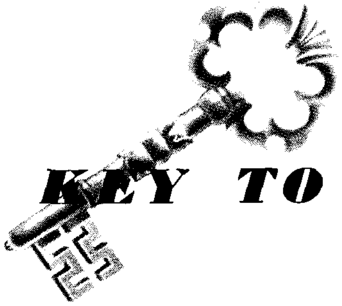

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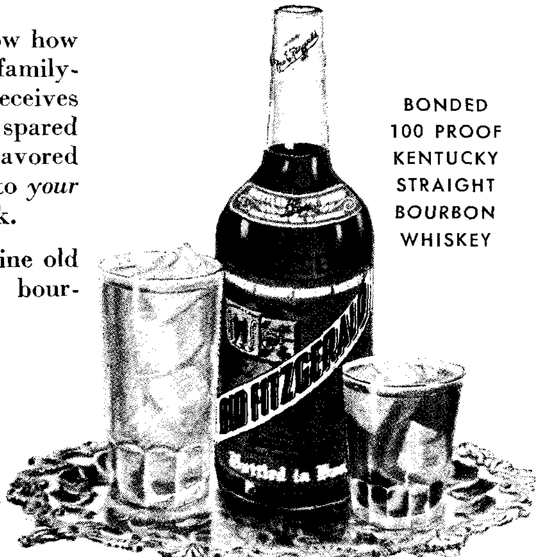

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sian daily *Franc-Tireur* and, under the name of Chabot, one of Narbonne's comrades in the underground war, has contributed a memorable foreword to "L'Etrange Défaite." It is an account of the Professor in the underground, and of his death. A translation of this foreword appears in the English-language edition of "L'Etrange Défaite"—"Strange Defeat" (Oxford), recently published in this country. "They killed him along with a few others who had found strength in his courage," it states. "For it is known in what manner he died. A boy of sixteen was standing next to him, trembling. 'Will it hurt?' Marc Bloch took him affectionately by the arm, and merely said, 'No, my boy: it won't hurt at all.' He was the first to fall, crying 'Vive la France!' "

This sublimely pedagogic exit, and Altman's moving foreword, rather overshadow Bloch's sober text. Altman is a literary man; Bloch was a historian, trying to put down some notes for historians to come. Of the professional soldiers, Bloch says, "Our war, up to the very end, was a war of old men, or of theorists who were bogged down in errors engendered by the faulty teaching of history." The professional soldiers not only succumbed to a "spirit of apathy" but, in Bloch's eyes, committed an even worse sin. They quit cold. "In their hearts," he goes on, "they were only too ready to despair of the country they had been called upon to defend, and of the people who furnished the soldiers they commanded." The sentence reminded me of a remark once made to me by a Major Iriart, a Basque I met in North Africa during the war. Speaking of the Vichy generals, Iriart told me, "The blasphemy is that they don't *want* to fight."

Almost three-quarters of Bloch's book is given over to the military failures he watched. Then comes his most interesting chapter, "A Frenchman Examines His Conscience," dealing extensively with what ailed France in the years immediately preceding the war. In it, one reads, "In no nation is any professional group ever entirely responsible for its own actions. The solidarity of society as a whole is too strong to permit the existence of the sort of moral autonomy, existing in isolation, which any such total responsibility would seem to imply."

Bloch raps the press: "Many newspapers, even those which openly wore the livery of party beliefs, were secretly enslaved to unavowed and, often, squalid interests." He has a go at the politicians; takes a full share of blame

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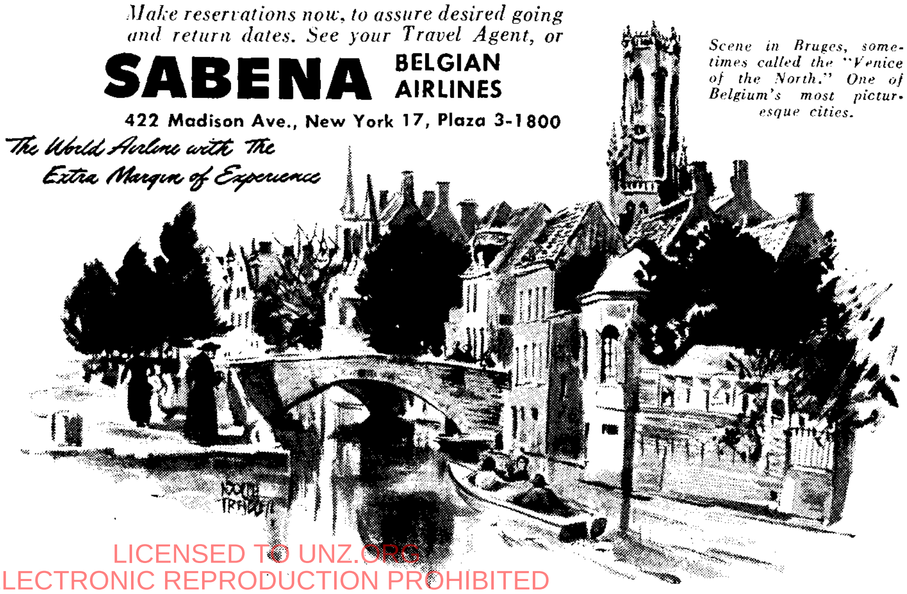


Scene in Bruges, sometimes called the "Venice of the North." One of Belgium's most picturesque cities.

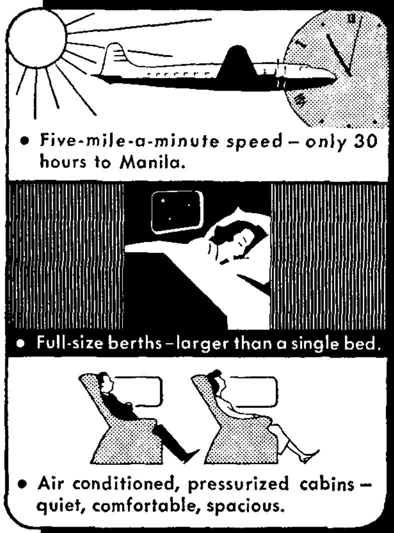
for his own group, the educators, as traditionalist as the Army; and then magnificently tells off the bourgeoisie, to which he belonged, in this fashion: "Let me say, then, that, when in speaking of Frenchmen I employ the term bourgeois, I mean someone who is not dependent for his livelihood on the work of his hands; whose income ... permits him to live in easy circumstances, and gives him a sense of security such as no mere wage-earner can ever know in his own hazardous existence; whose education . . . is richer in texture, better in quality, and more pretentious in kind than the minimum cultural training enjoyed by the ordinary man in the street. . . . He [the bourgeois] grew indignant at the thought that the manual worker had now enough free time to enable him to go to the cinema like his boss. . . . Because they were unused to making the mental effort which social analysis demands, they preferred to condemn out of hand. . . . How many employers of my acquaintance have I ever found capable of understanding, for instance, what nobility may lie behind a 'sympathetic' strike, no matter how unreasonable? 'It isn't,' they say, 'as though the men were striking for their *own* wages.' ... Turn and turn about, either they refused to take the masses seriously, or they trembled before their implied threat. What they did not realize was that, by so doing, they were separating themselves effectively from France." But the trade unions are not exonerated, either. Bloch finds that "their vision was limited to immediate issues of petty profit" and that their "vague lack of purpose . . . was made far worse by the incredible contradictions of French Communism."

In parading his own remorse, Bloch declared himself "actuated by no sense of gloomy pleasure." To prove it, he took the opposite course from that of the old men of Vichy. He turned precept to example and died like a character in those *chansons de geste* in which he used to search for details of feudal society. —A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A SEA CHANGE, by Nigel Dennis (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Dennis is a writer who seems incapable of being dull. He is also a very witty man. It is impossible not to be interested in anyone he writes about; he has an irresistible way of dealing with people. He starts off by sending a pom-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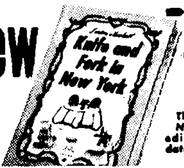
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pous windbag of a political reporter named Max Divver (star writer for the progressive weekly *Forward*) to Poland on a tour of inspection in the spring of 1939. Away from home and the paper, Divver flounders indignantly among the confused tides of European thinking until, to his great relief, he finds a master in the person of a Fascist-minded expatriate American engineer who happens to be living in the same hotel. All this gives Mr. Dennis plenty of room for satire at the expense of American liberals, marriage, progressive magazines, intelligent people, local celebrities, European hotelkeepers, tourists of all sorts, diplomats, and others. The end is disaster for poor Divver, and a strong moral lesson for his young travelling companion, James Morgan, a lad of unusual good sense and the only member of the cast never caught with his back to the camera.

A MATTER OF TASTE, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Mr. Lockridge, who with his wife has written a number of urbane mysteries, reverses his field to examine the thought processes of a middle-aged epicure who sets about committing a wholly motiveless murder mainly so he can savor the sensation of it. Approaching the matter much as he would a dinner at a faultless restaurant, the man, whose psychotic snobbishness is plausible, if heavily laid on, selects his weapon and his victim with a connoisseur's eye, gets away with his first violent experiment, and is about to conduct a second when he is forestalled by the unimaginative intervention of the police. The ending is weak, but the character study and style lift the work out of the thriller category.

THE YOUNG MCDERMOTT, by Edward McSorley (Harper). The young McDermott is an ordinary, conscience-ridden Irish-American lad who is trying to break away from the tyranny of his family. Apparently nothing new has cropped up in this situation in the last few years, at least among the Irish, for we come upon the usual quota of wakes, funerals, straying sons, fallen daughters, politics, religion, high-flown talk, drink, and sin. However, if the story Mr. McSorley tells is commonplace, his characters are quite unaware of it. They talk and fight and love each other with as much life and vigor as though no one had ever seen them through these troubles before. And

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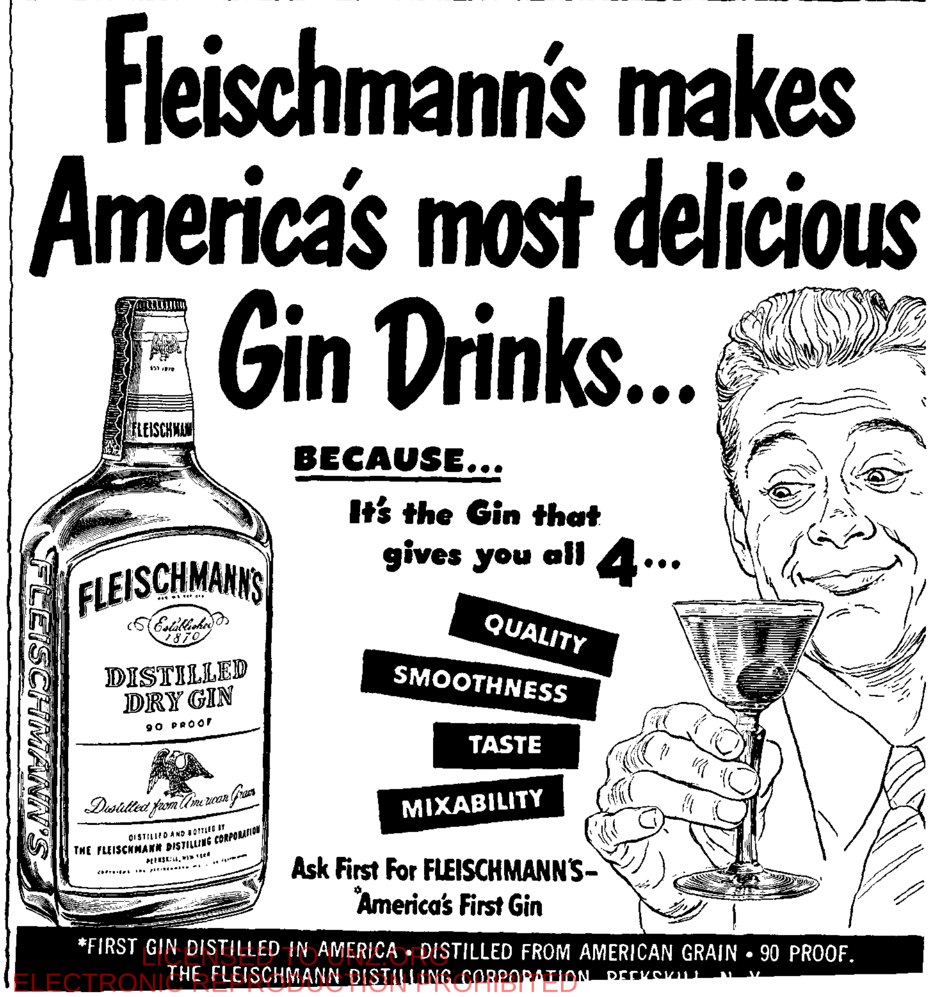
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the numerous minor figures have as much go in them as the principals. There isn't a wooden face in the bunch. If poor Willie McDermott would take himself a little less seriously, and if Mr. McSorley wouldn't let his prose get so overripe, things would be perfectly fine.

THE FACE OF LOVE, by Marianne Roane (Scribner). All about how an eighteen-year-old girl manages to free herself from an excessive attachment to her father. Dana Fugate is the girl, and once she gets going, her adjustment proceeds without interruption, because she is a very clear-headed person, who can recognize a fact when she sees one. This enables her to keep right up with her author's schedule, so that by the end of the book she is facing the world with everything straight in her head and no troublesome emotional hang-overs of any sort, an enviable state of mind for anybody to arrive at, at any age. Much of her new-found wisdom may be traced to conversations with a man named Martin Turo, whose limitless and impeccably expressed understanding of human nature is naturally a powerful irritant to everybody else in the book. Miss Roane herself displays a great deal of understanding of her people and their predicaments, but she fails to make any of them seem worth her trouble or her talent.

THE CANNIBAL HEART, by Margaret Millar (Random House). The story of the struggle between two women, Evelyn Banner and Janet Wakefield, for the possession of Evelyn Banner's husband and child. Since we are told at the outset that the Banners are on the verge of breaking up, the struggle seems less purposeful than it might. At the end, the marriage is still half on the rocks and half off, and nothing much appears to have happened. The writing, which is intense, suspenseful, and rapid, deserves a better story. It all takes place in southern California in the summertime.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, by Oswald Wynd (Doubleday). Concerning American and English people in Japan between 1923 and 1943. Mr. Wynd's characters are so stereotyped that they are little more than walking-and-talking diagrams. One, a young Japanese woman named Setsue, who might have been expected to exhibit a little strangeness of manner or thought, behaves exactly like any 1917 suffragette except that she, at

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least at first, speaks in halting English, two words at a time. The only independent personality in the whole business, Setsue's half-English son, is whipped from view every time he opens his mouth.

THE ROAD TO THE CITY, by Natalia Ginzburg, translated by Frances Frenaye (Doubleday). Two novelettes from a contemporary Italian writer that are notable for the clarity of their prose, for their emotional insight, and for the spiritual sterility of the lives they examine. Each piece deals with the disastrous attempt of a middle-class Italian girl to find happiness in love. Both heroines are tragically defeated, partly by the aimless generosity of their own natures and partly by the oppressive lack of direction they find in their fellow-beings and their environment. Neither girl can be described as a warmly sympathetic character, but they are pitifully human ones.

GENERAL

THE PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURES OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, edited by Kathleen Coburn (Philosophical Library). The first publication of fourteen lectures that Coleridge delivered to disappointingly small crowds at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in London, during the winter of 1818-19. Nearly as interesting as the lectures themselves, which have as their theme the notion (a lifelong favorite with Coleridge) that religious belief and free speculation are ultimately reconcilable, is the editor's account of the difficulties that beset Coleridge almost from the moment he decided to give them. To begin with, the publicity for the series was badly handled, even by the *Times*, in which Coleridge had bought space. Then, on November 17, 1818, only a few days before the lectures were to begin, Queen Charlotte died, and both Coleridge and his potential audience were sideswiped into a period of official mourning. The finishing touch was added by the winter weather, which pinned the public so implacably to its hearth that Coleridge, at about mid-point in his series, admitted to a friend that he was running behind on the rent for the hall and on the bill for his hackney to and from the Crown and Anchor.

OLD VIC DRAMA, by Audrey Williamson (Macmillan). Since most of the plays done by London's great stock company are classics and, presum-

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ably, familiar, Miss Williamson in this account of its activities from October, 1934 ("Richard II," with Maurice Evans), through April, 1947 ("Richard II," with Alec Guinness), has concentrated pretty much on details of acting and production. She understands how the theatre works, and though her criticism is never particularly original or profound, her appraisals of performances seem shrewd and sensitive. Dame Sybil Thorndike, who joined the Old Vic back in 1914, has written a brief foreword, and there are many excellent photographs.

MARK TWAIN TO MRS. FAIRBANKS, edited by Dixon Wecter (Huntington Library). A collection of letters written by Mark Twain to a woman he met on a cruise aboard the Quaker City, the vessel that carried the Innocents abroad. Mrs. Fairbanks, always addressed in this correspondence as "Mother," was the wife of a Cleveland newspaper publisher and did a little writing herself. Twain discussed many intimate aspects of his life in his letters to her, thrashed out the touchy business of his taking a wife, and accepted her not only as mentor in his private life but as literary counsellor. (He did not always, happily, take her advice.) The letters cover the period in which Twain was changing over from a rough-spun comic writer out of the West into a major figure in American literature, and they are rewarding to anyone who is curious about the process Van Wyck Brooks has called "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

BEARDS, by Reginald Reynolds (Doubleday). The author of "Cleanliness and Godliness," a history of man's sanitary arrangements, has found another subject on which to exercise his passion for compiling obscure information. Much of his material is fascinating—from the reasons Judas is thought to have had a red beard to the relationship between whiskers and the controversy over the word "filioque," which split the Eastern Church from the Western. Still, a little of it is enough, and long before the two-hundred-and-ninety-seventh page is reached, the subject has become tedious. Unlike such masters of this form as Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne, Mr. Reynolds is unable to sustain indefinitely the reader's interest in his mental ramblings and prejudices (the latter chiefly manifested in digs

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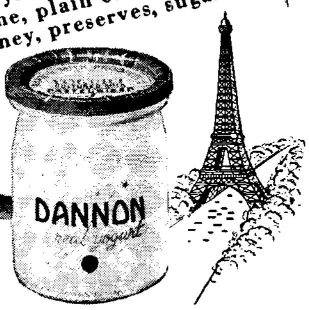

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and the "pediculous Hitlers of Whitehall"), and tends at times to be simply cute.

PAUL GAUGUIN: LETTERS TO HIS WIFE AND FRIENDS, edited by Maurice Malingue (World). Probably no more bedevilled and tormented painter than Gauguin ever lived, and the fact that most of his troubles were caused by his own arbitrariness and egotism did not lessen for him the effect of his continual misfortunes. This book is a compilation of his most personal writings (many of them never before published) to such people as his friends Emile Bernard and Emile Schuffenecker and his estranged wife, Mette, and it reveals his poverty-ridden struggles in greater detail than the more discreet and romantic books written about him. It's not pleasant reading, for it shows him to have been pretty much a monster, but it serves very well as a case history of the ways in which a monster can also be a genius.

AUDUBON'S AMERICAN BIRDS, edited by Sacheverell Sitwell (Batsford). A slender quarto volume containing sixteen full-page facsimile reproductions from the great ornithologist's classical work, "The Birds of America." The color printing, done in Holland, is striking; the appreciative commentary by Mr. Sitwell, which takes up as much space as the drawings, is perhaps no less so.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SECOND CONFESSION, by Rex Stout (Viking). Nero Wolfe bestirs himself once more and gets as far afield as Chappaqua, New York. This phenomenon of exertion is caused by the tommy-gunning of Wolfe's orchids, an event that understandably arouses him a good deal more than his original task of proving that a rich young woman's fiancé is a Communist. The murder case that grows out of all this is cleared up in the expected fashion—Wolfe does the deduction; his assistant, Archie, most of the legwork—but it is pieced together with a meticulousness that has been lacking in Mr. Stout's recent mysteries and that will undoubtedly delight his admirers.

THE DARK LIGHT, by Bart Spicer (Dodd, Mead). A first mystery cast in the familiar hardboiled mold but handled with unusual care and discernment. The chore facing Carney Wilde, a small-time private op, is tracking down the missing leader

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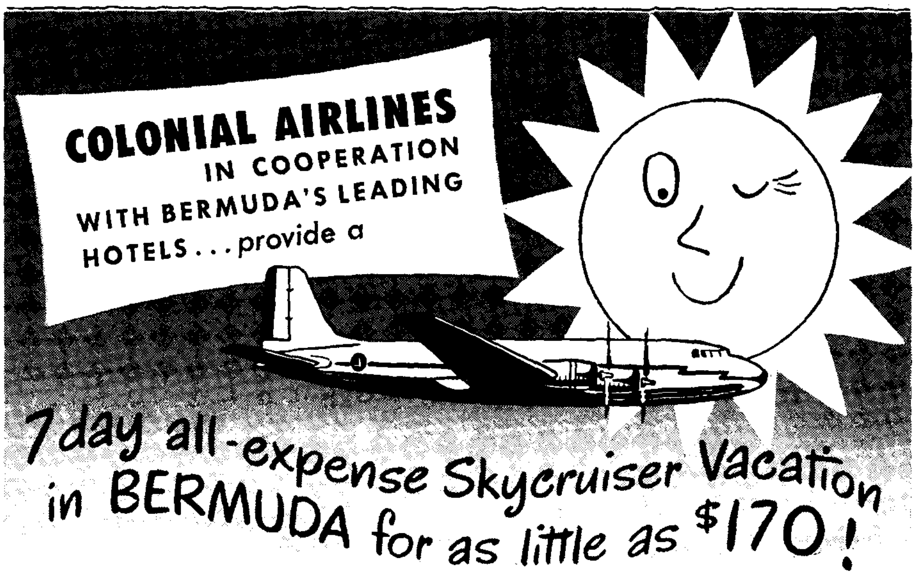

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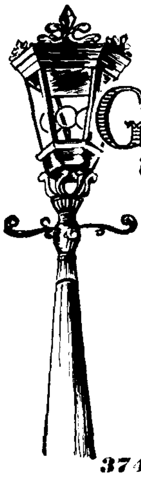

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of a waterfront mission in a city on the East Coast. Since the preacher, a man of unorthodox beliefs, has managed to inspire the rich as well as the poor, Wilde's sources of information are varied, ranging from a Negro deacon to the owner of an estate. When the former is murdered, Wilde's difficulties are multiplied, but he surmounts them with skill. Winner of a Red Badge Mystery Award.

THE TONGUE-TIED CANARY, by Nicolas Bentley (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A former member of British Intelligence gets a peacetime assignment from P Branch, the counter-intelligence division, which is alarmed by signs of a renascent Nazi organization in Britain and elsewhere. For reasons of security, or possibly merely to bolster the plot, Scotland Yard can't be informed of the operative's official status, so his task is considerably complicated, especially after one of his suspects is found dead in a Bayswater boarding house. Sound enough spy stuff, rather archly presented.

DEATH HAS SEVEN FACES, by Hugh Austin (Scribner). A dying swindler draws an uncherished group of relatives and former associates to his deathbed, in an abandoned Arizona gold camp, with promises of shares in the loot several of them have helped him to amass from the sale of bogus mining stocks. When he dies, each inherits a chart as a guide to the treasure, and very little time elapses before both charts and members of the party start disappearing. Mr. Austin, having made the entire problem uselessly involved with a lot of mining jargon, clears it up in a wholly unprepared-for fashion.

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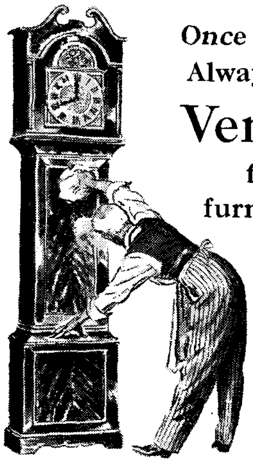

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